May 2, 1962

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Jon Cleary, author of our delightful new serial, "The Country of Marriage," called on our Fiction Department recently to see John Mills' illustration of the first instalment (pages 28, 29).

"THE illustration has the warm look of a happy marriage," Jon said, "and that's exactly what my story is about."

Jon and his family will be living in their house at Avalon, N.S.W., for the next two years — anchored there by the demands of their daughters' education.

Jon Cleary

"They've been to so many schools, we'll just have to stop travelling," Jon said.

"Katie must do her Intermediate this year and Jane the next year, so we'll stay home for a while."

Jon is now working on a new novel, set in Burma, the last country he and his wife explored.

He is delighted with the success in America of the film version of his book "The Sundowners."

He said that when he and his wife stopped at motels on a recent visit to the United States he would sign the visitors' book, "Cleary, Sydney, Australia."

And the proprietors would remark, "Say, we saw a wonderful film about Australia. Maybe you know it? 'The Sundowners.' "

"They were so flattering about it," said Jon, "I just felt I could hardly, with any modesty, say, 'Well, yes, I'm the author,' so I kept quiet."

★ ★ ★

A CASE for some working wives is made by an American psychiatrist whom Sheila Kiernan consulted for "Are Men Happier Than Women?" (pages 4, 5).

He says: "It's a pity people see marriage as a package deal; husband the breadwinner, wife the homemaker.

"Many women don't get the creative fulfilment from housekeeping that others do. It doesn't mean they are less feminine. It just means that they are different.

"Surely these women are entitled to seek the satisfaction of doing another job if they can make home arrangements that meet the needs of the rest of the family."

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE of the success of our offer of a record album of eight famous Broadway shows for only £12, the Popular Record Club has had further pressings made.

The shows in the album—all original productions — are "The King and I," "Oklahoma!" "Carousel," "Guys and Dolls," "Porgy and Bess," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Carmen Jones," "Song of Norway."

Full details and an order coupon are on page 59.

Our cover

● Our belt dress, for which an actual-size pattern and complete instructions for making are in the lift-away section in the middle of the paper.

The pattern is an extra. It's not printed on the pages of your paper. There's no tracing; no pasting up of pages.

We decided on a belt dress pattern because a belt is the most important single fashion accessory. A change of belt can switch our basic sheath from formal to informal.

Cover picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

COOKBOOK DEMONSTRATIONS

● Recipes in the 40-page cookbook in our April 25 issue will be demonstrated at a 14-day Food Fiesta in Woolworths and B.C.C. Food Fairs from April 26 to May 12.

Demonstrations will be daily from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. on weekdays; from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays.

Take your cookbook to the demonstrations, which will be held in the following stores:

Bankstown Drive-in, Bankstown Shopwell, Cabramatta, Double Bay, Ermington, Fairfield Heights, Maroubra, Parramatta, Seven Hills, St. Ives, Sutherland.

Demonstration dishes will be cooked on Metters electric stoves in all stores.

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WINNING ENTRY

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN ROSE DISPLAY (above) which won The Australian Women's Weekly trophy. RIGHT: Mrs. H. L. Cooke, one of two South Australian Rose Society representatives, with the trophy, a magnificent etched silver rose bowl. Mrs. A. J. Heaver assisted Mrs. Cooke.

S.A. takes trophy

SOUTH AUSTRALIA won The Australian Women's Weekly Interstate Rose Trophy at the Autumn Rose Show held recently in Sydney by the National Rose Society of N.S.W.

New South Wales was second and Queensland third. The trophy, a silver rose bowl, was for the best display of roses, in a space 6ft. x 3ft., entered by the National Rose Society of any State.

Lady Woodward, wife of the Governor of N.S.W. (Sir Eric Woodward), presented the trophy to Mrs. H. L. Cooke, of Adelaide, at Farmers Blaxland Galleries.

Drought in South Australia had threatened the winning roses. Society members used water from the Murray River to save their blooms.

To counteract the salt, they used gypsum and gave their roses weekly floodings with fresh water.

The N.S.W. display gained second place. Before the Autumn Rose Show, heavy rain and winds battered their roses.

Third placegetters, Queensland, represented about 45 home gardeners.

The Queensland roses had too much rain and their growers had difficulty combating black spot.

Roses and Rose Society representatives from other States competing for our trophy were flown to Sydney by T.A.A.

● **See 5-page rose feature on pages 21-26**

CENTRE of the N.S.W. display, prepared by Mr. and Mrs. J. Grose, dominated by an artistic arrangement of varieties of pale pink roses. The entry took second place in the contest.

SECTION of the Queensland display, third in the contest. At the judging Mrs. H. P. Graham and Mrs. E. L'Estrange, of Brisbane, represented the group of 40-50 home gardeners.

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1

FASCINATING PAPUA/NEW GUINEA LAND OF COLOUR AND CONTRAST!

Here's your chance to see strange exotic Papua/New Guinea — home of the breathtaking Bird of Paradise. See the spectacular native "Sing Sing" . . . visit fascinating villages, native market places. *Dep. 4 May (14 days); 14 Sept. (15 days). Fare: from £212/13/6 ex Brisbane.*

2

BARRIER REEF — CAIRNS — THE TROPIC WONDERLAND

The world-famous wonders of the Barrier Reef . . . fabulous coral . . . tropical fish . . . lazy lagoons. Includes a 5-day cruise of the Whitsunday and Cumberland Is. groups. Then Cairns — centre of the tropical North. *Dep. 10 June (15 days); 12 Aug. (15 days) 28 Oct. (15 days) incl. Whitsunday Festival. Fare: £120/16/- ex Brisbane.*

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THE COLOURFUL CENTRE — ALICE SPRINGS AND THE ROCK

Ansett-ANA whisks you to the heart of Australia where winter becomes summer . . . where you'll marvel to the harsh beauty and vibrant colours of the Centre. See fabulous Ayers Rock and its thousand-year-old aborigine paintings. *Dep. 7 July (16 days); 11 Aug. (16 days). Fare: £156/16/- ex Melbourne.*

4

W.A. AND THE WITTENOOM GORGE

The Golden West reveals its glories as you travel through Geraldton, Carnarvon and across the Tropic of Capricorn . . . then onwards to the majestic Wittenoom Gorge set amid the rugged Hammersley ranges. *Dep. 25 August (15 days). Fare: £158/13/- ex Adelaide.*

5

THE BEAUTY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S WILDFLOWERS

Springtime . . . at its colourful best! Cross Australia by luxurious Golden Jet Service, spend six interest-packed days in Perth, the beautiful city of the West . . . see the unique beauty of Australia's most famous Wildflower pageant. *Dep. 17 Sept. (15 days); 8 Oct (15 days). Fare: £109/18/- ex Adelaide.*

6

"ACROSS THE TOP OF AUSTRALIA" TOUR

An entirely new, interest-packed tour of Northern Australia . . . including Darwin, Rum Jungle, Tennant Creek, Mt. Isa, Karumba . . . then on to the Atherton Tablelands, Cairns and the Barrier Reef. *Dep. 3rd Sept. (19 days). Fare: £201/6/0 ex Melbourne.*

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ARE MEN

● *Do men have fewer troubles than women? Or do women just complain more and seem unhappier?*

By SHEILA H. KIERNAN

TODAY'S women are emphatically told that they are not the weaker sex. Medical experts say they live longer, have greater stamina, and are less vulnerable to many diseases than men.

Less is heard of the other side of the picture: That women are not as satisfied with themselves as men, are more critical of their spouses, unhappier in the world around them. They worry more, seek psychiatric help, and attempt suicide more often than men.

In a recent survey in the United States, 2460 men and women were asked if they were "happy," whether they worried, what sort of problems they had and how they dealt with them.

The study revealed this general picture:

That divorced and separated women are among the unhappiest in modern society; that single women, the proverbial "old maids," are happier than supposedly carefree bachelors, though neither is as satisfied with life as married couples; women experience more tension, dwell more on their problems, and demand more of their husbands than men demand of their wives; are more aware of problems in their marriages, and feel less adequate as parents.

To find out whether this general picture was true, social workers, religious leaders, doctors, and psychiatrists throughout the world were interviewed.

What the experts said

Men and women have different conflicts in dealing with life. Women worry more about their inadequacies as parents and mates and find less emotional satisfaction than men; they ask for help more often from outside sources.

Men keep their problems under tight internal control until, at times, the difficulties surge forth in serious physical illnesses, violent suicides, or emotional disturbances.

The greatest conflict for married women is in the husband-wife and mother-child relationships.

For women, the home is a greater source of distress than for men.

Said one psychiatrist:

"Women are more confused than men. Men have a job; their lives are defined by the cash they make and by the work they do.

"Women, on the other hand, have the complication of children: different ages to cater to, and different personalities to understand.

"A man who hates his job can, in an extreme case, find another. A woman must live patiently and cheerfully with her children even when she finds them obstinate, hard to understand, and boring.

"A man," he said, "satisfies his own needs through hard, ambitious work. Men are dealing with concrete things: they can measure a day's work by the number of papers that have gone from the 'in' tray to the 'out' tray, the number of bricks piled on other bricks.

"Women's satisfactions are less tangible. A woman may enjoy her children, but they grow up, grow apart."

More women than men list marriage as their greatest source of happiness, but they have four major areas of complaint:

Difficulties in the married relationship ("We don't get along," "We don't love each other"); difficulty in the situation ("My in-laws nag us," "We had a hard time during the depression"); difficulty in self ("I'm not a good cook," "I get angry too easily"); and difficulty in partner ("My husband drinks too much," "He doesn't spend enough time at home").

Women tend to blame their husbands for marital unhappiness more than men blame their wives.

Physical differences account for some of the emotional contrasts.

An English consulting psychiatrist says: "Women are subject to many more physical stresses than men.

"They have greater difficulty in adjusting to adolescence, the violent emotional changes of the cyclical life, child-bearing, and menopause."

Even when her body is stable and her home life happy, woman is still subject to the pressure of what role society expects her to play. Many counsellors feel that this is where women run into most trouble.

Why should a man decide?

World War II brought with it many social changes, the greatest in women. Leaving their dusters and brooms, in increasing numbers they went to work.

The new income brought new problems. Women who make decisions all day, who join unions and fight for their rights, are not content to let husbands make all the decisions.

At the same time women often feel guilty about their jobs.

"I love my work," says one successful pattern designer, "but sometimes I hate myself. I was brought up believing that motherhood was woman's crowning glory, and instead I find it boring drudgery.

"I love my two children," she adds hastily, "but any woman who says she likes changing nappies and making beds is either a liar or a better woman than I."

The woman safely ensconced at home may secretly long for a return to the office or the factory, but feel too guilty to make the change.

A woman who makes the decisions forces her husband to give up some of his role. Secretly, she may resent being leaned on, may want her husband to be the he-man.

She may not know what she wants: to be the sweet little wife tied to the house and

NEXT WEEK

● TV STAR PARADE FOR 1962

In an eight-page section — the top TV stars of 1962, Australian and overseas.

In the section is a five-page color gallery of viewers' favorites, including Michael Landon, Lorne Greene, Dan Blocker, and Pernell Roberts, stars of "Bonanza," the most popular TV show in Australia.

Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake, Michael Charlton, Digby Wolfe, Bob and Dolly Dyer are among the Australian favorites.

As well, there are pictures of TV personalities in each State.

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HAPPIER THAN WOMEN?

family or the independent wife who is a partner with her husband.

Though single women don't face this problem, they are not happier. Living alone is a problem that is, for many adults, the most stressful life situation they have to face.

Single girls are happier, more active in working out their problems than single men.

Only in this category does the study suggest that women may be substantially happier than men, the surveys show.

One of the main reasons is that a single woman is often "aunt" to the children of her relatives or friends.

She is called upon to help when there is trouble, and this gives her the feeling of being needed, which is so important to happiness of any kind.

But the single man frequently lives in the grey solitude of a furnished room, his life bounded by his job and the room's walls.

The picture is less rosy for divorced, separated, or widowed females. Divorce and separation seem to affect the adjustment of women more than men.

One reason lies in their poorer chances of remarriage: in looking for a husband they are often tied down by children; age is an additional handicap.

Even less happy than the divorced or separated are the widowed.

Here there is little difference between the outlook of men and women: both worry more than any other group.

The widowed view the world pessimistically, anticipate death and unhappiness in the near future.

Women, being basically dependent, are less afraid than men to ask for help in emotional distress.

Willingness to admit the need for help is a real strength in women. It means that they get care while there is hope for improvement.

When a woman tries, or says she is going to try, to end her life she is begging for assistance — a plea that must be heard and understood if she is to be saved.

When men try suicide they are in earnest: suicide is the final act of life too desperate to be borne.

The cult of the superman

The major masculine problem is the pressure to succeed in the business world, "the whiplash of success."

Says Dr. Ackerman:

"It's the suicidal cult of masculinity; in business a man can't be content proving himself a man, he has to prove himself a superman."

"Life should be simpler for men than it is for women, because their role is simpler — basically that of the provider," said another doctor.

"But the pressure in carrying out this role is greater. Society can forgive the wife who is a poor housekeeper, but not the husband who can't provide adequately."

A man must seek proof of his manliness in his job: if he is successful he feels that he dominates the world.

"God only knows," said one psychiatrist wryly, "how much trouble is caused when the wife is working and the husband is not."

A man invests his work with special meaning because his job is his main role. His wife is the centre of the house and family. Only in the office or factory can he feel that he dominates the situation.

"A woman's work is never done" says the old saw and this, according to many professional counsellors, is her hope of a happy old age.

Men finish work in their sixties and are pensioned off, often against their will.

"The feeling of uselessness and waste that comes with retirement," says one psychologist, "is worse than similar feelings that occur during menopause in women.

"Women are by nature passive, and slowing down, which the change of life signals, can be borne, though often with trouble.

"It is harder for men, who are by nature aggressive and active, to be cut off overnight from the give-and-take of the working world.

"That's why we so often read of men dying shortly after they retire: life is just not worth living."

While some men face this problem, others face its reverse.

The man of 45 may be successful, but his drive, particularly his sexual interest, is diminishing. He is gradually losing some of his vigor.

"Ironically," one doctor says, "it is at this age that more is demanded of the male: he is going into a senior position which requires more of his energy at a time when it is declining."

Men are frequently caught between work and family. Hard pressed on the ladder of success, they feel a sense of failure in neglecting the family.

And in discussing their marital problems they actually blame themselves more for marital difficulties than do women.

The same— but different

Do men have fewer troubles than women—are they really happier?

The answer, according to the experts, is that men and women have different problems and different ways of dealing with them.

Women's conflicts come more in the sphere of relationships with other people, and men's in the area of social pressure.

A woman's difficulties cause her more anxiety and more feelings of inadequacy, and, in this sense, men are "happier" than women.

When men have serious conflicts in living, the result of repressing them can be disastrous. But when men do go for treatment their masculinity enables them to make better use of it.

A man will delay, using the excuse of realistic obligations such as work. However, once he starts treatment, he is more practical about it than a woman; he wants to get on with the job.

How can men and women help themselves and each other to happier lives?

The most poignant statement comes from the director of a mental health clinic, who says: "There are so many silent, unspoken expectations between men and women, so much hurt. If people can learn to talk to each other they can gain a mutual understanding."

Seven ways to help each other

An Ottawa psychiatrist suggests these seven rules by which men and women can help each other.

1. A wife should start by watching her husband's diet. She should educate his stomach—unless she wants to collect his insurance. Proper food helps a man to feel better physically—and helps a woman, too, for that matter.

2. A woman should let a man make decisions. Leaving things up to the man in the family helps establish his feelings of authority and masculinity.

3. Masculinity and femininity are built into the culture, and men and women cannot ignore the role society expects of them without running into trouble. But people should be better prepared for each other before marriage.

Instead of spending their time in movies, they should get to know each other, discuss problems, learn each other's tastes, visit each other's friends. In this way, they will learn that she perhaps needs the satisfaction of working, and that he hates to handle money; they will know each other's and their own roles better.

4. Women should be aware of premenstrual tension, be quieter if they can, not make unnecessary decisions, realise that their children or co-workers will get on their nerves more.

5. Men should show tenderness and concern for their wives, let the softer, gentler side of their nature show. They should be able to take over some of the feminine role—helping in the house during illness—without feeling demeaned. "After all," says the doctor, "if a man feels that housekeeping is beneath contempt, why shouldn't his wife?"

6. Toward middle-age a couple should get together on mutual interests: do-it-yourself projects or photography, for example.

7. **Most important:** people must not only talk to each other, they must **listen** to each other. If a woman can make her husband feel that she is interested in his work, without trying to interfere, she can get him to talk about it—to blow off steam before the pressures get too hard to bear.

"Sometimes," says a social worker, "it is hard to tell whether men or women are happier. But it is certain that they grow up and live together. They are, in the final analysis, dependent on each other for happiness."

• CASSEROLE COOKBOOK

An eight-page Casserole Cookbook gives recipes for meat, fish, vegetable, and poultry casseroles to satisfy hearty winter appetites.

The cookbook is a pull-out to add to your recipe files.

• Cactus curios . . .

Superb color pictures show some of the 1000 varieties of cacti grown in one of Australia's most unusual nurseries.

And nursery owner Mr. Ralph W. Field tells how to grow cacti in pots or gardens.

• Five-piece pattern

In Teenagers' Weekly: Five-piece Candy Hardy pattern for the price of one. Pieces are three blouses, slacks (long or matador), and skirt.

• Five-piece pattern

In Teenagers' Weekly (Australian edition only): Five-piece Candy Hardy pattern for the price of one. Pieces are three blouses, slacks (long or matador), and skirt.

• TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER

Beginning "Promise At Dawn," by Romain Gary, the most wonderful story of a mother — written by a son.

"Promise At Dawn" is an autobiography. Romain Gary, author of the French prize-winning novel "The Roots Of Heaven," tells of the sacrifices his mother made to realise her ambitions for him. She protected him with a tigerish love—a love that was its own reward.

It's the most moving story — and don't let anyone tell you the ending.

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Invitation to a "pumpkin" ride

By PATRICIA KENT

● "Would you like a ride in The Pumpkin," said Mr. Sevenoaks, "or would you prefer The Glasshouse?"

WE were standing at the Quay end of Macquarie Street, Sydney, where 30 Rolls-Royce cars —from a 1910 Silver Ghost to a '62 Silver Cloud —were lined up.

"Pumpkin" was a bright yellow 1928 Phantom 1 Rolls-Royce owned by Mr. George Sevenoaks, of Crows Nest, N.S.W. "The Glasshouse" was Mr. Peter Harwin's 1923 20-horsepower model.

Everyone was waiting for the start of the annual rally, organised by the Rolls-Royce Owners' Club of Australia.

"This rally is what we call a Concours d'Elegance," explained Mr. Sevenoaks, the club's vice-president.

"We are driving down to Avalon (a northern beach suburb), where we'll stop for a while to let people have a look. Then lunch, and on to Coal and Candle Creek for the judging.

"This Concours is a preview we have every year of the big judging, where each car is thoroughly examined—appearance, cleanliness, and mechanical order of the engine. Today, the cars will be judged mainly on their appearance."

It would be a hard decision to make, I thought, for every car was polished to perfection, and even the fine drizzle of rain didn't dull the glistening chrome and the occasional gleam of carefully tended brass.

On the way to Avalon, people were lining the route to watch the cars go by—little boys jumping up and down with excitement, and fathers watching critically, sometimes a little nostalgically.

As we pulled up at Avalon, two old men watched an ancient Silver Ghost pull in.

"Now there's a car," said one, "not like those spaceships on wheels they have nowadays . . ."

There was a very special feeling about the day—the lovingly tended cars, old people remembering good times long ago.

The haste and tension of today temporarily vanished.

Streamlining and comfort, all-important in the 1960s, were forgotten, and people saw the old cars as small pieces of perfection, things of beauty and elegance in themselves.

Because the cars were Rolls-Royces the people who came along to see them began to tell each other some of the famous stories . . .

● "You can't buy a Rolls-Royce, you know, until the salesmen see your credentials."

● "Have you heard about that chap whose Rolls broke an axle? Well, and this is true because a friend of my brother's wife told me, they wouldn't come and tow it away until after dark."

These stories were all familiar to me, and there were lots more, so I asked Mr. Jack Vidler, sales representative for Rolls-Royce Motor Division in Australia, if they were true.

"Oh, I should say not," he said, and tapped his pipe on his hand.

"But some of the cars here today, early models, still haven't had their tool boxes opened.

"The tools are still wrapped in the original greased paper, and some parts supplied with the car haven't been touched."

Because of the importance of perfection at the Rolls-Royce factory — every car is given 17 coats of paint and subjected to rigorous tests—the new models are only for the rich.

"The Queen, of course, uses Rolls," said Mr. Vidler. "In fact, the Phantom 4 model, her last car, was built only for reigning monarchs. King Farouk had one, and so did the Maharajah of Mysore.

"The Maharajah's car was rather a special order. He wanted a throne built in."

All sorts of famous people have used the Rolls. Television actor Richard Boone had a replica of the Queen's Phantom 5 — "perspex top, fluorescent lighting, the lot," said Mr. Vidler.

Gold handles

"Then, of course, there was Lady Docker, who insisted on gold handles, and Diana Dors, who had genuine leopard-skin upholstery.

"Clients can have any modification at all on their cars, but we won't do anything that interferes with the car's performance or reliability."

The finish on a Rolls is incredibly fine and painstaking. In the new models the inside is panelled with walnut.

"We like to make quite sure that even after 20 years the client can replace any part without trouble," said Mr. Vidler.

"So, when the car is finished, before it leaves the factory we photograph the inside. The car's chassis number is also photographed on a disc on the dashboard, and then it's all filed for reference."

Even though the new Rolls is expensive, the company has no trouble selling them.

"We had an American in our London headquarters recently wanting to see the new Phantom 5. This car is 20ft. long, extremely luxurious, and costs about £8000 sterling. The American looked over the car very thoroughly, then said, 'Yes, that's fine, I like it. I'll take a hundred.'

"The salesman's face didn't move a muscle," said Mr. Vidler. "He just asked, 'Where shall we deliver them, sir?'

"We found out later that he wanted them for a hire-car service in the States."

The Silver Cloud sells in Australia for £8450, but the vintage (1916 to 1930) and veteran (before 1916) cars can often be picked up for a song.

One of the club members, Mr. George Green, of Castlecrag, N.S.W., has a big collection of cars of all makes and ages, among them eight Rolls. He found several models on scrap heaps and country properties.

With Barry Gillings, a lecturer at Sydney University, he jointly owns one of the oldest Rolls in Australia, a 1910 Silver Ghost which they call "Christopher."

"I found it in Walcha, where it was being used as a hearse," Barry said. "I bought it, and George had it rebuilt as a replica of a car used by one of the Vanderbilts in the early 1900s."

Another fascinating car at the Concours was a 1928 Phantom 1 limousine with a 1936 body, owned by the only female owner-driver in the club, Miss Elizabeth Griffin, of Gordon, N.S.W.

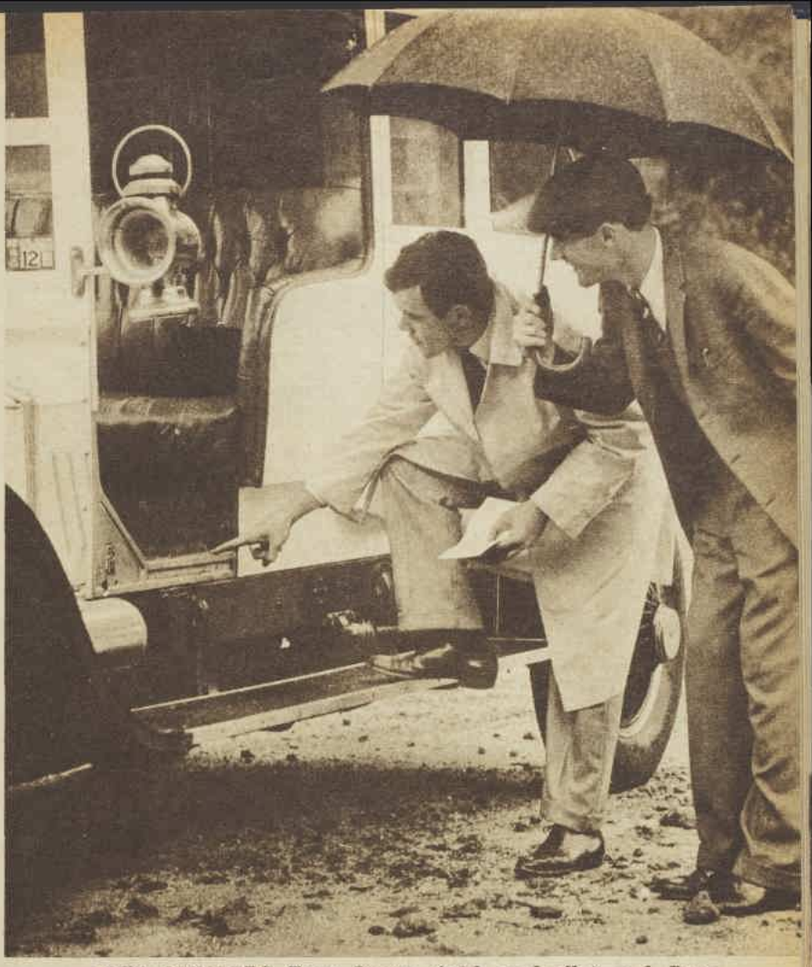
The car has a large make-up mirror, cigar - lighter ("it's never called a cigarette-lighter in a Rolls—maybe they think you should only smoke cigars"), a cocktail-cabinet, and an extra pull-down seat.

The weather had become more unpleasant every hour, and just as we arrived at Coal and Candle Creek for the judging it poured rain.

Everyone got out their raincoats. Good idea, I thought, and put mine on. But the Rolls-Royce owners of Australia placed their coats carefully over gleaming bonnets. Some even tied plastic bags over the headlights so the chrome wouldn't rust.

"Look, I'm awfully sorry," said Mr. Sevenoaks, "but I'm afraid we won't be able to judge after all. We must get our cars out of the rain."

So, with the blast of a compression whistle, and the honking of 32 horns, we began the return trip to 1962.



CLUB MEMBERS Tony Straun (with umbrella) and Peter Harwin begin judging with "Christopher" in the Rolls-Royce rally. After this judging was suspended because of rain.

1928 PHANTOM with a 1936 body, belonging to Miss Elizabeth Griffin, of Gordon, N.S.W. In perfect condition, the big Rolls is maintained by its owner.

1927 ROLLS-ROYCE, owned by Stan Nash, is probably the only drop-head coupe in Australia. This 20-horsepower model was once nicknamed the Doctor's Coupe.

1910 SILVER GHOST, jointly owned by Mr. Barry Gillings and Mr. George Green, was bought in a country town where it had been used for years as the town's hearse.

Reward for abstracts

AN abstract painting of a steel mill by Austalia's leading abstract painter John Olsen is on the cover of this week's "Bulletin."

Very much in the news at present are the high prices Australian artists can command. Olsen has received high prices for his abstracts.

"The Bulletin" plans to use the work of other Australian artists whenever a suitable occasion arises.

Olsen's painting was used for the May 2 cover because the issue has a survey of the steel industry.

"The Bulletin," with the full-color reproduction of the painting, will be on the bookstalls in N.S.W. and Victoria on Thursday, April 26, and in other States on Friday, April 27.

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HIS way . . . HER way

● While men and women can both sew, lift a chair, throw a ball, thread a needle, and achieve identical results, instinct draws them to proceed in the oddly contrasting ways shown on this page.

DARNING A SOCK

She holds the needle in the middle for accurate guidance; he holds it like a screwdriver and hopes it will go in the right direction.

TAKING OFF A SWEATER

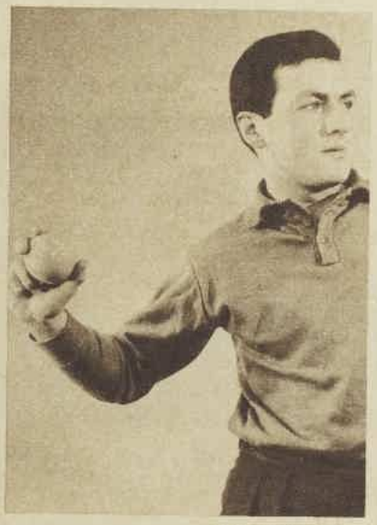
He grabs it with both hands at the back of the neck and tugs it off as quickly as possible; she peels it off evenly, almost caressingly.

INSPECTING FINGERNAILS

She regards the total effect of her nails and hand; he curls his fingers so that he can see only the top joints with the nails.

MOVING A CHAIR

If it's at all possible, he'll get a one-handed grip on the object; she'll bend down, using her body, and tackle it with both hands.



THROWING A BALL

He brings his arm and one side back, almost at right angles to the target; she keeps her arm and body in line, or throws underarm.

CARRYING THINGS

He lets his arm hang straight, and just uses his fingers for support; she tucks the books under her arm and hugs them to her body.

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Art—for

● How do you assess the value of a painting? By the pleasure it gives you . . . or by the high price it could bring at a sale, now or in 1972? Shrewd buyers combine both.

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Young Australian artist Brett Whiteley showed this painting, described in the catalogue simply as "Untitled Red Painting," at an exhibition in London last June. It was bought by the trustees of the Tate Gallery for £250. The director described him as "exceptionally talented."

● "The Golden Bough," by Turner, who died in 1851, hangs in the Tate Gallery in London. Even a small painting by Turner can fetch up to £7000 today, but his less important works sell for as little as £200.

THERE'S gold in Australian oils. Twenty pounds invested in paintings by William Dobell, Russell Drysdale, or Sidney Nolan 10 years ago can now realise hundreds — or thousands —of pounds. The art boom is on.

In the recent auction of the Norman Schureck collection in Sydney, 35 Dobell paintings, originally bought for about £600, sold for over £49,000.

From that day's sale, say art dealers, a new high in prices was set, and the Australian art market will carry on from there.

Why were the prices so staggering? Why this boom? One reason is that more people are art-conscious; more who have money to spend are spending it on paintings.

A new type of collector who can afford a few good paintings is replacing the old-fashioned rare type like Norman Schureck, whose 15-room mansion was so full of pictures that many were stacked in the bathroom.

Fashion has played a part in the new boom. Formerly, a print of an Old Master was good enough to have and to hang. Now, following the overseas trend, only an original is good enough.

And judging by the success of local artists overseas, Australian art is worth buying. It's fresh, new, and good, say overseas reviews.

Furthermore, compared with overseas Masters our good painters are still cheap.

Very few Australians can afford to pay the hundreds of thousands of guineas needed to buy an original Rembrandt or Renoir.

How do you pick a painting that will hold and increase its value?

Outsider

Gambling on a painting is a bit like gambling on a horse. It might look good, but is it a stayer?

To buy an established painter like Dobell or Drysdale is betting on a certainty, but it will cost more than an unknown outsider would.

Yet Dobell and Drysdale were outsiders once. And they were good then. How would you have known that they were going to romp home?

There's no hard-and-fast rule. But throughout art history, the artists who "had something to say" in their paintings and were the first to say it in a new way are the artists who "live."

Their first paintings were sold cheaply — or even given away — because they were different from the art fashionable at the time.

"A pain to the eye," wrote a Melbourne art critic in 1909 of an exhibition of early paintings by Tom Roberts and Arthur Streeton, the first Australian impressionists.

"A caricature," was how many people described William Dobell's portrait of Joshua Smith, which won the Archibald Prize in 1944.

Today, these "shockers" are among our great and prized artists.

● Impressionist Vincent Van Gogh painted this "Landscape at Moonrise" (left) while in an asylum just before he died in 1890. His "Public Garden at Arles" brought £A166,320 at a sale in America in 1958.

● Portrait of Anne Hamer (right) was William Dobell's entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize in 1955. Now one of Australia's best-known artists, he was amazed that at the auction his work fetched thousands.

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pleasure or profit

● *"Red Landscape," by Russell Drysdale, is painted in the fiery-red tones of Central Australia. A 30in. x 40in. canvas painted in 1958, it was bought by Mrs. Newbiggin-Watts, of London.*

Younger, lesser-known artists of today could become "great" within the next decade, and their early work could become very valuable.

Is the work of a young but good artist less brilliant and valuable than the paintings he does when he is more mature, better-known — and more expensive?

Not necessarily, say the art authorities. Often his message is clearer and more vital in his first paintings. Often the technical polish acquired with experience and age obscures the artist's original brilliance.

The top-price (4500 guineas) painting in the Schureck sale, Dobell's "Study for Woman in Restaurant," was painted early in his career and originally cost between 10 and 15 guineas.

But in the work of today's young artists, "the message" is harder for the layman collector to get.

Even an authority like Hal Missingham, director of the Art Gallery of N.S.W., confessed that in buying modern figurative and abstract work one would have to "give it a go."

The risk, therefore, in "investing" in the work of a lesser-known young modern is great.

It's best to study the local "form" before you buy, read the critiques of exhibitions, discover who's promising.

Then go to all the exhibitions. Mixed exhibitions and open competitions are the best places to assess an artist's talent. Prices are often lower than at a one-man exhibition, too.

An artist who is ready to have a one-man show is already on the way to success. Otherwise, the dealer, who promotes the show and stands to take from 25 per cent. commission from the sales, wouldn't risk it.

A painting that has been exhibited in "open company" or any of the big art competitions has a "pedigree" — a history of achievement, which will increase its value in the future.

Unless you're buying only for investment — much as you would take a flutter on the stock exchange — the most important thing about a painting is to like it, regardless of the artist. You have to live with it.

And the promising thing about a painting you have a feeling for is that it must have some quality to evoke your pleasure. This quality may be valuable in terms of investment.

A point to remember is that no matter how famous an artist is, he doesn't always do a good painting.

The later paintings of Sir Arthur Streeton, who died in 1943, sold for several hundreds of pounds. The less important of these now sell for less. According to art dealers, their prices will continue to drop.

But the good paintings of Streeton, Tom Roberts, and Charles Conder are holding their value.

The same principle applies all over the world. In London a good, yet small painting by J. M. W. Turner can cost £7000. But you can get an unimportant Turner for £200.

Australia has caught up with the European attitude to art as a gilt-edged investment. A good cheap painting can be as good a buy as good cheap oil shares. Even the top-priced Dobell this year could, next year, prove to have been cheap at the price.

You wouldn't want to sell your beautiful Dobell? Few people would. But a painting can seem even more beautiful if you know it's now worth twice what you paid for it.

Pick a winner

How much would you have to outlay for a good investment?

Because of the boom, a gilt-edged investment will cost more initially than it has cost in the past. You wouldn't, nowadays, pick up a reasonable oil for less than £20.

But there's consolation — and investment — in drawings, water-colors, etchings, and lithographs; which even by well-known artists cost considerably less than oils.

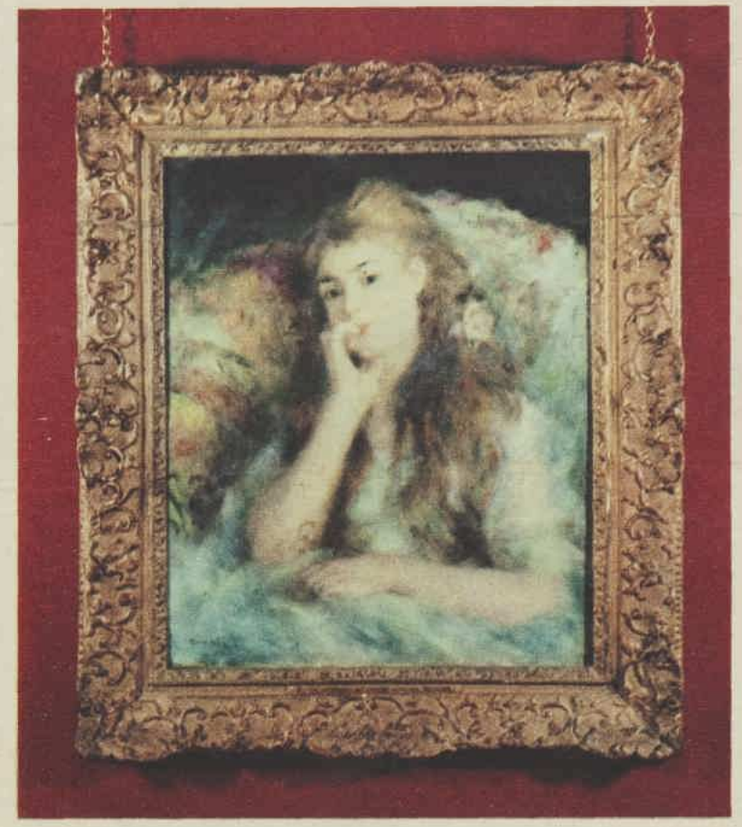
A good lithograph by Sidney Nolan, for instance, can cost something like 20 guineas.

Cheapness is not always the best guide to value. With so many art dealers combing the market, it's unlikely you'll get a fantastic painting for less than its real value.

It is often cheaper to commission a dealer to bid for you at an auction than to bid against him, forcing the price up.

But who can say how much a painting is worth? The art market is a mad and marvellous one. As the Sydney cab-driver who had just delivered a Dobell said:

"Fantastic! That painting is worth more than me and my cab put together."



● *English art dealer Mr. Edward Speelman paid £72,000 for "La Pensee" ("Thought") at an auction at Sotheby's in London in 1958. This beautiful portrait of a young girl is by Pierre Auguste Renoir, one of the most famous artists of the French Impressionist school of the 19th century.*

● *Sir Arthur Streeton's "Clouds at Olinda," part of the late Mr. Norman Schureck's collection, brought 625 guineas at the recent sale. Streeton could command several hundred pounds for a painting in his later years, but some of his less important work has dropped in value, now sells for less than the original price.*

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Mary Coles' SOCIAL

"SCENE-STEALERS" at the marriage of lovely Caroline Anderson and Peter Vicars at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on April 26 will be Miss Caroline Atwill (aged three), Miss Elizabeth Jerram (who is five), and three-year-old Master Antony Dickins.

The trio—keyed up with excitement about their attire and responsibilities—will be among attendants at the picturesque wedding.

Other members of the bridal party will be matron-of-honor Mrs. James Irwin, of Adelaide, bridesmaids Virginia Hyne, Carolyn Copeland, Gillian Davies, and Susan Atwill, best man Sam Hordern, and groomsmen Ted Albert, Charles Smith, John Vicars, and Peter Long.

Caroline, who is the daughter of Mrs. Reggie Gaskell and the late Mr. Wallace Anderson, will be given away by her grandfather, Mr. W. A. Anderson, of Double Bay.

The reception will be held at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, and interstate friends and relatives among the guests will be Melburnians Mr. and Mrs. Clive Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Baillieu Myer, Serena Sangster, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foot.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O'Halloran Giles, Alan McGregor, Hugh MacLachlan, James Irwin and his sister Georgina, whose engagement has just been announced to Sandy Reid, of "Narrangullen," Yass, will be among Adelaide guests.

★ ★ ★

WARWICK FARM will be the mecca of polo enthusiasts on April 25, 26, 27, and 29, for the Autumn Tournament of the County Polo Club and the N.S.W. Polo Association. Seven teams (including the Te Awamutu, from New Zealand, and Goodiwindi, from Queensland), will tussle for laurels. After play on April 27, the president of County, Mr. Reg Farrell, and his wife will greet guests at a cocktail party in the Members' Dining Room at Warwick Farm, where the highlight of the function will be the presentation of the County and D. F. H. Packer Cups.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH they're sure their paths must have crossed at Alpine resorts in Europe, skiing enthusiasts Brigid Tancred and David George, who have just announced their engagement, didn't meet until they were both holidaying at Thredbo on their return from abroad last year. Brigid has a lovely diamond solitaire ring, and they're planning an early spring wedding so they can have a snowfields honeymoon.

FIRST visitors for Dr. Bruce Shepherd and his wife, Annette, at their new home in Surrey will be Bruce's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Shepherd, of Canberra and Rose Bay, who are due in England this week after touring the United States and Canada. Annette and Bruce will have the red carpet out again in June to greet Annette's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hooker, who are planning a flying visit abroad at the end of May. Since their arrival in England (where Bruce is doing post-graduate studies in orthopedic surgery), he and Annette have lived in London. Now they have the ground floor flat—with a lovely garden—at "Warren Halt," a beautiful old home which has been turned into two flats, in Old Woking Road, West Byfleet.

★ ★ ★

EVERY item on the menu at the buffet dinner Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Alam are giving for 200 guests in honor of the Premier, Mr. R. J. Heffron, and Mrs. Heffron on April 28 will be home-cooked by the hostess. She is a Cordon Bleu cook and noted for her wonderful Continental dishes—and their decorative presentation. The party will be at their lovely old home, "The Cedars," in Bradley's Head Road, Mosman, and a feature of the setting will be special lighting of the garden and beautiful trees.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the square sapphire surrounded by diamonds engagement ring setting the seal on the romance between Susan Fitzhardinge, of Canberra, and Michael Litchfield, of "Warreen," Cooma.

★ ★ ★

"BRAVEST" woman in Sydney Town on May 3 will be tall, slender, elegant Mrs. Robert Berrick. She's going to cast vanity to the winds and mannequin all the large-fitting garments at the Opportunity Shop's annual lunch-hour parade and sale of "used model dresses and hats" to aid the Peter Pan Committee. Mrs. Berrick will work the transformation to her silhouette wearing old-fashioned "stays," which she has padded out to O.S. proportions! Also taking part in the parade, which will begin at 1 p.m. in the Auditorium at 136 Phillip Street, are Mrs. Rudi Tolnay, Mrs. John Gilfillan, Mrs. Tony Coote, Mrs. Bobby Brash, and Mrs. Paul Jacklin.

***JUST ENGAGED.** Miss Penelope Breakell and her fiance, Mr. Neal Girle, of "Warben," Yelarbon, Queensland, at the Broadbrimmers' Ball at the Trocadero to aid the Far West Children's Health Scheme and the Flying Doctor Service. Miss Breakell, who was president of the ball committee, and Mr. Girle are planning to wed next October.*

***WHITE** marabout stole set off the pink satin frock worn by Miss Judith McCloskey (at right), pictured with Miss Jennifer Lawrence, of Darling Point, and Mr. John Sample, of Vaucluse, at the Broadbrimmers' Ball at the Trocadero. Miss Lawrence was in lilac.*

***AT PRINCES.** From left, Mrs. Peter Hodgson, Mr. Rod Bower, Miss Sheila Storey, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Montgomery, and Mr. Peter Hodgson were among guests at the gay Town and Country Ball to aid the Smith Family.*

***BETWEEN DANCES.** From left, Miss Marita Budd, Mr. Malcolm Cullen-Ward and his sister Miss Sue Cullen-Ward, Mr. David Grey and Miss Diana Fisher at the Town and Country Ball at Princes to aid the Smith Family.*

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ROUNDABOUT

ABOVE: Mrs. John Hemmes, of Kurraba Point, set off her jade jersey dress with ropes of jet beads and a silk and wool tweed hat banded with black patent leather.

RANDWICK RACEGOERS

STRIKING black-and-white outfit was worn by Mrs. M. F. Iles, who was among Melbourne visitors to Sydney for the Australian Jockey Club's Autumn Racing Carnival.

CHINCHILLA was featured by keen racing enthusiast Mrs. Bob McInerney, of Castlecrag, who wore a chinchilla-trimmed hat and a stole with her alpaca frock.

WITH her mohair suit Mrs. Edward Esdaile (pictured above) wore a velvet-and-chiffon-swathed toque trimmed with a large rose.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. John Duncan wore a Givenchy model coat and a Tibetan lamb hat from Paris.

AT LEFT. Silver fox fur-trimmed beret with two pompons was the choice of country race visitor Mrs. Alan Friend, of Walgett.

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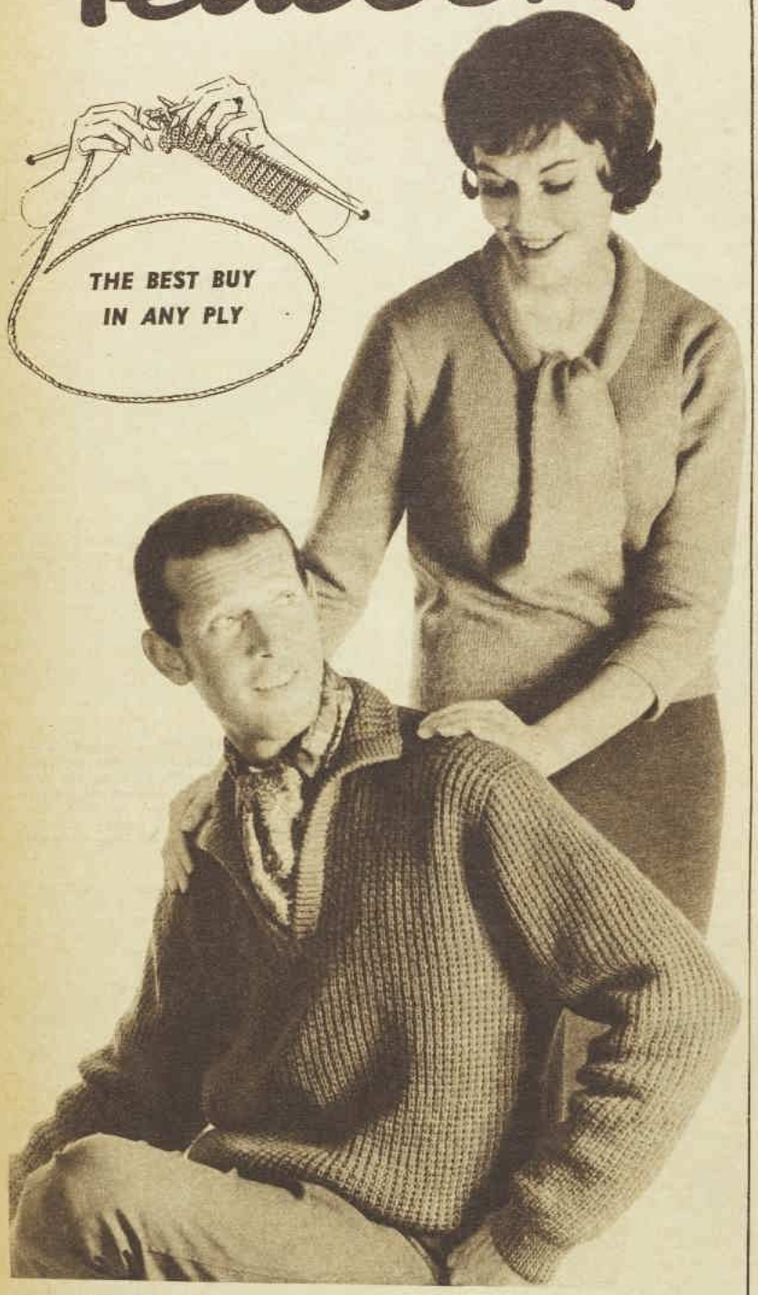
KNIT Peacock



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Her jumper, from Peacock Leaflet No. 49, costs only 79/- to knit.

H-67

Exhibition

● A pictorial exhibition of historic buildings in and around Sydney will be presented by the Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.) at David Jones' Art Gallery. After a preview on May 15 it will be open to the public from May 16 to May 24.

Called "No Time to Spare," the exhibition is designed to draw attention to buildings of historical and architectural value which the Trust believes must be saved for posterity. Among these buildings are seven fine old houses, and mementoes, which will be specially featured.

These pictures by Max Dupain show five of the houses.

The Trust plans to send the photographic part of the exhibition to country towns in New South Wales.

"CAMDEN PARK," Camden, was built for John Macarthur, founder of the Australian wool industry. He died in a small wooden cottage before this fine Regency-style house was completed in 1835. His descendants lived here, and it is now the home of Lady Stanham, who was formerly Miss Helen Macarthur-Onslow. Designed by John Verge—the architect of Elizabeth Bay House—"Camden Park" is built of sandstock brick and has fine cedar joinery. It houses some valuable mementoes of early life in Sydney, including political prints and cartoons collected by Sir William Macarthur, a member of the Legislative Council. These have been lent for the exhibition. Other noteworthy exhibits are sketchbooks of early Australian artist Conrad Martens and his pupil, Elizabeth Macarthur.

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Parramatta, was the home of early Governors, from Hunter to Fitz Roy, and is now part of The King's School. Built before 1800, it was enlarged by Governor Macquarie to the design of John Watts. The elegant entrance porch with Doric columns is the work of Francis Greenway, the ex-convict architect. Mementoes of Governors King, Bligh, and Fitz Roy have been lent for the exhibition, including the four-poster bed and wardrobe of Lady Mary Fitz Roy, the Governor's wife. She was killed when carriage horses bolted in Parramatta Park and her carriage overturned. After this tragedy in 1847 the house was not used as a residence for the Governors of the colony.

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# of historic houses

"NEWINGTON," Silverwater, was completed in 1832. Built for pioneer John Blaxland, it is distinguished by beautiful cedar joinery. Not only did Blaxland establish farming and grazing on the estate but also a salt works, lime works, mortar works, and a small woollen factory. A school was built for the children of employees, and a chapel which still remains. "Newington," with its two large reception-rooms which convert into a ballroom, was the centre of a gay social life. It was once the scene of a dramatic bushrangers' hold-up, in which John Blaxland was rescued by the arrival of his daughters. Later Newington Boys' School was first established there. Today the house is a Home for the Aged.

"HOBARTVILLE," Richmond, completed in 1828, is thought to be designed by Francis Greenway. It was built for William Cox, jun., son of William Cox, who built the road over the Blue Mountains in 1816-1818. William, jun., then went to England to fight in the Peninsular War with the Duke of Wellington. He returned to Australia in 1814 and bred racehorses at Hobartville. Keeping to tradition, Hobartville is still a stud for racehorses, and is now owned by Mr. R. Payne.

"BLIGH HOUSE," Millers Point, was built in 1834 for Robert Campbell, a leader of the movement to stop transportation of convicts. Now the headquarters of the Australian College of General Practitioners, it is being restored. A two-storeyed colonial town house with Doric columns, it is built of sandstock brick, stucco-rendered. Campbell's father was a merchant and owned "Campbell's Wharf" in Sydney Cove. Exhibits include an early Conrad Martens painting.

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*Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Queensland and Tasmania

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FATHER

"As long as your Mother is staying with us, I brought my Mother over to make things even."

MOTHER

"Like a lift? . . . Hop on!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

"I DESIGN from the premise that all women prefer to dress like ladies," said New York designer Mainbocher the other day.

And I can just imagine him looking down his nose as he said it. He means that the women he dresses are going to look like ladies, whether they like it or not.

Probably his clothes are so good that you'd be glad enough to have them, even so. You would look like a rich lady, which is a differen. thing.

But his statement, taken at its face value, is nonsense. All girls, except raving beauties, find it only too easy to look like ladies. (It is especially easy for girls with glasses, but we mustn't turn this into a personal grumble.)

At the stage when I took a passionate interest in clothes and spent hours discussing them, one of my girl-friends used to say sometimes when she bought a new dress, "I'm afraid it's a bit ladylike." Another expression she used interchangeably was "steady."

I knew what she meant. The dress was respectable. It was neat. It was even becoming, in a namby-pamby sort of way. And no man, except one already besotted, was going to turn his head to look at her in it.

There are some women — Grace Kelly is the outstanding example — who can get away with looking ladylike. That kind of beauty is born and not made.

But the rest—I ask you. Why would there be such a market for scent and mascara and eye-shadow if it were not that most of us like to look just a teeny-weeny bit the other way?

★ ★ ★

WHEN the Sydney G.P.O. clock tower was dismantled and stacked away in 1942, nobody paid much attention. There were more important things to think about.

Maybe a few people muttered that it was a bit pointless, that the enemy could find other landmarks for bombing without much trouble; but 1942, with the enemy too close to be comfortable, was a year when you were thankful that authority was doing something, and you just hoped that what it did was sensible.

Ever since the war ended a band of enthusiasts has campaigned for the restoration of the clock.

Now they have won and their letters to the papers have been succeeded by a batch from those holding the opposing viewpoint—that the cost, £130,000, is a waste of money.

I don't know which side I'm on. My first reaction was that £130,000 could be better spent.

Yet if anyone had asked me what I thought about spending £15,000 on the Kings Cross fountain before its erection I'd have voted no. But every time I pass it I look at it with pleasure.

I just hope to get my money's worth out of the G.P.O. clock.

DISCUSSING the Sydney Opera House, a visiting producer said that some aspects of the design made it unsuitable for large-scale opera productions. It should, he said, be called a concert hall.

He may or may not be right about the design. But on the name he is wrong. The term "concert hall" wouldn't have done at all.

"Hall" may have a sufficiently imposing ring to English ears, but not to most Australians. Not to mine, anyhow.

When I hear the word, I don't think of city halls or town halls. My mind immediately pictures an unlined, wooden building in a small town, awaiting its coat of paint by courtesy of the ladies' committee which is organising a fete.

The building is most useful for the weekly dance and the progress association meetings.

But for four to six million pounds I want a grander title.

★ ★ ★

ON the subject of names and words, this is as good a time as any to grizzle about the prevalent use of the word "workshop" for theatrical productions.

It is now well established as a term for productions designed to give young actors an opportunity to practise and display their talents.

But it is one of those pretentiously unpretentious terms that set my teeth on edge.

★ ★ ★

A WOMAN in England who recently secured a divorce from her husband told the judge that he had obtained a lion from a circus and left it to roam in the front garden. "It terrifies me and the neighbors and the children, too," she said.

How can I make it clear, dear, that we're finished—
That nothing's left of what has gone before?
It sometimes seems you fail to comprehend it—
The fact is, I don't love you any more.
I tried to put it tactfully, but muffed it
(You never listen, dear, to what I say),
I thought of putting arsenic in the coffee,
It seemed to me a risky sort of way.
Besides, it was so commonplace, so final,
And then with inspiration came the dawn—
What method could be subtler (yet it's pointed),
Than letting loose a lion on the lawn?

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IPANA £30,000 GOLD RUSH CONTEST

1st. £5,000 IN GREENGOLD— plus a '62 Valiant Sedan! Australia's newest and most exciting car—and the "Enterprise" mine, Hill End, N.S.W.

2nd. 1962 SIMCA ARONDE STATION WAGON AND 10,000 MILES FREE PETROL FROM GOLDEN FLEECE!

3rd. ONE "GOLDPOWER" MARINE FAMILY RUNABOUT AND TRAILER Neat six-seater—for hours of golden leisure to come!

4th. £500 AND A GOLDEN PARKER PEN to sign your cheques with a golden flourish!

Plus £500 Special Bonus
If the winner attaches end flaps or label from a bottle of Theraderm 'F' Foaming Treatment for Dandruff—1st prize will include £500 extra cash.

1,500 OTHER FABULOUS PRIZES!

100 HANIMEX "SEKONIC" ELMATIC 8 MOVIE CAMERAS. The newest automatic movie camera to record your golden days! ★ 100 PHILIPS "GOLDCOASTER" PERSONAL PORTABLES. Seven-transistor powered for golden tone ★ 50 PHILISHAVE FLOATING HEAD ELECTRIC SHAVERS ★ 250 HANIMEX "ARGUS 75" CAMERAS ★ 500 "GOLD CREST" VANITY CASES ★ 500 SETS AGEE PYREX "GOLDEN GLOW" FESTIVE WARE CASSEROLE DISH AND STAND.

Everybody can strike it rich in this easy Ipana Gold Rush Contest! Here's all you do! 1. Look at the portraits of the six popular personalities. Now pick the smile which belongs to each personality from the row numbered "smile" photographs! FOR EXAMPLE: If you think No. 3 "smile" is Ilsa Konrads', write the figure 3 in the square beside her name on your coupon. 2. On a separate sheet of paper, write not more than 25 words why you like Ipana. 3. Complete coupon with your name and address and send together with end flap from an Ipana toothpaste carton (Fluoride, Standard or Chlorophyll).*

CONTEST RULES VERY FEW

1. Competitors may send as many entries as they wish—entry coupon on this page.
2. Employees (and their families) of Brystol-Myers and its advertising agents are NOT eligible to enter.
3. Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. ENTRIES CLOSE ON 4th MAY, 1962, and no entry mailed after that date will be considered.
5. RESULTS WILL APPEAR IN WOMAN'S DAY, DATED 11th JUNE AND THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, DATED 13th JUNE, 1962.
6. All entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Company Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes.
7. All entries will be judged by a specially selected judge. Prizes will be awarded on the skill shown in matching the smiles to the faces. Excellence of the statement why you like Ipana will be taken into consideration only in the event of more than one competitor correctly matching the photographs.

To: IPANA GOLD RUSH, Box 121, P.O., CRONULLA, SYDNEY.

This is my solution to the Golden Smiles puzzles. ☐ ILSA KONRADS ☐ BRIAN HENDERSON ☐ PATSY ANN NOBLE ☐ COL JOYE ☐ TANIA VERSTAK ☐ BERT NEWTON

On a separate sheet of paper, write not more than 25 words why you like IPANA.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ STATE _____

Pin flap of Ipana toothpaste pack here.* If you wish to qualify for the £500 extra bonus, attach end flap or label from Theraderm 'F'. *Not required where such condition contravenes State laws.

BM396/62

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You nibble pretzels with drinks. They waken your palate, sharpen your taste . . . liven every sip you take.

Next snacktime, party or barbecue—nibble on Planters Slim Jane pretzels. 3 flavours: cheese, celery, standard. 2 sizes: Stick-pretzels and Mini-pretzels. Your store stocks both. Call in today and buy up big.

For parties, barbecues, buy the Mini-pretzel in cartons.

For snacks, buy Stick-pretzels in the cellophane packs.

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● *Richard Chamberlain as Dr. Kildare, of the new medical show coming soon to Channel 2.*

● *"Gunsmoke's" old-style Doc Adams (Milburn Stone) with Marshal Dillon (James Arness). Kildare and Casey, says Doc Adams, are "young upstarts."*

● *Vince Edwards looks professionally solemn as the dedicated young surgeon Dr. Ben Casey.*

BATTLE OF THE TV MEDICOS

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Right before televiewers' eyes these days a life-and-death battle is raging—the fight for top ratings between the Western black-bag-and-hot-water doctors and the masked and gowned doctors of the modern medical shows.

TV'S three best-known doctors are right in the middle of the fight.

They are old Doc Adams (Milburn Stone) of "Gunsmoke," Dr. Ben Casey (Vince Edwards) of "Ben Casey," and Dr. Kildare (Richard Chamberlain), not due on Australian TV for another fortnight.

Until Casey and Kildare came into view Doc Adams was, without doubt, Dean of the TV Medical Corps. Now he feels he is out-moded.

In "Gunsmoke," the Doc's main job is digging out bullets, for the removal of a bullet in TV's 1870 seems to cure as miraculously as today's wonder drugs.

Ben Casey, as everyone knows, is a highly skilled neuro-surgeon. Dr. Kildare is a brilliant physician.

"These young upstarts, Casey and Kildare," Doc Adams said recently, "have given millions of viewers aches and pains they never knew they had.

"My practice in Dodge City is really not limited to gunshot wounds and sore toes. If I'm not digging a bullet out of somebody, I'm using a little psychology on Chester and Marshal Dillon.

"Of course, I've delivered a few babies and treated the plague and fevers, but nothing fancy like these youngsters do in modern operating rooms with pretty nurses mopping their foreheads."

With his tongue firmly tucked in his cheek, Doc Adams admitted he was envious of young Dr. Kildare and Ben Casey, his two rivals.

"I couldn't play a young doctor as they're doing," he said, "but it would be a joy to play the older doctor role like Raymond Massey, who is Dr. Gillespie in 'Dr. Kildare.'

"They get to put on rubber gloves and face masks and talk things over with their patients. Most of the gunslingers I work on either won't talk or just don't have the horse-sense to.

"I'm always on an emergency call, but I'm lucky to get so much as a pan of hot water for sterilising the couple of instruments I have.

"When Doc Adams was practising medicine," Doc (Milburn Stone) Adams added, "all the patient could really say before he passed out was the name of the man who shot him.

"And he usually passed out, because all Doc had for anaesthetic was a stick of wood the patient could put between his teeth to keep from biting his tongue in pain."

Big fan mail

The 1962 crop of doctors have a long way to go to match Doc Adams' popularity. Doc gets 2000 fan letters a week, most of them from real-life doctors giving him advice about treatment for his patients and the rest requests for medical aid.

"I don't give out any postal advice," Doc Adams said. "In Doc's day a man could and did practise medicine without going to all these new-fangled medical schools.

"All he had to do was hang up a shingle and he was in business in the old West."

During the past six years of "Gunsmoke," Doc Adams hasn't so much as removed an appendix, but he's hopeful that he may branch out into TV surgery in the new "Gunsmoke," to be seen on Channel 9 soon.

(The new "Gunsmoke" series lasts an hour and is doing bigger than ever business on American TV.)

"I can do anything these young modern TV doctors can do," Doc Adams said. "I'll give it a go if I'm ever called on to do so. You just watch and see."

The very popular show, "Ben Casey" (Channel 7), belongs to Bing Crosby, who says doctors are his favorite people, they make him so much money.

"Ben Casey" has done so well that Bing is up to his eyes in another medical series called "Come A-Runnin," about a young medico in a small town. He has invested 500,000 dollars in it.

Bing says he has spent so much time in hospitals, sick or waiting for one of his six children to be born, that he could act as technical adviser.

Dr. Kildare will make his bow to Australian televiewers on A.B.C.-TV on Monday, May 14, at 7.30 p.m. He's a brand-new boy, Richard Chamberlain, 26, unmarried, handsome, 6ft. 2in.

One producer said he has a "quiet kind of sex appeal. He sort of breathes bedside sympathy. Women will go nuts over him."

When M.G.M. first started "Dr. Kildare," they chose Raymond Massey as Dr. Gillespie, the role so well played in the movie series by Lionel Barrymore.

At that time they intended Lew Ayres to play his old role as Dr. Kildare, but neither sponsors nor viewers were interested in Ayres, and the search for his successor began and ended when Chamberlain was tested.

A bit of incidental information about the show is that Lew Ayres, who owns a bit of it and neither smokes nor drinks, won't allow it to be sponsored by a cigarette or beer firm.

He won't have any trouble here with the A.B.C.

John Ireland in Bogart role

JOHN IRELAND will play the part Humphrey Bogart had in the famous old movie, "The African Queen," which is being made into a series by Dick Powell's Four Star TV Production company.

Ireland is going to own a full 50 per cent. of the series, since it was he who bought the TV rights to the story when everybody else forgot about it.

Right now a female star to fill the role once played by Katharine Hepburn is being sought, and it looks as if it is going to be Glynis Johns—whom you may have seen as owner of the country pub in the movie "The Sundowners."

★ ★ ★

GORGEOUS Gardner McKay, alias Captain Troy, of "Adventures in Paradise" has been told by his producers, Twentieth Century-Fox, to curtail his basketball activities.

McKay is captain of the studio's basketball team which also includes James (Brother Brett) Garner. But the game has become rough, especially for Captain Troy. In one game he broke a finger, and a week later had his handsome nose gashed and nearly broken.

Passion Play in modern style

"A MAN DIES," a modern version of the Passion Play, presented by A.B.C.-TV was a vital example of what one churchman in England is doing to increase or re-awaken the interest of teenagers in religion.

(Mr. Ernest Marvin, the minister of a Presbyterian church in Bristol, England, wrote the play, which was presented by members of the Youth Fellowship of his church and accompanied by a narration and specially written songs sung by a girl vocalist with a rock-'n-roll band.)

On that score alone it was worth watching, but the production and the telling quality of the rock-'n-roll music quickly made viewing more than an exercise in conscientiousness.

The play starts with the baptism of Jesus and goes on to His crucifixion.

There is no dialogue, and the players mime their roles, wearing their everyday clothes.

Traditionalists would no doubt be confounded by Mr. Marvin's modern approach, but I found nothing alien in the modern presentation or dress.

The only thing that jarred was the occasional use as background of a traditional religious print.

There is certainly no blasphemy in the presentation; on the contrary it is marked by deep sincerity and reverence.

It is also an interesting experiment, and one which all churchmen should surely hail, if it does what it is intended to do—make the events of Good Friday more clearly understood by teenagers.

NEW FILMS

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above Average
★ Average No star—Poor

★★★ EL CID

The splendor of medieval Spain is revived for three exciting hours in Samuel Bronston's vigor-charged epic . . . made in vivid color, with resplendent costumes, against an authentic background of castles in Spain.

Charlton Heston grips the imagination as El Cid, the hero whose vision and courage brought unity to a bickering Spain and drove back her Moorish invaders. He blends ruggedness and humanity in a commanding portrayal.

But Bronston's film is also a love story. Sophia Loren plays El Cid's unwilling wife (he killed her father in a duel), a spitfire who learns gentleness.

Despite the huge cast of extras — expertly manoeuvred by director Anthony Mann—the plot clings to the central story, making an impact that many "spectaculars" lose in irrelevant digressions. At times the battlefield soundtrack is a little over-anxious for reality.
—Forum, Sydney.

In a word . . . VIGOROUS.

★★ THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

This wartime drama involves two related families, one of French and the other of German descent, who leave their native Argentina for Europe prior to the outbreak of World War II. A tense emotional situation develops as a result of their conflicting loyalties.

Glenn Ford plays the leading role of a rich, pleasure-loving aristocrat, reluctant to take either side, while his cousins enlist under Hitler's command, and his young sister, Yvette Mimieux, becomes an ardent worker in the French Resistance.

The setting alternates between the grim reality of war and the lavish Paris social circle, with an occasional mystic vision of the "Four Horsemen" galloping across the heavens.—**M.E., St. James, Sydney.**

In a word . . . EMOTIONAL

★ ★ ★

WITH their nightly tete-a-tetes at dinner, Marlene Dietrich and Michael Wilding have set the movie colony wondering.

★ ★ ★

THE talk of Hollywood's movie colony is the curious manner in which Bobby Darin and wife Sandra Dee are acting in public. Although the pair consistently deny rumors of any difficulty in their marriage, it's no secret that Sandy acts cold and aloof toward Bobby when out. Bobby invariably tries to "hog" the cameras when photographers approach at various functions and friends say Sandy is more than a little irked at being "upstaged" by her husband.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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To look your best every day, you need to use a hair spray every day. And now you can, with new Goya Spray Set. Goya Spray Set is different because it brushes out instantly. It keeps your hair soft and shining . . . keeps your hair gently in place. Never leaves 'tackiness' to build up day after day — spoiling the look and feel of your hair. Use Goya Spray Set every day, make your hair fragrant with a wonderful Goya perfume, Goya Spray Set—the everyday set.

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. . . the only hair spray with a choice of fragrances

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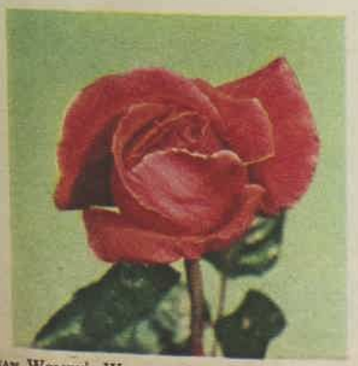
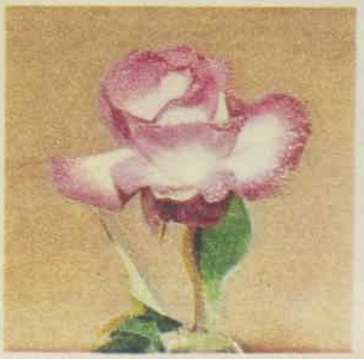
Five page Gardening feature

PICK A ROSE



A VARIETY OF ROSES — hybrid tea, floribundas, grandifloras, and old-fashioned roses—are featured in this five-page section. From the 26 pictures you can select the roses for your garden this year. There is also a list of roses suitable for different areas throughout Australia.

QUEEN ELIZABETH roses (above) arranged by Mrs. C. R. Knight, of Homebush, N.S.W., show this grandiflora to perfection. The Queen Elizabeth is an ideal cutting flower. Left: Rose Gaujard, a hybrid tea. Right: Rosemary Rose, a floribunda.



Continued overleaf

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PICK A ROSE

The new..

DEAREST, a very beautiful floribunda released this year, is a clear, soft, rosy salmon with a perfect form of about 30 petals. Very free-flowering, with strong growth and good foliage.

RODEO, a low-growing red floribunda. Robust bushes are smothered in flowers for a long period.

SHERRY, rich red novelty floribunda overlaid with deep velvety sheen. The bush is of compact growth and produces masses of quality blooms, which will make it ideal as a specimen.

RUMBA, an unusual floribunda in che yellow-flecked, and edged bright red. Gro is medium. It is an ideal border pl

PICCADILLY, a hybrid tea with bright scarlet on the inside and gold on the outside of petals.

DICKSON'S FLAME, a dazzling flame-scarlet floribunda. It was awarded a gold medal for the best rose in England in 1958 and was introduced into Australia last year. It has clean, healthy growth.

ANGEL WINGS, a hybrid tea in a bright low, with a faint touch of white shadin the base of the petals. Very free-flower

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Continued on page 25

and the old

BUCCANEER, a grandiflora, produces lovely buds which are slender and tapering. The rich yellow coloring does not lose its brilliance from the bud stage to final maturity. It has a mild fragrance.

VIRGO and CHRYSLER IMPERIAL are two favorite hybrid tea roses. Virgo is pure frosty white with shell-like petals. Chrysler Imperial is deep crimson with fragrant, well-shaped double blooms.

MONTEZUMA, a grandiflora, is considered one of the best rose releases for 20 years. Coloring is soft apricot. Blooms are borne in profusion.

CHRISTIAN DIOR, a hybrid tea, said to be one of the best red roses ever released in Australia. Its true coloring is vivid scarlet velvet, with high-pointed buds.

JOSEPHINE BRUCE, a rich crimson hybrid tea or climber. An old favorite with gardeners. Healthy, vigorous growth, ample foliage, and it is very free-flowering.

ANNE LETTS, a fragrant pale pink, lighter reverse of petal, hybrid tea, beautifully formed. Vigorous grower. It has glossy dark foliage.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, a hybrid tea named after England's great statesman. With it here is Rose Gaugard, another popular hybrid tea. It is rich red with long, pointed buds which last well and are fragrant.

MY CHOICE, a hybrid tea, has large blooms in medium pink with a flush of light yellow in reverse. It has a very sweet scent. Free-blooming and vigorous growth.

TIFFANY, delightful phlox-pink hybrid tea, has long, pointed buds which open to full double blooms, fragrant, and borne singly on long stems.

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£2,250 CASH PRIZES!

Rosella 11 Soups Contest

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 CASH
SECOND PRIZE, £450; THIRD, £300; FOURTH, £200; FIFTH, £100; 10 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £10; 20 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £5.

If you've ever wished for £1,000 to spend exactly how you please . . . maybe on a house, a trip overseas, or a car . . . then use your culinary skill and enter this Rosella 11 Soups "Taste Testing" Contest. There's no entrance fee. No slogans or jingles. This Rosella 11 Soups Contest is a straightforward test of your kitchen skill.

A nationally-known cookery expert has listed her order of preference for the 11 Soups in the Rosella range. This list is lodged with the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney. All of them, you'll agree, are superb. But we want you to nominate your order of preference after taste-testing the 11 Rosella Soups. For example, you may start your entry this way: 1, Celery; 2, Chicken; and so on for the whole of the Rosella range. The nearest to the cookery expert's list will be adjudged the winner.

Check these rules before you start:

1. All entries must be accompanied by 1 Rosella Soup label. This is not required in States where it infringes local laws.
2. There is no entry fee. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish, provided each is accompanied by a Rosella Soup label in those States where this is permitted by law.
3. *All* entries will be considered and must carry the name of the Grocer . . . and your own name and address written in block letters.
4. If more than one correct entry is received, the neatest will be judged the winner. Should none contain the correct list, the prize will be awarded to the nearest, neatest correct entry. In the event of a tie, prizes will be divided. The decision of the Judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
5. The following are not eligible to compete: Members and families of staff of Rosella. Members of the Advertising Agency or their families. Staff members of the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney.

ENTER NOW! 11 Soups Contest closes 30th June, 1962. Results will be announced in the "Public Notices" column of major daily newspapers on Saturday, 28th July, 1962.

Clip This Entry Blank Now

For your convenience you may use this entry blank and get additional blanks at your grocery store. Before mailing, read the rules above and be sure to attach a Rosella Soup label. Send to:

11 Soups Contest," Rosella Ltd. Post Office Box 1665N, G.P.O., Melbourne, Victoria.

My Order of Preference is:

USE BLOCK LETTERS

1. ..... 4. ..... 7. ..... 10. .....
2. ..... 5. ..... 8. ..... 11. .....
3. ..... 6. ..... 9. .....

Name .....
Address .....
State .....

Grocer's Name .....
Address .....
State RS5-62/C

HERE ARE YOUR 11 ROSELLA DOUBLE-STRENGTH SOUPS:

- ASPARAGUS
- CELERY
- CHICKEN
- TOMATO
- MUSHROOM
- OX TAIL
- PEA WITH HAM
- SCOTCH BROTH
- MULLIGATAWNY
- TOMATO-VEGETABLE
- VEGETABLE

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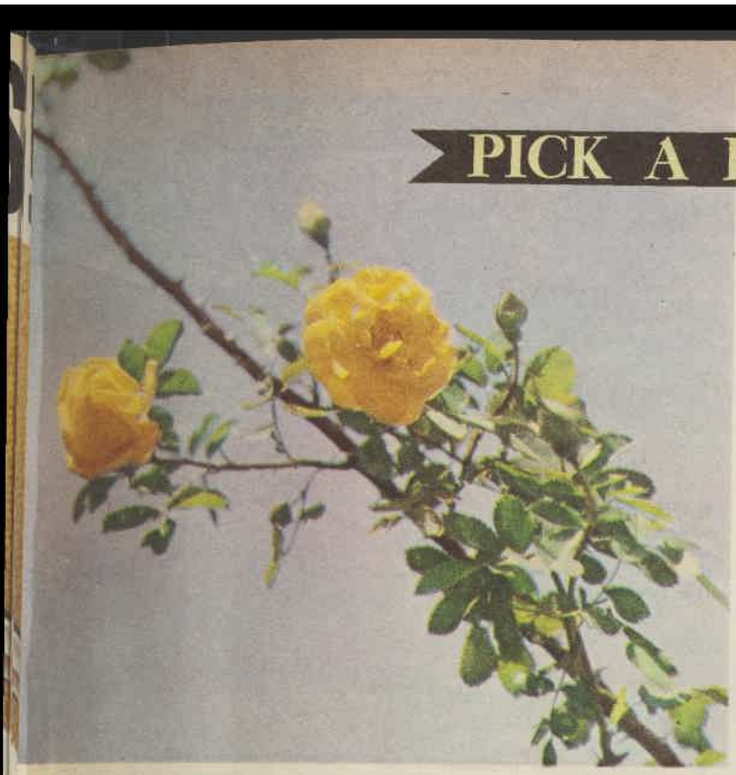
PICK A ROSE



R. FOETIDA LUTEA (left), one of the earliest known roses, is responsible for the rich yellows in the modern hybrid tea roses. It blooms only in spring, and in some climates is susceptible to black spot, which can be controlled with fungicide Karathane.

NO definite date or period is recorded to mark the introduction of roses to Australian gardens, but most early settlers certainly brought plants from their old homes, including varieties of roses popular at that time.

Local interest in rose culture must have always been keen in fact; for one old book, written nearly a century ago in England, states that a climbing sport of the famous Bourbon rose, Souvenir de la Malmaison, had been introduced into England from Australia, where it originated.

In the past ten years there has been an awakened interest in these beautiful ancestors of the modern rose. There have been fresh importations and many of these old favorites have been located and identified in old Australian gardens.

These roses can be grown in similar conditions to modern roses, and many are also suitable as shrubs or hedges.

A wide range of old-fashioned roses can be obtained from growers, including Mr. W. Price, of Cransley Nursery, Campbelltown, N.S.W., where these pictures were taken. Other growers include Roy Rumsey, N.S.W., Neil Brundrett, Vic., and David Ruston, in South Aust.

For the gardener of today, a short selection from the following would add to the charm of the modern garden.

Souvenir de la Malmaison (Climbing); Zephirine Drouhin (Semi-Climbing); Rosa Centifolio (The Old Cabbage); Cardinal Richelieu (Gallica); Versicolor (Gallica); Austrian Copper (Rosa Foetida); Austrian Briar (Rosa Foetida); Stanwell's Perpetual (Scotch); William Allen Richardson (Noisette); Aime Vibert (Noisette); Rosa Cristata (Moss); Rosa Hugonis (Pillar).

Continued overleaf

BOURBON. Honorine de Brabant (above) is a vigorous climber, flowering spring, summer, and autumn. It is one of the loveliest of the old-fashioned roses.

GENERAL GALLIENI (left), a hybrid tea rose, is one of the most disease - free roses grown. It is an incessant bloomer through the winter.

R. GALLICA, Versicolor, below, was originally Rose Mundi, reputed to be named by Henry II after the fair Rosamund. It is one of the first roses to be listed in English records of roses.

R. BOURBONIANA. Souvenir de la Malmaison, a beautiful pink climber which is exceptionally vigorous. Of all roses, both old-fashioned and modern, it is the most continual bloomer.

CHINA DOLL is a perpetual bloomer for six to eight months of the year. It is a most accommodating rose, being suitable for tubs or as a border plant. It is particularly disease-resistant. Color pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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GOOD ENOUGH TO BEAR
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GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS OF VELVET SOAP

PICK A ROSE

MARJORIE PALMER, a rosy pink floribunda, is considered one of the best floribundas. It is sweetly perfumed.

IT is not easy to recommend roses to intending growers in a country as big as Australia, where widely varying climates range from temperate zones to sub-tropical and tropical zones and hot, dry inland areas.

The National Rose Societies of Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania have done an excellent job solving this problem in their "annuals," which recommend types of roses suitable for their States and local conditions.

Brief lists of roses suitable for gardeners in each State are given below.

Wherever you live, it is important to plant roses promptly if they are bare-rooted specimens (devoid of soil cover).

If the wood shows any shrivelling or puckering, stand the roses in tepid water for some hours to plump up. Never leave them exposed to sunlight or wind, because the roots may dry out to danger point.

Don't crowd new roses into small holes. Make a low dome of soil in the middle of the hole and drape the roots over this in as natural a position as possible. Broken roots should be pruned off cleanly above the break.

Fill in with good topsoil and mix with coarse bone dust. This will feed the roots slowly over several years.

Tread down firmly after planting and leave a saucer-shaped depression all round to hold moisture, and water well.

Tall rosebushes should be staked and tied up after planting or they may topple during windy weather and expose the roots round the stem base.

When planting roses it is important to keep the roots clear of manure. In some soils evaporation is rapid and frequent Sound watering is essential.

Liberal mulching with half-decayed grass clippings and frequent and regular stirring of the soil, which also serves to conserve moisture, are advised.

Chemical fertilisers should be applied sparingly and not more than two or three times a year.

Most rose-growers in W.A. grow roses on Fortuniana stock. In eastern States they are mostly budded on Noisette and similar stock.

ROSES FOR N.S.W.

Bush Roses: Crimson Glory (lustrous crimson); Peace (cream, pink-edged); Anne Letts (silvery pink); Virgo (pure white); Helen Traubel (pink to rich apricot); Queen Elizabeth (shell-pink); Buccaneer (sunflower-yellow); Spek's Yellow (mandarin-yellow or gold); Grand'mere Jenny (yellow flushed with pink).

Floribundas: Moulin Rouge (scarlet); Circus (orange flushed pink); Rosemary Rose (red flushed pink); Irene of Denmark (white, fragrant); Ma Perkins (salmon-pink).

ROSES FOR VICTORIA

Bush Roses: Ena Harkness (rich crimson); Peace (yellow edged pink); Diamond Jubilee (deep buff-yellow); Elizabeth Arden (pure white); Burnaby (creamy yellow); William Harvey (scarlet crimson); Tzigane (rich copper-salmon); Sutter's Gold (rich golden yellow); Montezuma (scarlet orange); Texas Centennial (coppery red); Josephine Bruce (rich crimson).

Floribundas: Masquerade (variable yellow, pink, and red); Circus (orange flushed pink); Spartan (orange-flame); Vogue (deep carmine); Schweizer Gruss (rich, deep red).

ROSES FOR QUEENSLAND

Bush roses: Anne Letts (silvery pink); Confidence (salmon-pink to white); Crimson Glory (bright crimson); Golden Dawn (yellow); Message (white, slightly tinted cream); Charlotte Armstrong (rosy carmine); Tiffany (deep pink); Queen Elizabeth (shell-pink); Radiance (carmine-pink); Roundelay (rich red); Virgo (white).

Floribundas: All Gold (buttercup-yellow); Heat Wave (clear red); Jiminy Cricket (tangerine to pink); Orange Triumph (orange-red); Red Pinocchio (rich crimson).

ROSES FOR WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Bush Roses: Lady Belper (light orange); Karl Herbst (scarlet-red); Eterna Giovinezza (light, clear pink); Better Times (rich cerise-red); Hector Deane (cochineal carmine); Frau Karl Druschki (pure white); Elite (salmon-rose and orange); McCredie's Sunset (orange and yellow); Charles Gregory (vermilion and gold).

Floribundas: Dr. Faust (yellow flushed red); Frensham (rich red); Gold Cup (pure yellow); Floradora (orange-scarlet); Pinocchio (pinkish apricot).

ROSES FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Bush Roses: Anne Letts (silvery pink); Burnaby (creamy yellow); Elizabeth Arden (pure white); Dame Edith Helen (rich pink); Peace (yellow, flushed pink); First Love (rich clear pink); Queen Elizabeth (shell-pink); Spek's Yellow (bright yellow); Soraya (rich orange - scarlet); The Doctor (apricot-yellow).

Floribundas: Moulin Rouge (red); Fashion (coral-pink); Sweet Repose (yellow to pink and red); Kordes Sondermeldung (orange-scarlet); Siren (scarlet-red).

ROSES FOR TASMANIA

Bush Roses: Ena Harkness (rich crimson); Elizabeth Arden (pure white); Diamond Jubilee (deep buff-yellow); Rose Stillman (rich pink); Tzigane (copper-salmon); Queen Elizabeth (shell-pink); Michele Meilland (pink, shaded lilac); Mojave (reddish orange).

Floribundas: Sweet Repose (yellow to pink and red); Betsy McCall (salmon-pink); Siren (scarlet-red); White Bouquet (white); Chic (coral-pink); All Gold (buttercup-yellow).

Rose pictures taken at Hazlewood, N.S.W.; Langbecker's, Queensland; Gow Knight's, N.S.W.; and R. C. Ling, N.S.W.

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Amazing new Velvet Liquid keeps hands *Lotion-soft* as it cleans your dishes!

Now hands that wash dishes can feel soft as your cheek

New Velvet Liquid detergent looks like a lotion... feels like a lotion... gets dishes gleaming clean!

The makers of famous Velvet soap bring you a **new kind** of liquid detergent—new Velvet Liquid!

You can feel its creamy softness on your hands, and the silky feeling it gives your wash-up water. You can see its cleaning effectiveness that makes dishes shine like jewels, drain dry without streaking.

The soft, fast-working suds of Velvet Liquid dissolve grease as no other liquid detergent can. And it's so richly concentrated, just a tiny squeeze of the Velvet squeeze-pack does the whole wash-up. Problem pots and pans come clean fast!

Try Velvet, the lotion detergent specially made to protect your hands as it cleans your dishes.

The makers of Velvet Liquid—who also make gentle Velvet soap—will gladly refund purchase price if you're not entirely satisfied.

NEW WHITE LOTION DETERGENT

Lotion-lovely hands... gleaming clean dishes... that's new Velvet Liquid

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THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

First instalment of the latest novel by Australian author of "The Sundowners"

JON CLEARY

Illustrated by Mills

BELLE NASH glanced up at the station clock. "They're late, if that clock is right."

"British Railways clocks are always right," said Matt. "It is just their trains that are never on time."

"Oh, listen to him!" Sarah waved a worldly fourteen-year-old hand. "Ever since he saw that Oscar Wilde film, all we get is epitaphs."

"Epigrams," said Adam Nash and smiled at his daughter, marvelling that she was his. Already she was on the threshold of being a ravishing beauty. Wilde, who had admired beauty, if not always in a conventional way, might have written a sonnet to her. No epigram would fit the innocent loveliness of her; and Adam hoped he would not live long enough to read her epitaph. He could not bear to see beauty destroyed, either by time or death.

He glanced up at the clock, the face of time itself almost destroyed by the St. Pancras grime, then looked at his wife. "They're five minutes late. That's not much in twelve thousand miles."

Belle smiled, and for a miraculous moment looked almost as young as her daughter. "I'm impatient, that's all. After seventeen years—"

Belle Nash was thirty-seven, a fact of which she made no secret, but which continually surprised even her friends. She was not a small woman, but she had kept her figure; and, unlike so many tall women when they reach their late thirties, she still walked with the lightness and grace of youth. She had pale blond hair, cut shorter than was fashionable that summer but in a style that suited the strong bonework of her face, and the fairness of her hair was accentuated by her deep tan.

She loved the sun, always had, and it was one of the things she missed most living here in England; but she consoled herself with the thought that by now the Australian sun would have dried out her complexion and wrinkled the corners of her eyes. Her eyes were grey, surprisingly heavy-lidded for a woman who was so vital and wide awake, and a trifle short-sighted. She would not wear glasses, because she felt they would not improve her looks: vanity was not one of her major faults, but she knew her looks were good and she liked being good-looking.

She was a woman men looked at: tall, full-figured, and somehow managing to look elegant in clothes that did not come from elegant stores. She called herself Marks and Spencer's top model; and only lately had the joke begun to wear thin for her. Today she wore a brown linen suit, three years old, and over it a cream linen coat, brand-new.

She heard the rattle of the luggage trolley behind her and turned round just as it drew level with her. Her coat swung out and brushed against the trolley; when she looked down the grease mark was already there. It was like a black wound: she felt suddenly sick.

"Sorry, missus," the porter said.

"Why don't you look where you're going? You come speeding up here with that darn thing. Who do you think you are—Stirling Moss?" Matt had stepped in front of the trolley, his face flushed with anger. He was big for sixteen, already six feet and twelve stone; and the porter, a small man in his forties, at a distance might have looked the younger of the two of them.

"Cool down, sonny. I said I was sorry, dint I? I give the lady plentya warning, dint I?"

"You didn't give any warning at all. I should run you over with that darn trolley of yours—"

"It's all right," Belle said. "Forget all about it."

"Like I said, missus, I'm sorry. But I did give you plentya warning—"

"Forget it, please," Belle said quietly, and wondered if she would burst into tears before she could be rid of the man.

The porter looked at her for a moment, then he coughed, shrugged, and turned away.

"Why didn't you thump him with your umbrella, Dad?" Matt said, still glowering after the porter.

"I am a man of peaceable habits," said Adam. "Thumping railway porters with umbrellas is not one of them." He lifted the hem of Belle's coat. "They should be able to get it out, darling."

"Forget it." There were tears in Belle's eyes, and he was shocked to see them. She was normally not one to allow herself to be upset by an incident as small as this.

Suddenly he loved her very much, and, as always, when he felt like this, he was reckless: "We'll buy you a new one."

She put her gloved hand on his, and the tears in her eyes seemed to change their nature; she was no longer angry and frustrated, only loving and amused. "Darling, it took me six months' saving from the housekeeping to buy this one."

"Six months of sausages instead of steak," said Sarah.

"Hold your tongue, darling," said Belle, not looking at her daughter, still looking at her husband, whom at this moment she loved so much. "Have they given you a rise at the bank or do you now have free rein with the petty cash?"

"No to both questions. Unfortunately."

Then he said, and knew how lame it sounded: "Anyhow, we'll find the best dry-cleaner in England. We can manage that."

"I like it when you two are in love," said Sarah.

"We're always in love," Belle said. "And don't you ever think otherwise."

"You shouldn't have worn that coat today." Matt liked the fact that his parents were so much in love, but sometimes he was embarrassed by their being so open about it. Parents, he thought, should have a certain reticence in front of their children. "Not to a place as filthy as this."

"I can remember when I first came in here." Belle looked round at the grey, grimy cavern. "It was so depressing. It was a rainy November day, and all I wanted was to turn round and go straight back to Sydney. I think if I'd applied enough pressure Dad would have gone with me."

Perhaps, Adam thought. He remembered the day of their arrival in England, and he hadn't blamed Belle for her homesickness. The war had still been on, and he had had a momentary wonder at what had possessed him to bring Belle back to the danger that still existed then, to the austere living, and to the English climate.

To page 60

Every morning as Adam left for the city he was farewelled by Belle, his wife, and the three children, conscious that his was, of all things, a most happy and loving marriage

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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Lost identities

I WOULD like to see an end to the archaic convention of women losing their identity on marriage, through being known by their husbands' full names prefixed by "Mrs." I see no reason why we shouldn't at least retain our Christian names. If you see a photo of someone you think you may have once known — on the social pages, for instance — the given identification of Mrs. Tom X or Mrs. Jack Y is no help in giving you a clue.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Patricia Beattie, West Ryde, N.S.W.

The stamps were hijacked

AS a keen stamp-collector I was dismayed when a letter from my Japanese penfriend arrived with the stamps missing. In his letter my friend said he'd put a group of new issues on the envelope, which explained the temptation. But don't "stamp grabbers" realise there are others who also appreciate stamps? Reluctantly, I had to ask my penfriend to send me the set again — this time inside the envelope.

£1/1/- to "Philatelist" (name supplied), Hobart.

More than just parents

WHEN is this foolish practice of calling one's parents "Mum and Dad" going to cease? Ever since we began to talk, my brothers and I have been encouraged to call our parents by their family nicknames. In this way we have become a far more intimate group, with our parents appearing as true individuals who really belong to us, and not shared with thousands of other children.

£1/1/- to "Schoolgirl" (name supplied), Greenwich, N.S.W.

Theatre programme nostalgia

LEAFING through old theatre programmes is an absorbing occupation, particularly when one comes across now-familiar names. I treasure the 1939 programme of a Yorkshire repertory company where Trevor Howard played Mr. Rochester in "Jane Eyre." In the same year Deborah Kerr was listed as a humble attendant to Olivia in "Twelfth Night" at Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre. And guess who played the part of Duke Orsino in that performance? — Bernard Orchard of "Colonel Pinto" fame.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Cole, Orchard Hills, N.S.W.

Fashionable after 26 years

WHEN my daughter marries later this year she'll be given away by her father, wearing the suit he wore on his wedding day 26 years ago. His suit—a dark worsted—is in perfect condition and currently is in fashion again.

£1/1/- to "Hayley" (name supplied), Kingaroy, Qld.

Hoarded toys

NO, "Cylinder" (Vic.), don't insist that your six-year-old "hoarder" part with her unused toys to less fortunate children. You could cause her a deep and lasting hurt. When I was little, I came close to hating my mother when she gave away my hand-painted teaset. I didn't play with it because it seemed special and too beautiful; I adored just looking at it. When I was 11, a sleeping doll suffered the same fate, as did other favorite items later.

£1/1/- to "Soft Heart" (name supplied), North Bundaberg, Qld.

★ ★ ★

A CHILD is capable of loving her toys without playing with them. As a child I treasured books (and still do). But my father gave them all away, reasoning that, as I'd read them, they were of no further use to me. I never forgave him.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Cobb, Carlisle, W.A.

★ ★ ★

AT six I was persuaded to part with a treasured pram to the wee lass next door, whose doting mother assured me it would be well cared for. I was heartbroken to see it left out in all weathers and, a few short weeks later, its wheels buckled and useless.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. V. I'Anson, Ramco, S.A.

★ ★ ★

DO you part with articles you've had put away for years, "Cylinder"? Children's toys mean as much to them as our bits and pieces mean to adults.

£1/1/- to M. E. Wyatt, Muckaty Station, N.T.

★ ★ ★

THE desire to give her toys to a less fortunate child must come from your daughter. To give her this desire, explain why you are parcelling up your old clothes or Christmas cards and let her put some pennies in collection-boxes in shops, telling her where they go. In a short while you'll probably get all the co-operation you want.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Ewing, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

BOOKS on how to bring up babies, like books on how to play golf, have one important thing wrong with them.

They make it sound too easy.

I was reminded of this by a letter from a reader, Mrs. R. She complains that her baby handbook has given her no help in teaching her baby to feed himself.

The book says: "Place the spoon in baby's hand and, with your hand over his, guide the spoon gently to his mouth."

She tried this, but baby would not have any part of it. He pulled his hand, still gripping the spoon, violently away from under her hand. In doing so he splashed a spoonful of pudding over the wall.

I can believe Mrs. R., because I have witnessed similar scenes.

Our baby, too, is a believer in do-it-yourself feeding. She can't feed herself without spilling, but she won't let anyone help her. The result is very hard on bibs.

Baby-book experts write as if you can always make a baby do something by gentle, firm insistence. The trouble is that babies think differently.

ARMCHAIR MUMS

Take the job of getting our baby to wear a hat on the beach.

Her mother put a hat on her, and she threw it off. Hat was put on again, and she threw it off again. Hat was put on with band under chin, and she threw it off again. Lecture was given on importance of keeping hat on, she cried and threw it off again. Hat stayed off until a few days later, when she put it on of her own accord.

My wife says the maddening thing about baby-book authors is their *calmness*. They are so cool and comfortable in their armchairs.

They don't know what it is like to have a baby pour shampoo on the floor while a roast dinner is being prepared; or fall in the mud wearing clean clothes just before visitors come.

One wonders what sort of babies, if any, the experts have themselves. They must be strange, docile little creatures, always responding to gentle guidance. Perhaps they are drugged.

How-to-do-it books are usually disappointing. At various times I have studied books on how to repair radio sets, dance the tango, and make money on the stock market. But in no case did I attain any proficiency.

So it is hardly a surprise that books on baby management should be a letdown.

Sample quote: "If baby's teeth are worrying him, give him half an aspirin tablet powdered and mixed with jam."

But what if baby doesn't like jam?

The only way to find out is the hard way. I would rather not go into details, but it is a very sticky business.

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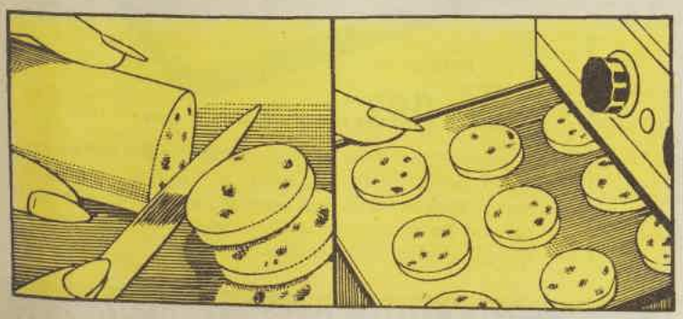
Look! 36 crunchy cookies you bake in just 10 minutes!

New KRAFT *Ready to Bake* COOKIES

Your kitchen's the family's favourite place whenever you make a batch of Kraft *Ready to Bake* Cookies. Everyone loves their tempting aroma and melting flavour, fresh-from-the-oven in only 10 minutes! So economical, you can afford to make *lots* of light, crisp *Ready to Bake* Cookies, because you make at least 3 dozen from every pack. And now there are 5 different, delicious *Ready to Bake* varieties — Chocolate Chip, Coconut Crunch, Spicy Currant Vanilla Crisp, and Crunchy Peanut. They're all available from your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Simply slice . . . and bake



Look for *Ready to Bake* Cookies from KRAFT

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HOOVERMATIC WASHER

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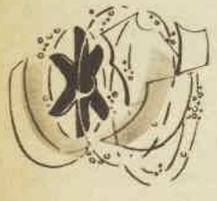
washes, rinses, spins 5 LOADS while other washers are still on their first

Even a wash of five different fabrics can be ready for the line in less than half an hour

HOOVERMATIC'S TWIN TUBS HANDLE A DIFFERENT LOAD, A DIFFERENT FABRIC

EVERY 5 MINUTES!

Imagine! While one load is being busily washed, *another* load — perhaps a load of different fabric is being rinsed and spin-dried ready for the line. There's no waiting . . . no time-wasting emptying and refilling — no waste of soap and hot water. Hoovermatic's exclusive boiling action pulsator and speedy twin tubs gently and efficiently wash a different load, a different *fabric* — every five minutes.



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No other washer is so fast — no other so handy. It will wash big loads of whites (as many as eleven shirts at once) — will take a double blanket with ease. It will wash load after load — 6 lbs. in the wash tub, 6 lbs. in the spinner — faster than you can hang them on the line.

PRICE:

127 gns. Heater model 6 gns. extra

Automatic timer thinks for you — stops needless overwashing. Safety spinner lid operates spinner — safe from curious little fingers. Built-in heater boils water if necessary. Stainless steel wash tub for lifetime service. Ideal size for kitchen, bathroom or laundry — glides freely on concealed castors.

HOOVERMATIC AUSTRALIAN MADE **Proved in over 500,000 Australian Homes**

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UNACCOUNTABLE AFFAIR

An appealing short story

By NAOMI LANE BABSON

KITTY WALLACE said with cousinly frankness, "I wish Rose would lose some weight."

"Or quit wearing slacks," said Barbara Mason, not quite a cousin, but married to one, which in Twin Cove was practically the same thing.

"And cut off some of that hair," said Judith Andrus, Rose's best friend since freshman year at high school, a date now some while in the past.

Rose Mason, who had just gone by on her way to the sea rocks, heard none of these remarks but easily could imagine all of them. People were fond of giving her good advice, which she accepted with a smile and then ignored. She happened to like her hair the way it was — liked comfortable clothes, loathed girdles, enjoyed a hearty meal. But what she didn't like was argument.

She was a quiet young woman with steady, dark blue eyes. A rainy November night, a slippery curve, and a drunken driver had made her an orphan at the age of twelve. Afterward she had lived with her grandmother, then alone, while everyone in the Cove, it sometimes seemed, knew just exactly what she ought to do and didn't mind telling her.

"You don't need all this room," Kitty told her after her grandmother died.

"I know," said Rose, who liked a lot of room.

Her house was on a hill. From the windows on three sides she saw salt water—ocean, bay, the twin coves. On fair days she could see a misty hump that was a mountain way down in Maine.

Cousin Roger, who sold real estate, was sure he could get her a thumping price from summer people, who bought anything if it was old enough. "Then you could have a car," he said, "or a trip abroad."

"That sounds lovely." Except she preferred her little boat to a car. And why should she go abroad? She liked it here.

She had a job in the public library, cheerfully walking to and from work. In summer she tended her garden — vegetables and flowers both. In winter she shovelled snow, played records, read, and spent a good many hours adding recipes to an imposing card file. For Rose had been born a cook, as some are born musicians, painters, writers. She was an artist in her chosen field and, like all artists in whatever field, slightly suspect.

"Oh, what's the difference," Kitty would say, "between oregano and allspice? If you don't watch out, you'll turn into a Twin Cove character."

"What's wrong with character?" Rose asked. "Have some more fudge?"

But Kitty was on a diet. It must have been about this time that she, along with other friends and relatives, began to say Rose ought to lose ten pounds.

Men didn't seem to think there was too much of Miss Rose Mason. She had height to carry her weight, a peach-bloom complexion, cherry-ripe lips, dark hair, and those serene blue eyes. And, oh boy, could she cook! the men agreed. Her chicken fricassee with toast and dumplings, her fish balls, clam chowder, popovers, steamed blueberry pudding and hard sauce were recalled with fervent wistfulness by husbands whose wives had taken to thinking — and talking — rather a lot about waistlines, and not only their own.

For time went by, the way time does, and Rose's champions turned one by one to solid married men with families. She got to be twenty-eight years old and still single.

Rose had been bridesmaid at uncounted weddings, wearing a lacy frock and wide-brimmed hat and looking good enough to eat. Then gradually in more demand as godmother — or baby-sitter, free of charge.

"She adores children," Kitty said.

"She ought to have some of her own," said Barbara, already mother of three.

"It's funny," said Judith Andrus, who had two and a half. "How things turn out, I mean. A few years back Rose could have married anyone." She paused for a moment, one of the ones having been Harry Andrus, a fact it was pleasanter to forget. "But twenty-eight is something else again."

"And she's getting fat." Kitty stirred unsugared iced tea but didn't bother drinking it. "Still pretty, though. Class beauty, remember?"

"Yes, but ten years ago."

"That's right — ten years."

A shadow fell as if a crow had flown across the sun. The scoremarks of the years weren't just for Rose.

It was a brilliant afternoon in June. The three young matrons sat on the Andrus patio while assorted offspring played — or fought — in the sand pile, and ears were cocked against the moment to interfere before murder was done. Till then they chose to leave well enough alone.

Peonies were shedding, roses coming on. The tide was out. The double cove glimmered like pale blue silk, trimmed with its summer complement of sailing craft. This was a Thursday, when the library was closed, and Rose had passed them, waving, as she went down to the rocks.

("She ought to lose some weight"—"Quit wearing slacks"—"And cut her hair.")

She had gone out in her boat presumably, or could be hunting crabs in the tide pools. No hungry husband coming home for dinner on the dot. No kids to bath, no formula to fix for nursery-school committee at eight o'clock.

"She misses so much," Judith said. Then she raised her voice, "Benny Wallace, quit that. You're hurting Sandra."

"Sandra ought to hit back," Kitty suggested sweetly. "She's rather a docile type, isn't she? And, darling, Benny's such a rogue. I'll take him home—time we went, anyhow."

"I must go, too," Barbara said. "Meat loaf to make, and I guess prune whip — I had some prunes left over. Though what Roger will say—" She shrugged and let it go. "Rose will be having cracked crab, I bet, and strawberry shortcake."

"With whipped cream," Kitty said.

"Speaking of Rose," said Judith, "there's a new man in town, you know? Arnold Simpkins, at the bank. He's a bachelor and young — well, young enough. And he noticed her. He asked Harry who she was. Seems he has made up his mind to get married — you know how some men are. When they are earning such-and-such, and have this much invested, and so on. So I thought, if we gave a little push?"

"It never works." Kitty said. "We've tried before."

"But this might be the time. Or the one," Barbara added.

There was a thoughtful silence while they considered Mr. Simpkins as to age, looks, manners, and salary prospects. A test he took unawares, like every bachelor in all small towns, and passed successfully.

A Dartmouth graduate. Drove a medium-priced car. Not only worked in the bank but also owned some stock. Passed the plate in church. And perhaps not really bald — he might have been born with a high forehead. In short, O.K. for Rose, supposing they could bring it off. A suitable match, yet not so bright it put theirs in the shade. So how about a party this weekend? No use in wasting time.

"Nor time to waste," said Kitty. "Dozens of willing spinsters in this town, and hardly a single man past twenty-one."

To page 56

Rose waved to the three young matrons when she passed by the patio.

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could meet her special needs

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Put stars in her eyes with

SUNBEAM MIXMASTER

Don't let another Mother's Day go by without giving her that Sunbeam Mixmaster! She'll thank you the whole year round . . . in fact every time she makes cakes, sponges, ice cream, meringues, desserts, pastries, whipped potatoes.

Give her a rest from the tiring jobs of beating, creaming, mixing. Give her the thrill of owning the world-famous Sunbeam Mixmaster.

P.S. If she already has her Mixmaster, now is the time to give her the wonderful work-saving attachments:
Drink Mix Blending Attachment — split-second way to prepare smooth soups, sauces, sandwich spreads, baby foods and all drinks.
Mincer Attachment — minces or chops meat, vegetables, fruits, quickly, perfectly, automatically.

Make her dreams come true in '62–make Mother's Day SUNBEAM Day!

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What do they see in each other?

A charming short short story

By DORIS BETTS

EMILY was a topsy-turvy girl. She had always known this about herself, since all the straightforward people in her life had been forever pointing it out to her.

The first person to tell Emily about her odd trait had been her third-form teacher Miss Baines, whose mind flew always like an arrow from cause to effect.

One day Miss Baines asked her students to list things that save human lives, and pigtailed Emily suggested "pins."

"By not swallowing them," she had subsequently explained. For poor Miss Baines it had been like holding target practice from around a corner.

And from that day to this people were always looking at Emily Forbes as if they were trying to turn their eyes sideways and thus view her in totality. She was off at some angle. You had the impression her words came to you folded in the shapes of birds and stars.

Naturally, Emily's home town of Greenbury was a sea of stunned bridge tables the day her announcement appeared in the local paper.

Emily Forbes? Engaged to calm and sensible George Cape? He was young, of course, good-looking, eligible, but he was also calm, sober, logical. He would never be able to unfold Emily's conversation without tearing the sense to shreds.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Long, "Emily is more serious than I had thought." She did not for one minute believe that George Cape could be more frivolous than she had thought.

Emily knew about the talk, of course. Topsy-turvy she might be, but stupid she was not.

She lay dreamily in her bedroom and looked at her blurred photo in the "Greenbury Herald." It was a poor picture. Her mother came in. She sighed. "You're so much prettier."

But Emily's beauty was elusive; it would never hold still for cameras. For the beauty in Emily's face was restless. Now it peered from the eyes, now it flickered warmly at mouth and cheek, another moment and it had retreated beyond reach of any lens.

"I expect," said Mrs. Forbes, "there are a lot of people in Greenbury who are surprised by your engagement."

"Downright overcome," said Emily.

"Perhaps," Mrs. Forbes said, "even George himself?"

She wouldn't have said anything against nice George Cape for the world, but sometimes she did wonder if he and Emily were, well, temperamentally suited. Emily seemed to be all imagination and George all reason.

After the bedroom door had closed, Emily burrowed into her pillows. She knew exactly what her mother meant. George was a prosperous Greenbury solicitor, who spent his days turning the approximate into the specific.

And yet, thought Emily, we match.

She knew she would never be able to explain it to her mother. Perhaps their "matching" would never show, and Mr. and Mrs. George Cape would be forever caught in that favorite gossip category of Greenbury, the What-Did-They-See-In-Each-Other mystery.

Emily let her thoughts slide back in time. The day Emily Forbes decided to marry George Cape was not remarkable for anything else in it.

Until that day she had never even gone out with serious George Cape or dreamed of doing so. In fact, Emily had given up the idea of marriage. She would grow into a cheerful old maid who lived alone in a small house with her faithful spaniel.

After work on that particular day Emily walked the long way home over a small bridge, where she could pull honeysuckle blossoms and suck out their tiny sweetness without anyone coming by to tell her heartily they hadn't done that since school.

A deep voice behind her said, "Isn't it wonderful? I've always thought when manna fell upon the Israelites it had just that taste."

It was George Cape. Emily could not have been more surprised if the little stream at her feet had become a torrent or the bridge a roundabout.

"I suppose you haven't done this since you were at school," she said.

"Yes," said George. "I have."

She looked again. "I believe," said Emily, "your eyes are right."

"I've wanted to meet you for five years," George said to Emily.

He came to lean by her upon the bridge railing. "I've wanted to get to know you during all the five years I've lived in Greenbury," he said.

"You didn't introduce yourself."

He grinned. "I had the feeling such a direct approach would seem dull to you."

Immediately, Emily defended herself against the accusation she thought lay behind those words. "I'm not easily bored," she said.

"But far too easily underestimated, and I didn't want it to be by me. So I've just gone along nodding politely on street corners until I was ready."

He looked down at her. "I think anyone who is applying for the job of Keeper of the Lamp should learn about the lamp."

Emily frowned.

"Like Aladdin," said George. "He was really a dull fellow, wanted the ordinary things. Yet somehow he was just right to have the lamp. He could let the genie out, even though there was no real magic in himself."

"And you, Mr. Cape, are good with genies? You know the mathematical formulas which call them forth?"

He gave her a look that was almost shy. "I'm not sure," he admitted, "but for a dull, over-logical solicitor I haven't done too badly on this first one, have I?"

She stared. "I can't decide," she mused, "whether you are presenting me with a cool, rational legal argument, calculated to appeal to the analysed prejudices of the jury, or whether you are spinning a spell."

"Perhaps," said George, who knew she was a topsy-turvy girl, "it depends on whether you start at the end of imagination or at the other end."

She began to laugh. And all the time Emily knew she was going to marry big, serious, commensense George Cape, who, like an iceberg, had so much below the surface that no one saw.

Now, as Emily lay on her bed, she thought of the answer she should have given her mother when she had asked what Emily and George saw in each other.

I'll tell her, thought Emily, about the way they advise children to catch bluebirds!

They always tell children to take the salt-shaker and wait for a bluebird, and once you pour salt on to his tail he can't fly away and is yours for ever.

Well, George — serious, reasonable George — had worked out a serious and reasonable system for catching her interest, then catching her heart. But the real secret is always within the hunter himself. He must first be able to get near enough to the bluebird!

What they don't know, what none of them know about George, thought Emily happily, is that for all his rational plans and his well-selected salt-shaker he is the kind of person who can come close and the bluebird doesn't fly!

And I, for all my flightiness, know there are times to lower the wings and wait.

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"Simon, how long have you owned the Grey Goose?" Anthea asked her husband.

Moment of Decision

A romantic short story By PAUL MACDONALD

ANTHEA said, "What is it about boats that fascinates men?"

"I don't know." Her husband, Simon, had his back to her as he spoke, his legs swinging over the open hatch of the Grey Goose's engine, his attention riveted on the spare part held in his slender but wholly capable hands. He added, "They don't fascinate all men, anyway. Just some of us."

Anthea laughed. "Including you."

"Including me," Simon agreed. "Most definitely including me." He turned his head so that she could see him, and once again Anthea found herself thinking that even if she weren't in love with him she would still think him the best-looking man on the London stage.

Changing the subject, he asked, "Why did you come down here after all? Yacht racing's never been your cup of tea."

"Perhaps that's why. I'm insatiably curious."

Simon laughed. "You'll find it uncomfortable, to say the least. The Solent to the Norwegian fiords and back is quite a way, especially if you're seasick."

"I'm never seasick," Anthea told him.

"No, you're not." Simon lit a cigarette and tossed the match overboard into the still waters of the harbor. "I should have remembered that. You're much too efficient."

Anthea said, "You make that sound horrible."

"It wasn't meant to be," Simon told her. "Only you do happen to be efficient in a way I'm not. You're a good actress and a good businesswoman, which is a pretty rare combination. On the other hand, I'm a passably good actor and a rotten businessman."

Anthea said, "You don't have to be."

Simon shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose not. I quite enjoy acting, but I never have been able to spend my spare time throwing cocktail parties for useful people and all that sort of thing." He looked critically along the yacht's spotless deck and added, "I'd rather use the time doing something I like."

"What they say is quite true," Anthea smiled. "Men never grow up."

"Perhaps we don't. It doesn't seem to matter." Simon stretched himself contentedly in the warm sun. He went on, almost to himself, "My father used to build boats, you know. My grandfather, too. I grew up with the things. When I was a kid I used to dream of the day I'd be the master of something really worth while." He grinned wryly. "Only I somehow got sidetracked into dramatic school instead."

"It's as well for your bank balance that you did," Anthea pointed out.

Simon grinned. "Oh, I shouldn't have made any money sailing boats. Nobody ever does, you know."

"In which case it's as well that you can earn enough on the stage to indulge in expensive hobbies."

Simon said quietly, "Well, everyone needs a holiday now and again. I know I've been looking forward to this fortnight for months."

He laughed rather shortly. "I've even been having nightmares about not being able to squeeze it in between shows. When 'The Willow Tree' finally closed last week I could have jumped for joy."

"'The Willow Tree' was a good play," Anthea said.

"I know. And this is going to be a good race."

Which brought them, Anthea thought, back to exactly where they had started.

Adrian Crewe had said all there was to say on the subject three days earlier, while Anthea had still been in town. Standing in the window of his big, beautifully furnished flat in St. James' he had said, "Frankly, my dear, I don't care if he's been looking forward to a holiday for ten years. Simon must come back."

Anthea had answered simply, "I don't think he'll come. Not if you just send him a telegram, anyway."

The man who had been Simon's and her own agent for years had swung round on Anthea impatiently. "Now you're being ridiculous. You and Simon made good, solid reputations for yourselves in 'The Willow Tree.' Hollywood's offering you the leads in the film version. It's the stepping-stone to a new career for both of you.

"Unless you go completely to the dogs there's no reason why either of you should move out of good, hot Californian sun for at least five years."

"Simon's been offered film jobs before," Anthea had said. "He's never liked the idea of going to Hollywood."

Adrian Crewe had said, "Then stop thinking of Simon for a minute and remember yourself." Then, as she had been about to speak, "No—let me finish. You're a good actress and I've watched you improve steadily with time, just as I've watched you improve Simon."

Anthea had said hotly, "That isn't true."

"All right—you haven't improved him. Let's say you've pushed and guided and encouraged him with your own ambition until you got him out of minor parts and where he is today."

Adrian had sat on the edge of his desk and regarded her steadily. "Look—I know Simon as well as you do. He's good-looking and he's a good actor; quite honestly, he doesn't really give a damn. If you hadn't happened to have

To page 40

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GARDENS IN AUTUMN

MEMBERS of the Garden Club of Australia and the public are invited to tour some of the lovely houses and gardens in the Bowral, Moss Vale, and Sutton Forest district of N.S.W. on May 2.

Some of the homes are pictured on these pages.

The day's tour, which has been organised by Mrs. Leslie Price, of Burradoo, will benefit the Arts Council of Australia. Mrs. Price is president of the ladies' committee of this group.

Two of the houses, "Summerlees," at Sutton Forest, and "Cameroo Park," Moss Vale, are nearly 100 years old and are charming examples of colonial Australia.

Both homes have been purchased within the past ten years and the new owners have been enthusiastic about restoring them and adding to their beauty.

"TRELM," Moss Vale home of Sir Malcolm and Lady Ritchie, is set in magnificent grounds, and has a swimming - pool framed by poplars.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

"CAMEROO Vale, is betw it five years added a swim den and ha some of th built. They

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Our full-size pattern

THE BELT DRESS

● The Belt Dress pictured here and on our cover is easy to make from the full-size pattern, and complete instructions are in this lift-away section. It is versatile, too, because you can dress the style up or down from your belt wardrobe. And it costs only what you pay for the material you decide to have.

Made up in, say, a soft wool material and your chosen color, it will do duty for many occasions in the months to come.

Lift this whole folded section carefully out just as it stands, without cutting. The three pattern pieces are on one side and instructions and other information on the reverse side.

● The pattern fits 36in. bust, 27in. waist, 38in. hips. To make pattern one size larger or smaller add or subtract ½in. to or from side seams and underarm seams.

MATERIAL REQUIRED: One and seven-eighths yards of 48in., or 54in., or 56in. dress material; a 24in. zip.

DO NOT SLIT THIS FOLD

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TO LAY OUT PATTERN, AND CUT OUT

LAYOUT FOR 48", 54" OR 56" MATERIAL

DIAGRAM 1

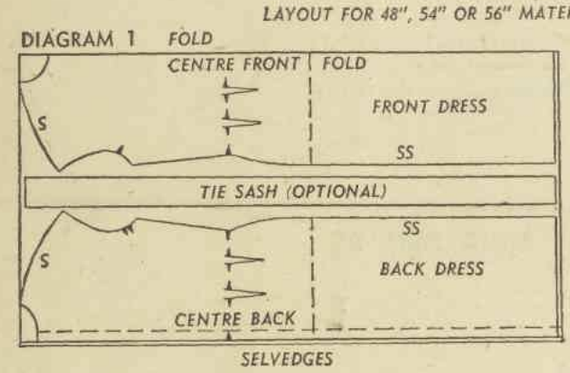
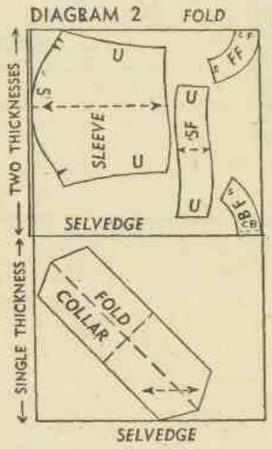


DIAGRAM 2



● DRESS PIECES required are: Back dress, 2; front dress, 1; sleeve, 2; collar, 1; back neck facing, 2; front neck facing, 1; sleeve facing, 2; sash, 2.

KEY: FF for front neck facing; BF, back neck facing; SF, sleeve facing; S, shoulder seam; SS, side seam; U, underarm seam; CF, centre front; CB, centre back.

● Before you begin, note that the back of the dress (2 pieces) and the front (one piece) are cut from the same pattern piece. The differences are that the front has a deeper neckline, a more sharply cut-in armhole, and a smaller waist dart towards the side seams. These things are clearly marked on the pattern piece.

Take the whole pattern section out of the magazine in one piece and cut out the three pattern pieces, following the heavy broken lines.

Fold the material as in Diagram 1 and pin along the fold.

For the back of the dress, lay the dress pattern on the material with the centre back line 1in. away from the selvedges, to allow for the centre back seam. Mark around the pattern, add 21in. to the straight skirt length, and mark through all Vs and darts, following the solid lines, with pins and chalk.

Re-lay the dress pattern for the front dress with the centre front line to the fold. Mark around the pattern except at the neck and armhole edges, where the lighter, inside line must be followed. These lines can be marked with pins.

Mark through the darts and Vs, following the inner lines in the dart nearest the side seam. Add 21in. to the skirt length.

Cut back and front dress out.

Mark and cut out tie sash as illustrated, if the sash is desired.

Re-fold the material to make a double and a single thickness, as in Diagram 2. Lay the sleeve pattern on the double thickness, matching straight grain lines. Mark around the pattern and mark Vs.

Lay the centre front and centre back of the dress pieces, at the neck, to the folded and selvedge edges respectively. Mark around the two necklines for the facings and make them 2½in. wide, marking from the neckline with chalk.

Similarly, mark a 3in.-wide facing for the lower edge of the sleeve, taking care to keep the grain the same as in the sleeve, and marking V, as illustrated.

Lay the collar pattern on the single thickness of the material, with the straight grain line, as shown on the pattern, so that the centre front line is on the true bias, or cross.

Mark around the pattern and down the centre front line. Turn pattern over at the centre front line and mark around it again for the other half of the collar.

Cut out sleeves, facings, and collar.

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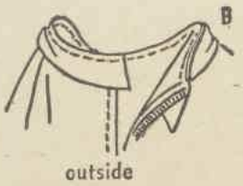
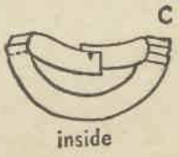


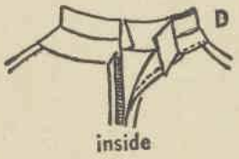
B. Place the collar around the right side of the dress neckline, raw edges together, with each end of collar at folded edges of dress at centre back. Tack into position, slightly easing the collar as you do so.



C. Stitch a back neck facing to either shoulder-seam edge of the front neck facing through the shoulder-seam edges. Press seams flat.

Pin the composite facing over the collar around the dress neck, with wrong side out, and matching centre fronts and backs and shoulder seams.

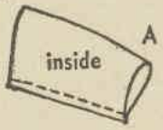
Stitch round the neck through all thicknesses. Trim and nick turnings.

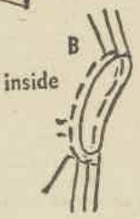


D. Press the facing to the inside of the garment, neaten the raw edge, and slip-stitch carefully down, as shown in the diagram at left.

Turn in the centre-back facing seams and sew to the back of the zip tapes.

5.

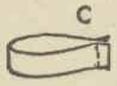


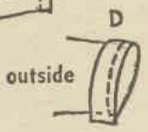


5. SLEEVES:

A. Stitch each sleeve together through the underarm seams, as in diagram.

B. Pin and stitch sleeves into armholes, matching VVs in the front and Vs in the back.





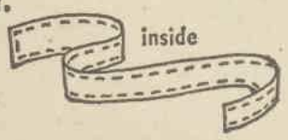
C. Sew each sleeve facing together through short ends.

D. Lay each sleeve facing round the bottom of the matching sleeve, right sides together, matching notches and seams, and stitch with ½in. seams. Trim and nick turnings.

Neaten raw edges, press facings to the inside, and slip-stitch down.

6. Turn up hem allowance after checking correct length of dress. Slip-stitch.

7.



7. TIE SASH:

Stitch the two pieces together, with right sides facing, along both sides and down one short end, leaving the other short end open.

Pull out to the right side through the open end.

Turn in the raw edges of the open end and slip-stitch the folded edges together. Press flat.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 2, 1962

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HOW TO MAKE

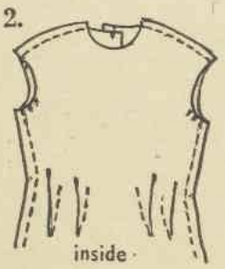
● The pattern is sized to include these turnings: ¾in. on side, shoulder, and underarm seams; ½in. on armhole, neck, collar, and lower sleeve edges; approx. 3in. on hem (adjust hem to give required skirt length).

● Turning allowance is one inch on centre-back seam (see instructions for laying out pattern). Pattern does NOT include this turning.

1.

1. Stitch the two tuck-darts on each back dress piece and the four tuck-darts on the front dress as marked in the pattern, sewing from ¼in. above waist to Vs at waist, and tapering to the point shown below waist.

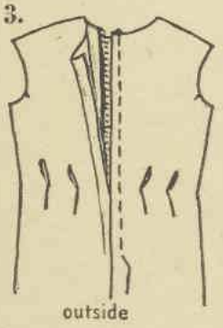
2.



2. Stitch the two backs to the front dress, with right sides together, through the side seams and shoulder seams, matching the waist notches.

Sew the two backs together through the centre-back seam from 7in. below waist to hem edge. (The zip will extend from top of this seam to neckline.)

3.

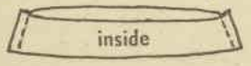


3. THE ZIP:

Press under turnings of centre-back opening from the neck and tack them down to zip tapes. Have zip closed, with slide at the top, and the folded edges of the back dress meeting at the centre. The zip will then be invisible on the finished dress.

Stitch round zip on the right side, keeping ⅛in. away from the folded edges all round.

4. A



4. COLLAR AND FACINGS:

A. Fold the collar in half, right sides together, and stitch down both diagonal (small) ends. Trim the points, turn collar right side out and press.

DO NOT SLIT THIS FOLD

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 7, 1962

Teenagers WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

BRYAN DAVIES and JUDY CANNON

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Two views: life's horrid, it's happy

I KNOW the feeling of complete depression, the utter futility of life. There is nothing behind me and nothing before me. I have no past and no future. I am shrouded in a senseless void. How often I strike my brow in hopelessness and ask in Bertrand Russell's words: "Has man a future?" Is it man's fate to become extinct as depression and deadness of soul eats away his limited brain?

I have lived the life of the Pharaohs—many centuries ago in Egypt—and I have existed in an artificial world of the future where all the planets have merged into a mad thing harboring fear and hate. Now all these eras have faded and there is nothing behind and nothing before me. My life is a mass of confused contradictions. —*"Why?", Willoughby, N.S.W.*

I HAVE just turned 16, I'm in love with the most gorgeous boy in the world, I adore Elvis, my hair is at the length to curl nicely, my parents are wonderful (I've just had a rise in pocket-money!), my friends are the nicest anywhere, and tomorrow I'm off to town to buy a pair of slacks.

Who cares about the Bomb or Khrushchev or who lives on Mars? Delirious, you say? No, I've just taken a good look at life and found that I LOVE it.—*"Sunshine," Elwood, Vic.*

Tapesponding

I CORRESPOND with people all over the world, but with a difference — instead of the usual pen and ink I use my tape-recorder.

I belong to a non-profit-making world-wide organisation called World Tape Pals, which has some 10,000 members in 69 countries.

Tapesponding is the most exciting, satisfying, and entertaining hobby there is. With our recorders we are able to talk to people and their families in any part of the globe. And many and varied are the accents, the nationalities that flood my home when tapes arrive from overseas. I get them from Africa, England, U.S.A., France, Germany, and New Zealand. The uppermost thoughts in all these people's minds is to be friends and live in peace with each other.

Some take their portable recorders out with them on trips and picnics and pick up the sounds of vast busy cities or quiet English villages, with interviews in some quaint English inn or hostel in Switzerland. — *M. Beattie, Coburg, Vic.*

Letter from Japan

ALLOW me to introduce myself. My name is Masahiro Takeshita, aged 15, and I am a Japanese junior high student.

I am particularly interested in Australian life, how Australians live at home and how they think, what they wear, the kind of music they listen to, the books they read, and their hobbies they pursue.

It is my strong conviction that the only sure road to peace lies in understanding the ideals and ideologies, the hopes and dreams, the customs and culture of the peoples of other lands. I further believe that there is no better way to arrive at this goal than by correspondence between the youths of different nations whose minds are mature enough to understand yet not too mature as to be fixed beyond impression.—*Masahiro Takeshita, 1619 Yoshiura, Yoshiura-Cho, Onomich City, Hiroshima-ken, Japan.*

Paint party

HERE is an idea for those wanting something different in the realm of entertainment at their next party.

At a recent get-together I offered my guests smocks, a garage wall, brushes, and a vast assortment of old house paint. My only instruction was "be creatively expressive." Within an hour I had (apart from some extremely dirty and paint-sodden guests) a marvellous example of modern abstract expressionism or "one great mess," depending on whether or not you are artistically "hip."

Anyway, I now consider myself one of the fortunate few who has a garage which is an "objet d'art."—*"Mad Muraller," Lindfield, N.S.W.*

Record offer

A BIG "thank you" to The Australian Women's Weekly for the wonderful record offer (W.W., 7/3/62). Surely this is the opportunity we teenagers have been longing for. On such easy terms it should give everyone, even those on low wages, the chance to collect some of today's most beautiful music.—*Jennifer Johnson, Horsham, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"The way I see it, the only thing money can't buy is poverty."

Next week

A TERRIFIC five-piece Candy Hardy pattern (for the price of one!) for the girls and advice and pictures for boys who want a basic but fashionable wardrobe are featured in our next issue. There's also a story about "Lonely Boy"—a film on the life of Paul Anka (who was singing to the tune of a million dollars a year before his 18th birthday) which will be shown at three Australian film festivals in May, June.

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

● David Griffiths, of Moorabbin, Vic., condemned (T.W., 14/3/62) most teenagers for being preoccupied with "petty, childish problems." He said they should worry about world affairs and problems.

I CAN imagine David playing chess when he is not studying, or perhaps as a complete relaxation he mows all the lawns for his father. This might all be very commendable, but quite possibly when David is a family man (perhaps even a confirmed old bachelor) and is facing real personal worry, he may even wish he had taken things a little more lightly in his youth. Admittedly, some teenagers go to the opposite extreme, but I hardly think this will hasten the end of the world. — *Geraldine Evans, Caulfield, Vic.*

I AGREE with his opinion to some extent. It would be a good thing to remind our generation of the problems confronting our future "legacy." But let's stay human!

A 14-year-old's greatest anxiety would quite understandably be the fact that "mother won't let me wear lipstick." We, at a more mature age, may chuckle to ourselves about the seeming pettiness of the problem. Yet this problem could be just as important as world issues to the particular individual. Surely if an individual can learn to solve his little problems while still young in maturity the same individual will be capable of solving "serious" issues.

By all means let's think, discuss, and mature through discussing the serious thoughts in these letter columns. But let's not disregard the importance of the petty problems of youth. — *Stephen Judd, Elizabeth Grove, S.A.*

DAVID'S reference to "the adults' handling of the world" shows that he is aware of one of the most serious problems confronting today's youth.

With that problem in view I have convened a most promising committee which will attempt to establish for the city of Sandringham a Youth Association which will seek to set up youth centres approved and run by youth. Among those attending our first meeting were our Federal and State members of Parliament, and the Mayor and two Councillors of the City of Sandringham.

At the invitation of the Acting Chief Secretary I have presented our case and the indications are that we will very soon have some practical and useful scheme in operation. Meantime, if David or anyone else would care to write I would be pleased to let them know further particulars. — *Ewan Tucker, 388 Bluff Road, Sandringham, Vic.*

MANY teenagers of today do not realise what an important part we will play in world affairs during the next decade. We have to study the problems of racial segregation, disarmament, and world affairs to realise the grave dangers that Communism will cause Australia if it is allowed to spread, and to see what would be the best step to take in the future.

We really do have to "face reality" and recognise the problems that we will have to deal with in the future when the world is truly ours.—*Frances Rowland, Ashgrove, Qld.*

HAVE you forgotten that it is balanced portions of both sense and NON-sense that constitute a person's make-up, or are you too busy with world affairs to be human? — *Nola Gunther, Bayswater, Vic.*

OUR COVER

BRYAN DAVIES, compere of his own show on A.B.C.-TV, and a regular member of the cast, vivacious Judy Cannon, a singer who strongly resembles Doris Day. Judy is wearing pink to match the pink motor-scooter she rides.

How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.
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BEAUTY CAN LOOK BUSINESSLIKE

● When you're just about to get yourself in gear for your first job —or maybe your fifth—remember that the looks that rate you a good position are usually on the modest and conservative side.

THERE'S nothing that "puts off" a prospective employer like a fancy hairstyle or a ghostly, Ophelia-type make-up, according to a personnel officer who interviews dozens of young women every week for his firm.

So save all the glamor and the glitter for non-office occasions; put your eye-catching make-up effects in your dressing-table drawer until further notice.

Here's how to get yourself ready for the scrutinising gaze of bosses-to-be:

Dress your age in a neat, immaculate outfit that's right for you and the occasion. A trim, charming appearance counts a great deal with an intending employer.

Wear a simple sheath dress, a skirt and blouse, a natty suit, or even a pleated skirt and sweater, provided the sweater is not too bulky or overpowering.

A basic suit which not only goes to the office several times a week but is suitable for weekend outings and can be separated into single pieces when needed is a good all-round bet for a job-seeking teenager.

Wear a minimum of jewellery and choose accessories with great care. In fact, for the young girl basic accessories are often just as important as basic clothes.

Wear your hair as simply and becomingly as you can. You may have the makings of a hairstylist, but an elaborate hairdo, no matter how intriguing, never ever goes to business.

Make a point of make-up that's light, clear, and cleanly applied. A foundation that blends smoothly with your own skin, a dusting of powder, and a clear, light lipstick are all that any girl needs during the day, anyway.

Lastly, how do your hands and nails rate? Chewed fingernails and chipped polish are a poor recommendation, show an alarming lack of grooming. Just be sure your hands and nails are recently cleaned, spick and span.

—Carolyn Earle

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A GUEST?

● You may be a good hostess, but how do you rate as a guest? Especially a house-guest over a long weekend?

By MARCH WINGATE

MANY girls make brilliant hostesses, but somehow when the position is reversed the shine goes out of it for them. They're rather flat.

When you are a guest you are still the star (the star boarder, so to speak), so don't begrudge your young hostess sharing star status.

If it's your first visit to a house a very good tip (especially for girls) is to say something pleasant immediately upon arrival. Such as:

"What a nice house!" or "I love your color scheme," or "Isn't your mother pretty!" (That last one is a winner every time, because every teenage girl wonders what her friends will think of her mother. She loves her, but will they?)

Another welcome remark is: "This is the carpet pattern that Mum and Dad were trying to get. Where did you find it?" . . . or something like that.

This is not gushing. It is plain kindness.

After all, you the guest will desire to do your hostess credit and will probably arrive dressed in the height of fashion, if not higher.

Your teenage hostess will look more homely, as she only lives there and wants to give you the stage. And her mother has probably only just finished pushing her around on last-minute chores to get the place looking nice for your grand entry.

Your girl-friend feels a bit apprehensive just before you arrive, because the darkest hour is just before the dawn.

Help your hostess

So by saying something nice straight away you will be giving her face and a feeling that everything will go wonderfully. Her "hostess nerves" will relax.

She will be "giving you face" all weekend, in her pride to show her family what nice friends she makes.

So, if you fall short on any of these tricks of guesthood, make it a new era from now on, not a new error every time you go visiting.

Just to demonstrate what can go wrong:

Recently I was staying in a house which had some depressing old picture on the wall. I think it was "Monarch of the Glen."

A teenage visitor took one look and said sophisticatedly: "Oh, you've got that ghastly thing, too. Don't you hate it?"

The mother overheard.

Next morning there was an unfaded square on the wallpaper and a very unattractive dished-up breakfast, with the mother looking as if she were Lucrezia Borgia ladling out poison.

The visitor tried hard to be gay and woo the family, and probably she never will know that she had clumsily kicked a sacred cow.

If people put their possessions on display you can bet your life it's because they like them, or perhaps because late grandpa did.

"That's why women love wearing rings," a psychologist told me. "They can SEE them on their fingers. They can't see their pearl chokers or ear-studs."

Eat — and like it

Another tip is — don't go on a hunger strike, not even if you fall madly in love with your girl-friend's brother and can't eat for being so romantically near to him.

You may feel like an enchanted moonflower drawing its sustenance from the magic air, too deeply smitten to find your appetite.

The mother of the house will not know about your ecstatic dilemma. She will merely be upset and puzzled that the food doesn't seem to appeal to you.

She will feel that you don't think much of her cooking and must have much better fare at home.

She will run secretly about the house searching for whatever it is that puts you off your food. When you go she will feel an enormous sense of relief, and next time you are mooted as a houseguest her eyebrows will draw together and she'll probably suggest someone else.

The best cutlery will probably be brought out in your honor, the family will feel festive, and you will be like a wet sock if you announce that you're not hungry.

Your girl hostess knows what her family will say about you when you've gone, and something will die inside her heart. So take what is offered. You need not eat it all.

Other points of guesthood are better known: Don't follow your friend into her parents' bedroom unless invited. Make your bed and hang up your clothes. Offer to dry the dishes. Ask if there is anything you can do to be of help.

And, finally, say goodbye to your friend and her mother with a private word of thanks to both.

"Where, in heaven's name, did that one come from?"

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● *The outfits on these pages are basically and have been given extra chic with the self—it's easy! The patterns are avail Sydney. Please state size required*

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nple (in the tradition of all good fashion) ver use of check material. Make them your- from Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., write your name and address clearly.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Protective arm-or

"I AM confused. I was out with a boy I like very much and who likes me. We were walking home and he put his arm around me. I put mine around him then, and it felt really great. I felt it was all right at the time, as I was showing him I liked him very much. He seemed to like it, too. Some girls disagree with this. What do you think? I like it myself."

"Shall I?", N.S.W.

I like it, too, provided it's the right time and place.

Mind matters

"I AM in my second year of university training. For the past two months I have been going out with a 23-year-old man who has had only an elementary education, but speaks well, shows courtesy and good manners. Do you think our educational differences will form a barrier if things should become serious or should I end the relationship?"

T.C., Vic.

I don't think that the degree of education matters. What does is the capacity of each partner to want and absorb the same education, if it is equally available.

To be plainer, I think equal intelligence is more likely to help a couple toward happiness than equal university degrees.

But I must tell you that in America social studies have shown that a marriage between a woman of high education and a man of elementary education is dangerous to happiness, and that couples in this category have a high divorce rate.

Your obvious doubts, too, seem to point to perhaps more disparity than you have made plain.

Teacher's pets

"WE are two fairly attractive teenage girls. We are in the fifth form at high school and are both interested in a male student teacher at the same school. We see him every day at school, and he also catches the same bus as we do and always smiles at us. Do you think it could be love?"

"Wondering," Qld.

No, just good manners.

Two's company

"I AM 18 and engaged to be married. The trouble is I am not too sure of my feelings toward my fiance. Before we became engaged I was sure I loved him. As his work prevents him from seeing me very often, I don't go out at all. I often wish I could go out with my girl-friends. I have thought of breaking it off with him, but I know I'd be lonely without him. How can I be sure of my feelings?"

M.L., N.S.W.

Promising to marry a man doesn't mean that you never go out with anyone else. Go out with your girl-friends. You'll be very dull company for your fiance if you just sit at home. All work and no play make Jack a dull boy, and it affects Jill exactly the same way.

Leave well alone

"I AM 19 and deeply in love with a highly respectable man to whom I am engaged. In my younger teens I had other boys and did things that now, having fallen in love truly, I regret. My fiance is deeply religious and I am worried if, when he finds out, he will hold it against me for the rest of our lives. Should I confess to him now or leave it?"

"Vin," N.S.W.

Leave it. Every man knows that his girl has known other boys and gone out with them before his arrival on the romantic scene.

Confessing details of early romances is bad. It is a selfish impulse to relieve your conscience and make him carry part of your burden of regrets. He will be happier not knowing, and he will never know unless you tell him.

Many women, happily married, have some small or big regret tucked away in their hearts. The wise ones keep it to themselves. They make certain they will never behave again in any way they will regret.

Get the message?

"DURING the Christmas holidays I fell in love with a boy I met two years ago. Since then we have written to each other every week, but as I have not received a letter for a month I feel he does not like me any more. He lives in a city I am going to visit soon, but if he does not write any more letters do you think I should see him?"

"Heart-broken," N.S.W.

No.

Open-door policy

"AFTER five months of idyllic bliss with a truly wonderful boy, I was greatly upset when he declared that he would like to break off for a short period to 'look around' before really settling down with one girl. I am 17 and he is 18, and I know that at our age as soon as one door closes another opens. But I still feel that this is the end of the world, as I have a deep feeling for him, a feeling I have never had for any other boy. He is a very sincere, quiet person, and by no means a 'fly by night,' so that is why I think it's worth waiting for him. Do you?"

"Sad Loser," Vic.

No. You should wait at the other door that—as you so wisely say—opens when another closes; and you should be waiting ready to go out on a date with the first boy that asks you.

I think your former boy-friend sounds very nice. He has let you down very nicely, very lightly, and I think he has done the right thing. At his age he should feel like that, should want to look round.

He may look round and come back to you some time—this year, next year, some time. But it will be never if you sit waiting for him—a continuous reproach that he did what he did.

I know you are heartsick, can't eat, are very unhappy, and feel ghastly. There is only one cure for the way you feel—a new boy. Go out and find one.

Kissin' time

"I DON'T know how to kiss a boy goodnight. I am 15 and I have been told many times I am attractive, but I am always forced to avoid boys asking me home from dances, etc., because I have never kissed a boy, and I am afraid I will do it wrong. None of the other girls I know who are my age seem to mention this trouble. I feel I am becoming terribly unpopular with the boys I have refused to go home with, but I cannot help myself. I always put off asking the other girls about it as they would probably laugh at me. Please help me."

"Don't Know," Qld.

Kissing is one of those things that you learn gradually. Every girl is in exactly the same boat as you are.

Happily for girls, though, the man kisses, the girl is kissed. So it doesn't matter that you don't know how. You will learn quickly.

First kisses are inclined to be disappointing, because boys are shy about kissing, too, and haven't had the practice. The exciting thing about first kisses and what makes up for their inexpertness is that the boy wants to kiss you and you want to kiss him. Don't miss it.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

She's desperate

"I AM very much in love with a boy who is two years older than I. I am 17. He lives a few houses down the road from me and I see him every day at the bus stop, and sometimes he talks to me. Once he sat next to me on the bus. It made me feel excited. He invited me to a barbecue at his place and was very friendly and even paid special attention to me. Do you think he loves me? I am getting rather desperate."

"Sick At Heart," Vic.

I think he likes you, is attracted to you, is inclined to be that way about you. But he is not in love with you.

Love just doesn't happen that way. It takes time. But this sounds as if it could be a promising romantic beginning.

Petting problem

"I AM 13 years old and my mother allows me to go out with boys once a week. I don't know what is petting or necking, and therefore I do not know whether I'm letting a boy go too far or not. Please help."

J.S.E., N.S.W.

Girls of 13 should neither pet nor neck, nor go out with boys alone.

Petting is light love-making. Necking is the prelude to more serious love-making, and girls and women know instinctively when the petting and necking line is crossed. Beware of it.

TABLE MANNERS

TIPS ON GOOD TASTE

From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."

IF you have to blow your nose, don't be embarrassed. Just blow it. But USE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, not the napkin.

IF you burp or your stomach rumbles, DON'T pat your stomach or your chest or make any silly remarks about it. Ignore it completely.

BE NATURAL. Don't put on airs or try to be too refined by sticking your little finger out when you lift your cup to your mouth. And don't chew your food in a silly mincing way.

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LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Young man comes east — *from* west

● Schoolteachers who ask the class to name the leading exports of Western Australia are quite likely in the future to find the name "Bobby Royal" among the answers.

THOUGH it's only six weeks since he left the West to settle in Sydney, green-eyed, 6ft.-tall Bobby has already been seen on the A.B.C.-TV's "Bryan Davies Show."

Before that he had done TV dates in all States, and he'll soon be on record for the first time. The song is "Stay Away From Him," and Bobby wrote it.

Last year he took his own show of Perth TV artists on a tour of the State's main country towns.

He first became well known in Perth two years ago when, at 17, he was selected for that city's edition of "The Pat Boone Show."

"Pat was the first big celebrity I ever worked with, and you can imagine how I felt," Bobby says.

That was just a year after he'd left Geraldton High School and formed a skiffle group. At school he'd been top tennis player, in the football team, and held long-distance and sprint running titles.

Now he plays tennis when it's offering, and keeps fit by regular weight-lifting.

A popular science and sports-car enthusiast, Bobby says that his other tastes are "pretty normal, I suppose — clothes, parties, and dancing."

NO matter how many return visits to Adelaide she makes, **Noeleen Batley** isn't likely to forget her last. Dashing to keep an appointment, she didn't see a hole in the road, stepped right into it—and finished up with eight stitches in a leg. Noeleen has a new disc out, by the way—a Festival EP, "Hi Lili Hi Lo."

ANOTHER singer who has had leg trouble is **Barry Stanton.** He was actually bitten by an enthusiastic fan when he was in Brisbane recently. Not only that, but he had his suit torn, too. So it seems that the bad old days of mobbing and souveniring aren't exactly over after all.

Local talent: How good are our top entertainers? American response to **Col Joye's** latest single, "Today's Teardrop," should give a good idea how Col, at least, rates by world standards. He takes this number faster than he usually does and uses a lot of echo chamber. But it's the old, intimate Col on the flip. This is "If You Love Her," and on the strength of one playing, I liked it best.

Bobby Royal

A CHANGE from the usual local pop releases is a 10in. Columbia LP, "Holiday Bound." It holds a programme of light music in varying moods and tempos by Australian composers, among them Lindley Evans and 14-year-old wonder girl Illona Simons. Played by the Sydney Light Orchestra under **Hal Evans.**

Pops: A morale raiser for those whose spirits sometimes take a dive is "Sing! It's Good For You" (R.C.A. LP). The highly expert **Norman Luboff Choir** leads you in such brighteners as "The Best Things In Life Are Free," "Breezin' Along With The Breeze."

I'VE always liked **Jerry Butler,** though it took "Moon River" to sell him to some people. Not surprisingly, it's the lead track on a Top Rank EP, "Jerry Butler's Big Four." The others are "Find Another Girl," "When Trouble Calls," "He Will Break Your Heart."

MANY of the lovely facets that go to make up the fascination of Paris are brought to musical life by the elegant piano of **George Feyer** on a Vox LP, "Echoes Of Paris." "La Vie En Rose," "J'Attendrai," and "La Mer" are just three of the tunes in a selection among which most people will find some of their favorite French songs.

HAVE you noticed how the "laugh clown laugh" trend started by Burl Ives' "Little Bitty Tear" is growing? Latest is **Neil Sedaka's** beaty, emotion-packed "King Of Clowns" (R.C.A. 45). It's got all the earmarks of a winner. But don't expect too much from the flip, "Walk With Me."

THERE'S a good strong beat, too, to **Jimmy Elledge's** "Can't You See The Stars In My Eyes?", his first release since his successful "Funny How Time Slips Away." But for sheer vocal gymnastics turn to the flip, "What a Laugh" (R.C.A. 45). Jimmy does everything short of bursting his larynx.

IF you want a pleasant surprise, try **"Lou Monte Sings The Great Italian-American Songs"** (Reprise LP). You'll hear a warm-blooded Italian treatment of Fats Domino's "I'm Walkin'" and an Italian version of the very American "Sixteen Tons." The genuine Italian tunes ("Roman Guitars," "Sorrento") get the full romantic works from a singer who's agreeable without being outstanding.

ANYONE who knows his pops knows the name of composer **John D. Loudermilk,** who wrote "Stayin' In" and "Sad Movies." "Language Of Love" (R.C.A. LP) introduces the 26-year-old singer-guitarist-composer in 12 of his own songs.

He has a lightish, flexible voice and a real talent for putting a number across. Any time he likes to make another record it's all right with me. "Mister Jones," "Darling Jane," "Two Strangers In Love" are some of the tracks.

Jazz: "Mature, full-blown jazz," it says on the jacket, and that's exactly what's served up on **"Benny Carter's** Jazz Calendar." Bland, big-band performances of 12 numbers each with the name of a month in the title ("Roses in December," etc.), with **Pete Candoli** and **Barney Kessel** among the featured soloists (United Artists LP).

Show tunes: Seems music lovers just can't have too much of "West Side Story's" beautiful "Tonight." In the U.S. there are no fewer than eight versions still making big sales. The young American star of the Australian production sings it again on **"Bob Kole On Broadway"** (Leedon EP), together with "You'll Never Walk Alone" ("Carousel"), "Heather On The Hill" ("Brigadoon"), "This Nearly Was Mine" ("South Pacific").

WORTH HEARING

HONEGGER: Three concertos

IN Paris in the nineteen-twenties a group of young composers calling themselves The Six banded together as an opposition movement to post-romantic music, which they considered to be pretentious, overblown, and over-solemn. The music they wrote was deliberately small-sized and sometimes actively flippant.

Although the movement did not last long and did not have much lasting effect on the history of music, it succeeded in producing a quantity of cheekily entertaining music, well represented by Arthur Honegger's 1924 Piano Concertino, which is included among three Honegger concertos in a disc just released by the Record Society.

Honegger (who died in 1955) was the best composer among The Six, and naturally enough he soon broke away from its theories to compose in his own personal way.

The 'Cello Concerto is more serious in mood than the Piano Concertino, despite its borrowings from jazz. The Chamber Concerto for flute, cor anglais, and strings (1948) is mainly in the lyrical, pastoral style that Honegger often used in his last works.

These three short concertos (the Piano Concertino is a quarter the length of a Brahms concerto) are stylishly played by a cast of French soloists and the French National Radio Orchestra, conducted by Georges Tzipine, who is at present visiting conductor for the Victorian Symphony Orchestra. — *Martin Long.*

THE BELLES OF THE (FOOT) BALL

● I see that a highlight of a Tumut, N.S.W., carnival will be a Rugby League match between girl teams.

IN MANY ways it's a wonder lasses don't play more football — girls and the game have much in common.

For instance, take a girl in an evening dress. Look at her and you'll see a half back, a quarter back — maybe even a full back!

And, obviously, Rugby League and Union fans can thank girls for their Ashes. It all started when a new bride cooked her first meal . . .

It also goes without saying that a girl's interest in Union can often tempt a boy to Soccer.

On the controlling side of the sport, girls would make good touch judges — with their Dads they can always judge when to make a "touch"!

In some ways, of course, girls would be completely unsuitable for football.

For example, they won't always accept a pass.

Nor will they necessarily take any notice of a whistle.

Of course, if girls wore normal cutie clothes they could be more successful.

For wouldn't they apparently always be able to give tacklers the slip?

And show them a clean pair of high heels?

However, standards of play would probably suffer eventually as girl teams hired dress-designers instead of coaches.

Oh, there might be moments when the teams made do-or-Dior efforts.

And they would look scrum-ptious.

But what kick can a spectator get — from a frill a minute?

And, I ask you, what if girls insisted on wearing football boots with chisel or stiletto heels?

Literally, they wouldn't be having a ball for long!

Many girls, of course, would not play any sort of football because of the risk of being called, on the programme, forward.

But Australian Rules would probably be the least acceptable code of football for females.

No girl would like to be called a rover.

And some girls would be unable to accept the scoring system of Rules. For, in the case of a lass with a figure problem, if she has one goal, it's no behind!

— Robin Adair

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AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

By Douglas Watson

Attention to detail

7. SIR ARTHUR STREETON (1867-1943)

ARTHUR STREETON was born near Geelong in Victoria in 1867 and studied drawing at the National Gallery, Melbourne.

The names of Conder, Roberts, and Streeton are always linked — they all painted at Box Hill and exhibited together at the 9in. x 5in. Impressions Exhibition held in Melbourne in 1889.

Streeton was mainly interested in Sydney and the Hawkesbury district as subjects for his pictures between 1890 and 1895, and it was in this period that he did some of his best work.

His interest in Impressionism, with its theories of light and color, gave Streeton's paintings a great maturity which developed very early in his artistic career.

This is shown in "Redfern Station, 1893," reproduced at right. It is a lively picture, painted confidently with a delightful attention to detail. Although this detail is not overdone, the picture maintains a solid structure of form and color.

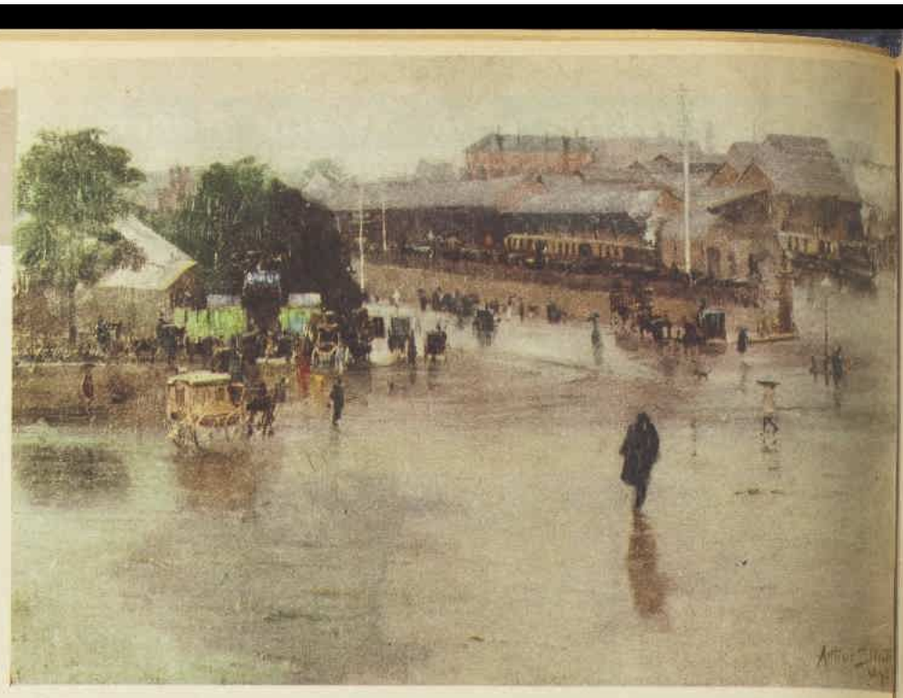
"Redfern Station, 1893" also shows Streeton's ability to handle human figures — yet he spent most of his life drawing landscapes.

Streeton left Australia for England in 1898, painting in Cairo and Naples on the way. In 1900 he exhibited in the Royal Academy, London. He worked continuously in England, exhibiting until he finally returned to Australia in 1907.

During World War I Streeton served in the Royal Medical Corps for a time until he was invalided out. Then he went to the Western Front as an official war artist. He painted many pictures of the war, and these can be seen in the Australian War Museum in Canberra.

Streeton was very successful in this role — he had complete control over his pictures, and had great ability for drawing figures.

Streeton was awarded the Wynne Prize for landscapes in 1928, and in 1937 he was knighted for his contribution to Australian painting.



"REDFERN STATION, 1893." From the Collection of the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

NEXT WEEK: George Washington Lambert

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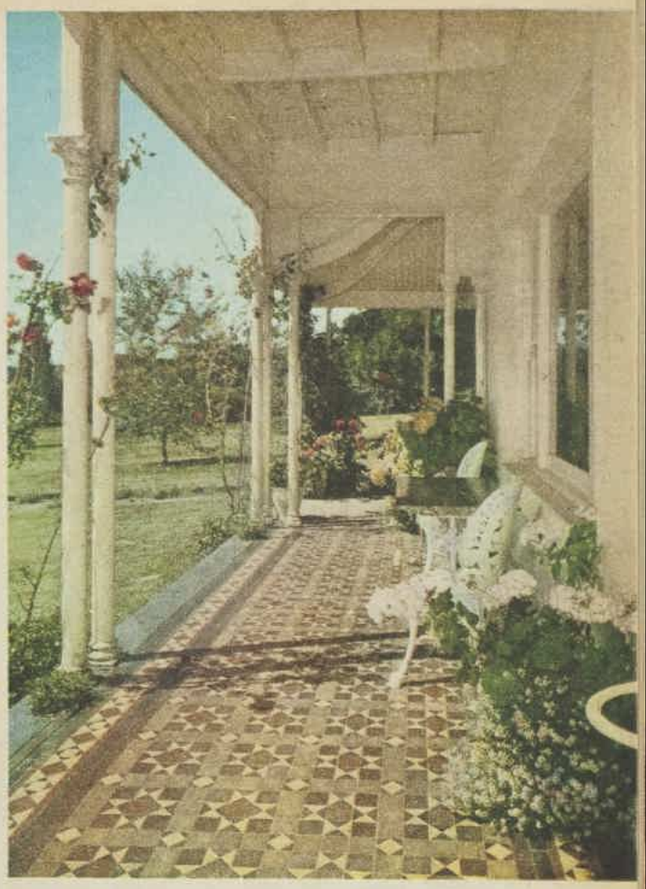

"SUMMERLEES" (left and above), Sutton Forest home of Mr. and Mrs. John See, is about 90 years old. These pictures show the lovely old colonial home set in magnificent gardens and the flagged entrance porch with tubs of geraniums and fuchsias. Mr. and Mrs. See have lived at "Summerlees" for eight years. It was occupied for years by Mr. Fred Badgery, whose family built some of the district's early houses.

" (left and above), at Moss and 90 years old. Since buying r. and Mrs. John Thomas have pool surrounded by a rose gar- lscaped the grounds, keeping planted when the house was restoring the cedar panelling.

"RATHANE" (at right), Bowral home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Spence, is specially noted for its drive of glorious trees — golden ash, claret ash, and pistacia. The visitors will picnic in the grounds or, if it rains, indoors by big crackling log fires.

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Continuing . . . MOMENT OF DECISION

from page 37

enough ambition for the two of you he'd have left the stage any time during the past two years."

And it was true, Anthea had realised. Undeniably, searingly true. It had always been she who had arranged the meetings with the people who mattered, always she who had lured Simon away from his boats and into the busy, influential theatrical throng.

"Anyone would think," Adrian had said, "that Simon didn't care twopence whether he made a name for himself or not."

"I don't think he does," Anthea had told him frankly.

"Well this time he's got to. Go down to wherever he is and get him back."

Anthea had smiled without very much amusement. "How do you know I can get him back?"

"Because Simon will always end up doing what you tell him. If he's really set on this holiday of his it may take a little time to do the trick, but I know you'll win in the end."

There had been a silence and then Anthea had said: "All right—I'll go and talk to him."

Adrian had nodded. "Well, go down to him anyway. The Hollywood offer hasn't come through officially yet. I'll send you a telegram when it does. That'll be your signal to start talking."

"Very well, I'll try."

And so she had come down to the Solent and Simon, and the long clean lines of the Grey Goose, come down to Simon's surprised welcome and the pretence that she was going to race to Norway with him; come down to wait until Adrian's telegram told her that Hollywood was fixed and that the time had come to make Simon see which was more important — his hobby or his career.

Now, feeling the sun warm through her swimsuit, Anthea found herself suddenly having to concentrate on the thought that she wasn't actually on holiday. In some way she was unable to explain, the gentle lap of the water against the Grey Goose's sides and the hum of the wind through the rigging seemed to be building up an atmosphere she found hard to resist. Almost, she thought, as though the yacht knew why she was there and was joining sides with Simon to lure her from her purpose.

More for the sake of something to say, Anthea said: "You had the Grey Goose when I first met you. How long has she been yours?"

"Five years now."

Meaning it, Anthea said: "She's beautiful."

Simon said, not smiling: "I think she's more than that." He paused, trying to find the words to express what he wanted to say. Then: "You see, everybody who sails has some sort of ideal, and the Goose happens to be mine." He smiled, remembering. "I first saw her when I was fourteen and fell in love with her then. Even in my most optimistic moments I never imagined I should one day have her."

"What about crew?" Anthea asked. "Or am I all of it?"

He grinned back at her. "Hardly. There are two hands besides myself. They're due to join the day after tomorrow." He narrowed his eyes at something over the water. "That's funny. There's a launch making for us."

Anthea stood up and followed the direction of his gaze. She asked absently: "Was she new when you got her?"

"Got who?"

"The Grey Goose."

The launch had swung parallel to the yacht, Anthea saw, and a man was standing up in the stern. Simon recognised him as the owner of a neighboring boat and waved.

"Morning, Bill."

"Morning." The figure swung an arm, and a package flew through the air and landed on the Grey Goose's deck. The stranger's voice said faintly: "Been ashore to pick up mail. Thought you'd like the morning papers. There's a telegram as well."

"Thanks." Simon bent and retrieved the papers, handing a buff envelope to Anthea. "Hello —this is addressed to you."

"Thanks." Anthea took it, realising as she did so that her heart was beating uncomfortably. With a considerable effort she forced herself to say casually: "You were telling me about the Goose — whether she was new or not when you got her." At all costs she knew she must not show too much interest in the telegram.

Simon, unrolling a newspaper, said: "No, she wasn't new. She'd belonged to a fellow called Harcourt."

The telegram was brief and to the point.

"Hollywood offer confirmed stop get that husband of yours back here right away stop love Adrian."

Well, Anthea found herself thinking, this is it. This is the end of the pretence. This is where I start to break the news gently that there isn't going to be any fortnight's sailing. That there probably won't be any sailing for the next five years . . .

But Simon, not looking at her, was saying: "I felt sorry for Harcourt. I think he felt the same way about the Goose that I do. Only he married a rich wife."

"What had that got to do with it?" Anthea asked.

Simon laughed. "I met her once. She was rather sweet and absolutely adored Harcourt. When she discovered that he liked yachting she decided that only the best was good enough for him, so she bought him an ocean-going motor yacht that cost a fortune."

"Didn't he like it?"

"He hated it," Simon said. "But he could never manage to explain to his wife that the Goose was the height of his ambition. So in the end he sold her to me and went off to be miserable with his floating palace. After all, he couldn't blame his wife. She was doing the best she could for him. She wasn't to know that he was happier the way he was when she found him."

"No," Anthea said, "he couldn't blame her."

She turned away and stared out over the water. "She wasn't to know that he was happier the way he was when she found him . . ."

Simon's words went on repeating themselves in her ears and, with increasing certainty, she began to know what she had failed to realise during the two long years since she and Simon had first met. All the time she had been intent on making him a success in London his heart had remained here with the boats he had known and loved as a boy.

The stage for Simon — for the Simon she had married — would always be but a means to an end, a job that from time to time would reward him with the time and the money to live the sort of life he loved. That was why he had always refused to go to Hollywood. That was why he would hate to go now . . .

Almost as though it belonged to somebody else, she heard her own voice saying: "Simon. Which is really more important to you—the stage or . . . this?"

She knew his answer before he gave it. Casually. As if it had never been in doubt. "Darling, this, of course. I told you. I'm a sailor's son."

"Yes," Anthea said. "You did tell me. I'd forgotten."

"That's not like you," Simon said. Then: "By the way — what was in that telegram?"

Instinctively she threw it over the side.

That was the end of Hollywood for her, too, she thought. And yet somehow it didn't matter. What good would Hollywood or anywhere else be if by gaining it for herself she took away half of the Simon she loved? No. She couldn't afford that. The price was too high.

"The telegram?" Simon said again.

Somehow she managed to smile. "It was from Adrian—wishing you luck."

Simon smiled. "That was nice of him." He looked around. "I'd better get to work. There's a lot to do before we're ready." He glanced back at Anthea. "Darling—you're quite sure you really want to come?"

She turned her head and looked behind her. Just for a moment she thought she saw the telegram and all it contained bobbing on the surface of the water. Then a wave obscured it and it was gone.

Anthea turned back to Simon. Illogically and quite unexpectedly, she felt happier than she had done for years.

"Yes, darling," she said. "I'm quite, quite sure."

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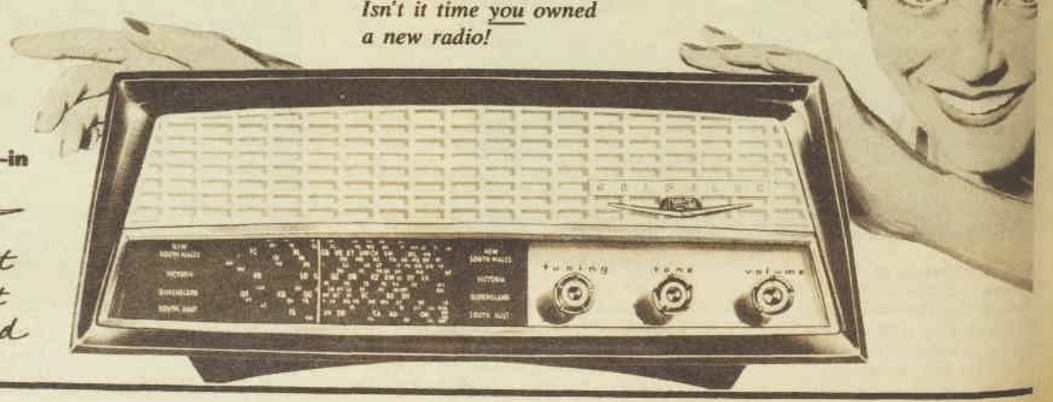

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Y183

AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● On the "just returned" heap in the local library yesterday my eyes lit on something out of my remote past—a shiny new copy of that old, old favorite "Daddy-Long-Legs."

THIS really took me back a bit—I can remember discovering it in my grandmother's house when I was perhaps nine or ten.

Our grandmother was extremely stuffy on the subject of what was suitable reading for the young, and was always snatching the most harmless books away from Alison and me.

But "Daddy-Long-Legs" she declared to be a "very pretty story" and we were allowed to have it.

I took it home from the library yesterday in fear and trembling, feeling pretty certain it would turn out to be of an extreme and ghastly sentimentality.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

"Daddy-Long-Legs" is just over fifty years old. Jean Webster wrote it early in the year 1912, and the copy I have borrowed from the library is one from the seventy-eighth impression, made in 1955.

The title is sentimental; even the topic, I suppose, is sentimental if you belong to the hard-realist school of thought which holds that any waif-finds-wealth story is sentimental.

But Jean Webster's waif is so full of humor and brains and waywardness and fun, and the author's touch is so light (and lightened by touches that must have been just a wee bit shocking in 1912, like the waif's views on sermons and politics and college education for women) that I sat and read and read until I'd finished.

And I'm sure I enjoyed it as much last night as I did when I was 10.

I must give it to Katherine to read, just to see whether it really has stood up to the years as well as I think, or whether it was just for old times' sake that I enjoyed it so much.

Fascinated by a book ban

INCIDENTALLY, quite apart from "D.L.L.," this subject of which books are suitable for children and which aren't is a question which crops up sooner or later in most families.

Apart from my grandmother, who found about 90 per cent. of all published material unsuitable for the young, I was given a fairly open go with reading matter.

The only book that I can actually remember being taken away from me after I had begun reading it was Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles."

I suppose I was about 14 at the time and, naturally enough, I made it my business to read the book surreptitiously.

I wasn't mad about it, but I quite enjoyed it, though I couldn't for the life of me understand what the fuss was about and why it had been declared unsuitable.

I've read it again since and, while appreciating it a good deal more, I can also see why my family thought I shouldn't read it at that time.

"Tess" is an enormously long and profoundly gloomy nineteenth-century novel.

Tess is seduced, loses her child, marries, is abandoned by her husband, goes back to her lover when she is destitute, is driven by circumstances to murder him, and is hanged for the deed.

Not at all the sort of book that I would have persevered with at 14 if the family's ban hadn't given it a special interest for me.

But the fact is I did read it and I doubt whether reading it did me the slightest harm.

The truth is that I found "Tess" a great deal more upsetting and harrowing when I read it as an adult.

It takes two to make a book — author and reader

THE thing I firmly believe is that reading is like life — you get out of it pretty much what you put in.

It's quite true that it takes two to make a book—the writer and the reader—and it's equally true that different readers get remarkably different things from the same book.

The well-balanced child who is emotionally normal is not going to lose her balance and normality because she reads something actually intended for older eyes.

Ten to one she's just simply not going to notice those aspects of the story because they're outside her experience and don't interest her.

If you "ban" a book don't leave it about

I FOUND over the years that there have been very few books I didn't want to risk my children reading (I'm not going to name them, because any child with a decent measure of intellectual curiosity would regard that as a challenge!).

It's certainly no good pronouncing a ban on those books and leaving them lying about, or even "hiding" them somewhere in the house where you hope they won't be found.

If you're convinced they're not suitable, then I think the only wise thing to do is to make sure they're not available by getting rid of them.

But it's a good idea to think long and carefully before reaching that decision, bearing in mind that most of the books you consider unsuitable for your children wouldn't in the remotest degree interest them before they reach an age where they'd be suitable.

That sounds Irish, but you probably know what I mean.

By the time children are in their late teens they ought to be reading widely and avidly and they ought to be beginning to know, too, what's worthwhile, what's rubbish, and what's just for fun.

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WCF6

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● It's so easy for a housewife at home all day to become a "cabbage"—so easy to "think cabbage," says the author of this article. In a covering letter, in which she asks to remain anonymous, she adds, "I feel many women drift into becoming dull and unimaginative in their thinking and conversation because it never occurs to them not to do so."

"DON'T BE A CABBAGE"

● Housewives dread the thought of being a "cabbage," and yet many THINK themselves into that very state. And once you're in the cabbage-patch it's very hard to get out.

SO my advice is to avoid getting there in the first place. Here are a few tips on how NOT to become a "cabbage."

1. In this game of thinking yourself out of the cabbage category you have to use a little pretence.

If the conversation is "weather" and your neighbor says "Cold, wet day," don't add, "Yes, it's bad luck, because I planned to do the washing today."

Just smile and say, "Yes, good day for a fire and a good book." (Even though you do plan to do the washing and hang it in the garage.)

2. If you live where the winter days are short and wet, don't ever complain about the trouble you have drying the clothes.

That is your own personal problem and makes for dull conversation. Often as not, it will encourage other cabbages to join in with their washday problems.

3. Unless you're living well away from the coast, where visits to town are highlights, don't admit you haven't been to town for six months. It immediately labels you as a slave to household chores.

Smile nicely

Just keep quiet about the fact and smile innocently if someone else says she never goes to town because she can't spare the time.

After all, you can read the papers and advertisements — you know what's going on in town—so in your **mind**, really, you've been to town often.

4. About shows. Don't admit you haven't seen one since your last wedding anniversary.

If you notice a new show is coming on, watch for the critic's report—at least you'll know whether or not it's a comedy and who is playing the lead.

5. Don't let your hemlines become unfashionable. This is a sure cabbage label.

It's easy enough to keep your eyes on the smart girl in your street and note the current fashions. And, anyway, you can watch the papers and look at the social pictures and keep up with the trends that way.

6. Even if you don't like the radio on all day chattering like an inane cockatoo, watch the papers for interviews with interesting people and make a point of listening to these.

It will at least give you a talking point and will probably give you an interesting session also.

7. Don't refer to tradesmen as "my" butcher or "my" grocer.

In fact, don't refer to them at all. If you do you'll go headfirst into a conversation you can well live without.

8. If you do get involved in a conversation with a neighbor —don't talk "domestic" talk. It's much more fun to say "one day I'd like to take courses in floral arranging or interior decorating or flying."

(Even if you don't think you ever will — it will make her think you are an adventurous person and make her feel more venturesome and better all round.)

She'll be reticent about starting a cabbage conversation with you, because you haven't given her the opening.

Ear-bash hubby

That's very important. Don't **start** a cabbage conversation.

9. Encourage your working friends to talk about their work and the people they meet and the new restaurants they have visited.

10. Offload your domestic worries on your husband and family ONLY.

I suppose a housewife has to have an outlet somewhere, and I don't believe in the theory that a husband has to be spared the **trials** of the home-front and hear only about the **triumphs**.

My husband is most interested in the day's happenings—so he gets the lot. How the line in the garage, loaded with nappies, fell down, what the butcher said, what the garageman told me about the new self-service store, and so on.

But let the doorbell ring and suddenly I'm a different person with a totally different conversation. You can be a cabbage with your family—but **never** with your friends.

FOOTNOTE: This game of pretending you're not a cabbage in your thinking doesn't **always** work — but it mostly does, and one can improve with practice.

Make it a No. 1 resolution to smarten up your mind—if only just for fun.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

The difficult "NO" stage

● "I don't like milk." "I don't want a birthday party." Girls in the "no" stage can be just as difficult as boys.

● "Say hello to Grandma, darling," mother invited, holding the phone mouthpiece toward four-year-old Tommy. She was mystified when Tommy said firmly, "No, I won't."

ORDINARILY the telephone held an all-too-strong attraction for Tommy. And he was great friends with his grandmother.

Tommy was just entering the "no" stage that most children go through — a temporary period when they say no to almost everything, even to what they like and really want to do.

It may begin when a child is as young as a year and a half and may last through the age of four, or longer, but usually it occurs between two and three.

During this period a child begins to realise that he is an individual with a will and can say "Yes" if he likes — and "No" (which is so much more self-assertive) if he likes.

It's a sign that times are changing and he's growing up.

While he is an infant he is dependent on others and responds affirmatively to any interesting suggestion.

If you recite Humpty-Dumpty, he does the same thing. But as soon as he can go about under his own power he makes the exciting discovery that he can say "no." So gratifying and enjoyable is this new-found ability that he uses it indiscriminately.

By EDITH STERN

At the very moment that he is eagerly stretching out his legs to get into his shoes, for example, he may answer, "No" when you say, "Daddy's taking us to the circus. Won't that be nice!"

Even though the negative phase is a healthy — and temporary — first step toward independence, it can be very wearing on the nerves.

But you can make it less so if you reduce your son's — or daughter's — opportunities to say, "No, I won't."

Questions like, "Do you want to have your bath now?" or "Would you like your sweater on?" simply invite a no.

So instead of asking them just state or do what is appropriate.

You can also cut down noes by offering your child simple bona-fide choices.

When cousins come to tea, let him choose which one he wants to sit beside. He can select his own apple or pear.

You can let him get away with such minor declarations of independence as "No, I won't kiss Aunt Jane when she comes."

Often a child's no is little more than play-acting to see how saying no feels, or a test of his own power and his parents' patience.

When the novelty of being able to say no wears off, your child's interest in it will *die down*.

So let the unimportant things slide.

Instead, concentrate on avoiding trouble over the important things you feel he must or must not do — going to bed or putting away a toy or drinking his milk.

On such matters it's best to confront him with a straight-out instruction, all cut and dried, and with no room for argument.

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KY303

Three houses ar

● Designed by architect Neville Gruzman, these three houses built for our Homes Fair at Carlingford are highly individual yet harmonise with each other and the landscape.

THIS is done by linking the houses with a colonnade of brick piers and pergolas, giving a uniform appearance from the street.

"By using the colonnade," said Mr. Gruzman, "we were able to have three quite dissimilar houses close together without their clashing.

"The gracious, rolling landscape at Carlingford seemed to call for a return to the old colonial architecture and the colonnade was designed to reflect this atmosphere."

Though not alike to look at, the houses have several things in common:

- A family room. This reflects the trend to group family activities together and is an ideal place for teenagers to entertain their friends, leaving the living-room for Mum and Dad.
- A narrow U-shaped kitchen, planned so there is only 3ft. between the benches. This cuts down time in preparing meals.
- Wide eaves extending over outdoor living areas — the modern version of the traditional Australian verandah.
- Bedrooms separated from living areas.
- Courtyards or terraces for outdoor living.

The Homes Fair on the Kingsdene Estate, Pennant Hills Road, Carlingford, N.S.W., is being presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes and opens on Friday, May 11.

PLAN No. 205

THIS is a large three-bedroom family home which follows the new design trend — the bedrooms completely separated from the family's living and eating area.

In this plan the separation is effected by an entrance lobby paved with concrete tiles.

A short passage of concrete tiles leads into the sleeping-wing, which has three bedrooms, and the master bedroom has a walk-in dressing-room and wardrobe.

Construction of Plan No. 205 is of special blue-grey concrete blocks, which are left uncovered for all interior walls.

External timbers are left their natural red-brown color and treated with a special preservative developed in America which does not peel or fade.

A courtyard enclosed by the two wings of the house provides an ideal place for children to play and for outdoor entertainment. The 3ft. eave overhang right round the house shelters the windows in all weathers.

PLAN No. 206

A conventional house, this plan was designed to harmonise with the landscape of Carlingford. It is a "transitional" house, although conventional in appearance it is wholly contemporary in atmosphere.

This is an ideal combination for people who have always lived in a conventional house but who now want the advantages of a modern home which retains a gracious atmosphere.

Construction is of yellow bricks with yellow-ochre mortar and a grey-tile pitched roof with a 5ft. eave overhang. Once again, as in Plan No. 205, the external timbers are a natural red-brown.

A particularly attractive feature of the house is the entrance, which has a large flower-box along one side and is paved with face bricks.

Inside the house has been planned around the family as a whole unit. The small kitchen has been carefully designed to save time and steps and overlooks the family room — ideal for children, television, and all-purpose rumpus-room.

There is a huge brick two-way fireplace — one opening out into the living-room and the other heating the family room.

Three bedrooms are close to the bathroom and separate toilet, and the master bedroom has a walk-in dressing-room wardrobe.

PLAN No. 207

"A two-level house with a great overhanging, protecting roof," was how architect Neville Gruzman described this house.

The roof is the first thing you notice — pitched, tiled with dark grey tiles, and extending beyond the house 5ft. all round.

The idea of the colonnade is repeated in the cantilevered terrace, with the roof extending over and supported by brick piers with built-in flower-boxes.

Another huge flower-box emphasises the attractive entrance. The yellow brick and ochre mortar of Plan No. 206 is repeated here with great effect.

The most outstanding feature inside is the floor-to-ceiling brick fireplace in the living-room, which also warms the family room and kitchen.

The ceiling in the living-room is pitched and this adds to the feeling of space created by having the living-room, family room, and kitchen on a different level from the rest of the house.

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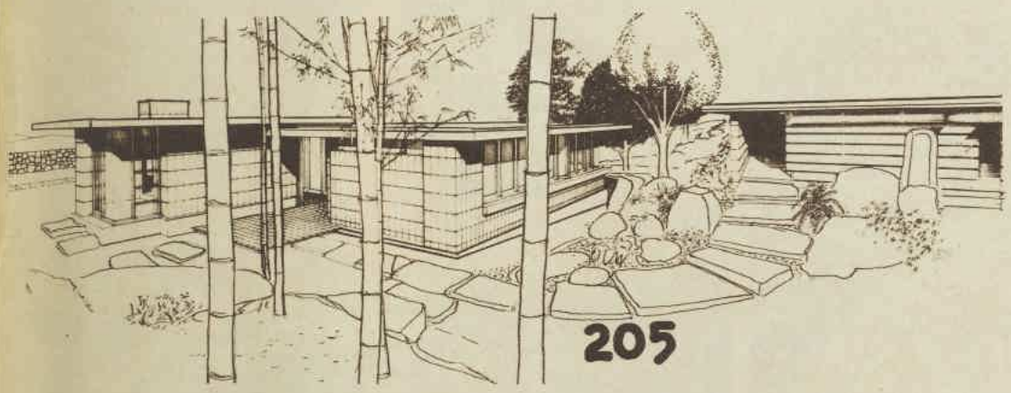
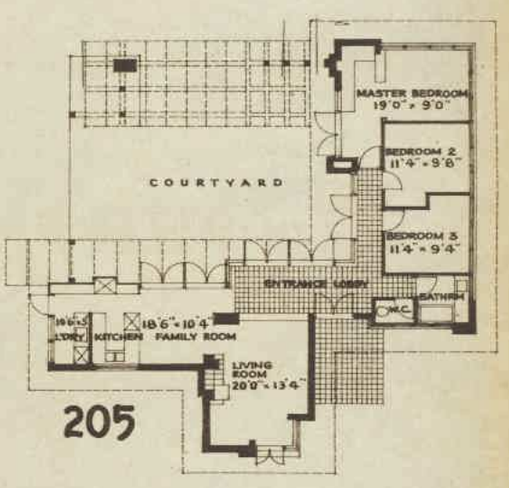
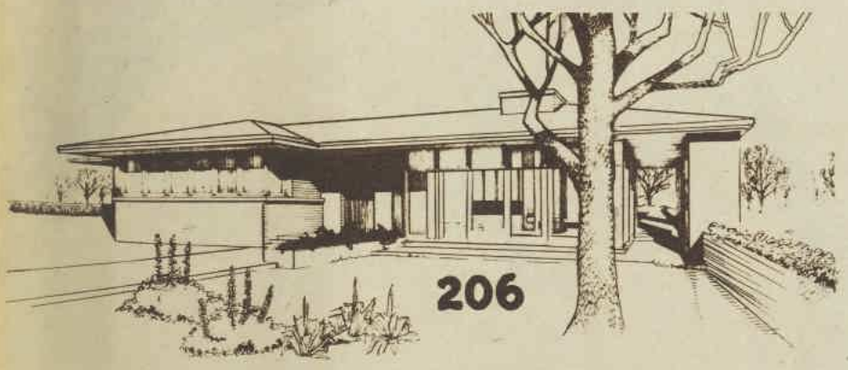
linked by pergolas

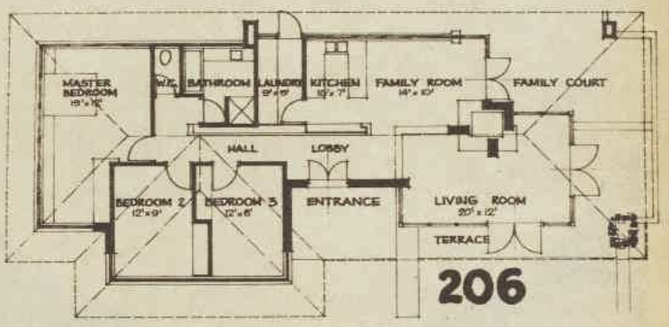
PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows a colonnade of brick piers and pergolas linking three highly individual houses. The colonnade is colonial in atmosphere.



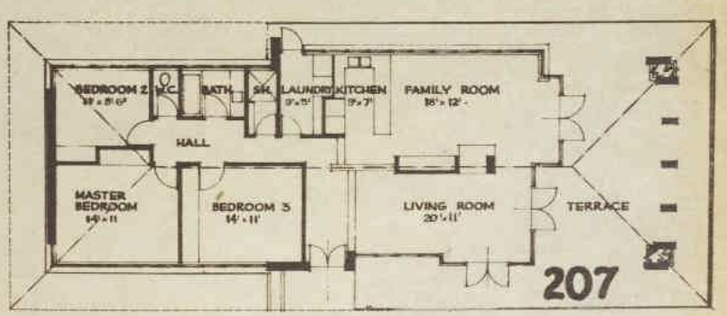


PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows flat bituminous-felt roof and concrete-tile construction. A paved porch carries through inside the house and divides living and sleeping areas. FLOOR PLAN (right) shows spacious courtyard enclosed on two sides by the house.





PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows conventional, gracious atmosphere of Plan No. 206. Pitched tiled roof has a 3ft. eave overhang. FLOOR PLAN shows two-way fireplace in living and family rooms, narrow U-shaped kitchen. The master bedroom has a walk-in dressing-room.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH (left) shows great overhang roof extending over cantilevered terrace. FLOOR PLAN shows compact layout with the living area on a different level from the sleeping area.

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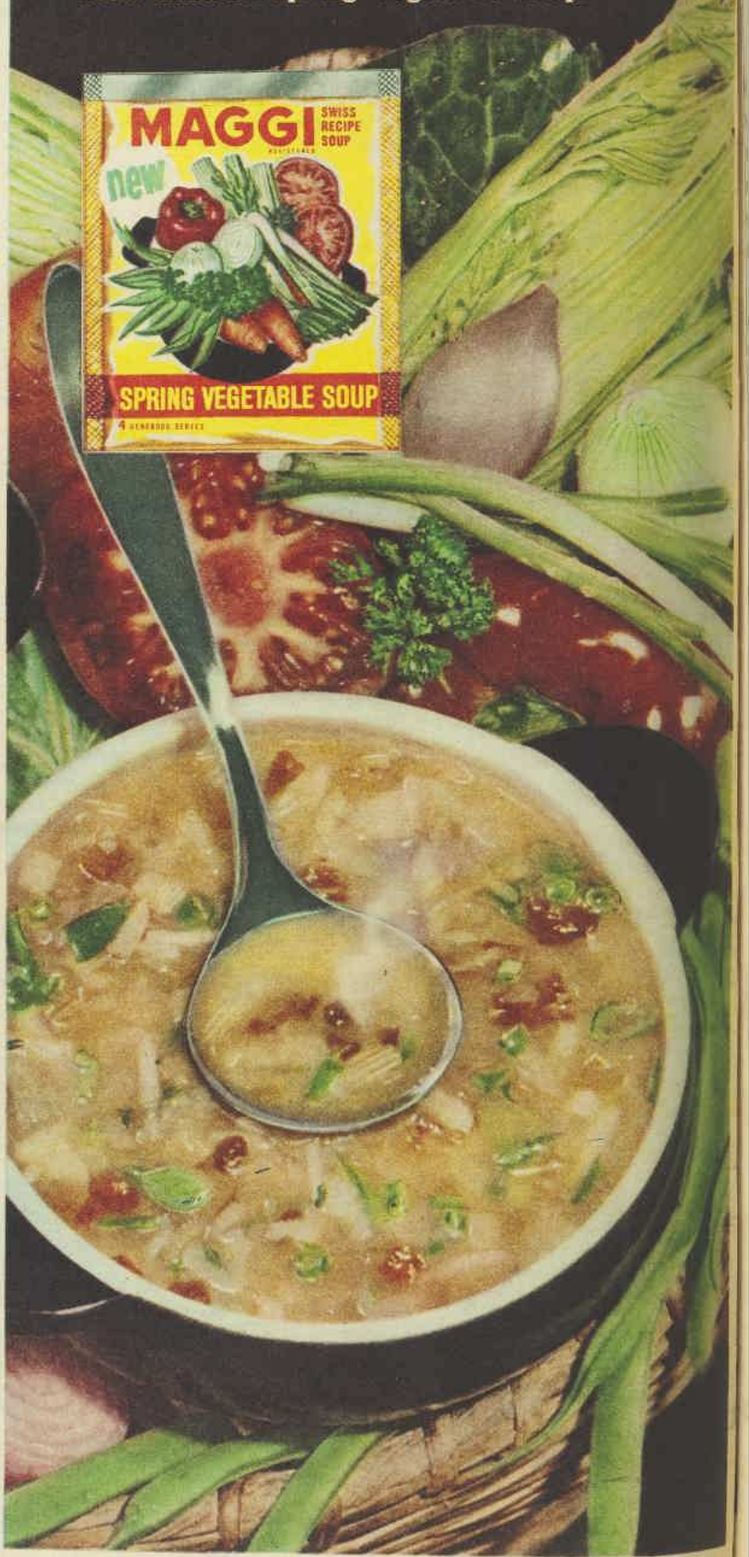

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PUDDINGS for cool weather

CHOCOLATE steamed pudding, crusted cheesecake, apricot custard parfaits, and rosy quince macaroon are the desserts shown at right. Recipes on this page.

● As autumn progresses into winter, the cooler weather makes appetites keener. Satisfy them with the desserts of the more substantial type given in this five-page cookery feature.

COOLER weather usually means increased physical activity, so it is a time when foods with higher calorie content can be eaten with less effect on weight. However, foods that nourish as well as produce energy should still take precedence, because only a healthy body can ward off winter ills.

Recipes in this feature make full use of the great variety of canned and dried fruits available. These help to supply much of the mineral and vitamin content lacking in some winter foods.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all the recipes.

CHOCOLATE FAMILY FAVORITE WITH CHERRY CREAM

Four ounces semi-sweet chocolate, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Cherry Cream: Four tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup icing-sugar (sifted), 2 teaspoons maraschino cherry juice, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 6 finely chopped maraschino cherries.

Combine chocolate with butter or substitute in small saucepan and heat over low heat until melted; cool slightly. Beat eggs and add sugar, beating until quite foamy. Add cooled chocolate and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients, add to egg mixture alternately with milk, stirring until well blended. Pour into greased fancy steamer-basin, cover with greased paper or aluminium foil. Steam 1¼ to 1½ hours. Unmould, serve with cherry cream.

Cream: Cream butter until soft. Gradually beat in sifted icing-sugar, then the cherry juice and vanilla. When thoroughly mixed, carefully fold in chopped cherries. Serve on top of pudding.

CRUSTED CHEESECAKE

Crumb Crust: Two cups semi-sweet biscuits (crumbed), 2 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. melted butter.

Filling: Twelve ounces cream cheese, ¾ cup sugar, pinch salt, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Topping: One cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Crust: Combine the crumbs and sugar in basin. Melt butter and mix into crumbs. Press into well-greased 8in. shallow spring-form pan or into greased pie-plate.

Filling: Soften cream cheese, then beat with sugar and salt until fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Flavor with vanilla, pour carefully into prepared crumb crust. Bake in moderate oven 50 minutes until firm in the centre. Remove from oven, let stand 15 minutes. Meanwhile prepare topping.

Topping: Combine ingredients for topping, mix well. Spread over cheesecake, return to hot oven and bake 30 minutes or until topping is just set. Cool and serve.

ROSY QUINCE MACAROON

Four quinces, 4 tablespoons sugar, water, 1 pkt. raspberry jelly crystals.

Macaroon Topping: Two egg-whites, ¾ cup sugar, 1½ cups coconut, 1 teaspoon cornflour, vanilla essence.

Peel, core, and cut quinces into slices. Place into saucepan with the sugar and water to cover. Cook over heat until quite tender. Make liquid up to ½ pint with water, bring to boil. Add jelly crystals, stir until dissolved. Mix with the quinces, place into serving-dish. When macaroons are cooked, place on top of the set quinces.

Macaroons: Place egg-whites into clean dry basin. Beat until quite stiff, then gradually add the sugar. Fold in the cornflour, vanilla, and coconut. Stir over boiling water until mixture begins to cook on bottom and sides of basin. Spoon into rough heaps on greased oven-trays, bake in slow oven until crisp. Serve on top of quinces.

GOLDEN SPICE RING WITH APPLE SAUCE

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 large or 2 small eggs, 4 tablespoons golden syrup, 3 tablespoons milk, pinch salt.

Sift flour, spices, soda, and salt into basin. Rub in the butter or substitute with fingertips, then add the sugar. Mix golden syrup, lemon juice, and milk, add the beaten egg. Make a well in centre of flour and add the liquid, mixing well until ingredients are thoroughly combined. Pour into well-greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. When cooked, serve with apple sauce and custard or cream.

Apple Sauce: Three cooking apples, ½ cup sugar, rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, ¼ cup water.

Peel, core, and slice apples and add the sugar, lemon rind and juice, and water. Cook until quite tender. Remove from heat, beat vigorously with the butter or substitute and egg-yolk. Serve hot or cold.

APRICOT CUSTARD PARFAITS

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons custard powder, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons sugar, almond essence, 1 can apricot halves (well drained), whipped sweetened cream.

Heat milk in top half of double saucepan. Combine custard powder, egg, and sugar in basin, then add to the heated milk. Stir over hot water until mixture thickens, stirring all the time to ensure a smooth custard. Flavor with almond essence. Allow custard to cool, then spoon into parfait glasses alternately with the apricot halves. Serve with swirl of whipped cream on top.

FLOATING CARAMEL SPONGE

Four tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon water, extra 3 tablespoons water, ¾ pint hot milk, extra 5 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs (separated), 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, vanilla essence.

Place 4 tablespoons sugar and 1 dessertspoon water into saucepan, mix well. Add extra water, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil and, without stirring, cook until mixture becomes golden brown. Add hot milk. Beat egg-yolks with 1 tablespoon of the extra sugar, add hot milk mixture, pour on to breadcrumbs. Flavor with vanilla, pour into greased ovenproof dish. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add gradually remaining 4 tablespoons of sugar and beat until dissolved. Place in spoonfuls on top of caramel custard, bake in slow oven until set.

LEMON DELIGHT

Four tablespoons butter or substitute, 6 tablespoons lemon juice, rind of 2 lemons (grated), 1½ cups sugar, 2 cups milk, 4 eggs, 8 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Cream butter or substitute with the sugar and grated lemon rind. Add the sifted flour, then beat in the egg-yolks mixed with the milk and lemon juice. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour into greased ovenproof dish. Bake in slow oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve at once with cream or custard.

Continued overleaf

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FRUIT FLAVORS...

PRUNE AND APRICOT SURPRISE (shown at right)

One pound prunes (cooked), ½lb. dried apricots (soaked overnight and cooked), 2 tablespoons cornflour blended with a little water, extra water, sugar.

Drain liquid from prunes and apricots and make up to 2 cups with extra water. Add blended cornflour and allow the mixture to boil and thicken. Add the fruit, sugar to taste, and place into a greased ovenproof dish.

Surprise Topping: Eight ounces self-rising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. ground almonds or marzipan meal (meal is less expensive), 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Add almonds or meal and mix well. Rub in the butter or substitute with the finger-tips, then add the sugar, and mix well. Make into a soft dough with the beaten egg and milk. Place in rough heaps by spoonfuls on top of prepared fruit mixture. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve warm with custard or ice-cream.

Below are some other fruit mixtures that can be used instead of the prunes and apricots:

Apple and Rhubarb: Stew apple and rhubarb and flavor with lemon rind and juice.

Pineapple and Raspberry. Thaw frozen raspberries, thicken with cornflour or arrowroot, and add 1 cup crushed pineapple, well drained.

Pineapple and Cherry: Use canned pineapple chunks and canned cherries for this combination. Drain the juice and thicken in the usual way.

Pear and Ginger: Use 1 can pears thickened and flavored with 2 tablespoons chopped crystallised ginger or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, ½ cup chopped raisins.

Note: Coconut can be substituted for the almond meal in the topping.

RICE FLUFFS

One cup cooked rice, 1 teaspoon butter, 1-3rd cup sour cream, 2-3rds cup milk, 2 eggs (separated), 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch bicarbonate of soda.

Combine the cooked rice with the melted butter, sour cream, milk, and egg-yolks. Add sifted dry ingredients and, lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Drop in spoonfuls on to hot greased griddle-iron, cook until light and puffy. Turn carefully to cook the other side. Serve hot with pineapple sauce.

Pineapple Sauce: Half cup crushed pineapple, ¼ cup syrup, juice ½ lemon, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot or cornflour.

Blend all ingredients together and bring to the boil. Serve over fluffs.

PUMPKIN PIE

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, 5oz. butter or substitute, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon iced water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Filling: One pound cooked pumpkin, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon treacle or golden syrup, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup evaporated milk.

Sift flour, salt, and baking-powder into basin, rub in the butter. Add the sugar, mix to stiff dough with beaten egg-yolk, water, and lemon juice. Chill. Roll out on lightly floured board, carefully line 8in. pie-plate. Prepare filling.

Combine pumpkin, sugar, well-beaten eggs, melted butter, treacle, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, salt, and evaporated milk. Very gently spoon into pastry-case. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and bake further 20 to 30 minutes until custard is set.

PINEAPPLE SQUARES

Pastry: Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 good squeeze lemon juice, iced water, 12oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, egg-white for glazing, little extra sugar.

Cream butter or substitute with the sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolk and lemon juice. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, add a little iced water to make stiff dough. Roll out two-thirds of the pastry on lightly floured board and line well-greased oblong tin. Fill with pineapple filling, cover with the rolled-out remaining pastry. Glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and bake further 15 to 20 minutes. When cold cut into squares, top with whipped cream.

Pineapple Filling: One can crushed pineapple, 1 cup dates, ¼ cup water, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, whipped sweetened cream.

Drain pineapple, place juice in saucepan with the chopped dates, water, juice and rind of lemon, sugar. Heat until dates are soft, then thicken with cornflour blended with little extra water. Fold in crushed pineapple, allow mixture to cool. Use as directed.

SPICY FRUIT UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Caramel: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon rind (grated).

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon spice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ¾ cup mixed fruit, 1 extra teaspoon sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Combine ingredients for caramel until well mixed together. Spread in base of greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Sift flour, salt, and spice, rub in butter, add sugar, and mix to firm dough

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make delicious dishes

with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead slightly. Roll to ½in. thick, cover with fruit to within ½in. of edge, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Moisten edges, roll up, starting from longest side. Cut into thick slices and pack into sandwich-tin on top of caramel mixture. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes, then serve on hot dish. Serve hot with custard.

QUEEN BEE PIE

Pastry: Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon iced water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 10 ounces flour, 2oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add the beaten egg-yolk, iced water, and lemon juice. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well, adding little extra iced water if necessary to make stiff dough. Roll out on lightly floured board, line greased 8in. pie-plate with the pastry. Pinch frill round edge and glaze with milk.

Filling: Two cups milk, 4 egg-yolks, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, ¾ cup honey, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons butter.

Heat milk. In basin blend cornflour with the egg-yolks, lemon juice and rind, and honey. Pour on the heated milk. Add the butter, mix until it melts. Pour into prepared pastry-shell. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, bake until the honey custard sets. Top with lemon meringue, dust with lemon sugar, and serve.

Meringue: Four egg-whites, 8 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of 1 large lemon, extra lemon-colored sugar.

Beat egg-whites until white and stiff. Gradually beat in sugar and beat well until all is dissolved. Fold in grated lemon rind, pile on top of pie. Sprinkle with lemon-sugar, bake in slow oven until lightly topped with color.

ORANGE COFFEE PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, ¼ cup walnuts (chopped), 2 oranges (peeled and broken into sections), sugar, 1 extra dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon rum or sherry.

Cream butter or substitute with the brown sugar and coffee essence. Add beaten egg. Fold in sifted flour, spices, and salt alternately with nuts and milk. Fill into greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper or aluminium foil. Steam 1½ to 2 hours. Just before serving prepare oranges. Dip into sugar, then saute in melted butter flavored with sherry or rum. Decorate pudding with sherried orange sections, pour remainder of syrup over pudding. Serve with hot custard.

RHUBARB AND APPLE WHIRLS

One small bunch rhubarb, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup water, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 apples, ½ cup raisins, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Wash rhubarb well, cut into 1in. lengths. Place in greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with sugar and orange rind. Pour over water, sift flour and salt, rub in the butter lightly with tips of fingers. Add lemon rind and sugar, mix to firm dough with the beaten egg and milk. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead slightly, then roll to ½in. thick. Cover with grated apples and raisins. Glaze edges, roll up firmly. Cut into slices, pack round edge of dish containing the rhubarb. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve piping-hot with custard or cream.

RASPBERRY ROLL
(shown at left)

One pound quantity of puff pastry (either bought or homemade), 1 tin raspberries, 4 tablespoons cornflour blended with a little water, juice of 1 lemon, strip lemon rind, glazing, a little sugar, whipped sweetened cream, raspberry syrup.

Strain raspberries and reserve juice. Place juice into a saucepan and add lemon juice, lemon rind, and blended cornflour. Stir over a low heat until the mixture boils and thickens. Fold in the raspberries and allow the mixture to cool. Roll out pastry into an oblong shape. Spread on raspberry filling, glaze round the edges and then roll up as for swiss roll. Place on to greased tray, glaze again, and sprinkle with little sugar. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce to moderate and bake further 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with whipped sweetened cream with raspberry syrup poured over.

Note: This dessert is best if served warm. If desired, it can be served with fluffy custard or ice-cream instead of whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Three ounces dark unsweetened chocolate, ½ pint milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. flour, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 egg-yolks, 6 egg-whites.

Cut chocolate into small pieces. Dissolve in the milk. Place butter in saucepan and melt (being careful not to burn) over low heat. Remove from heat, add flour, stir until free from lumps, and cook 1 minute. Add milk and stir well until thickened. Add sugar, flavor with vanilla. Cool, beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Beat egg-whites stiffly, carefully fold into mixture. Pour into well-greased souffle-dish and bake about 30 minutes in moderately hot oven. Serve immediately with custard.

Continued overleaf

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FRUIT FLAVORS MAKE DELICIOUS DISHES . . .

(Continued from previous page)

PEANUT MARSHMALLOW APPLES

Six apples, sugar, butter or substitute, cloves, 2oz. peanut brittle or peanut toffee, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 12 marshmallows (bought or home-made).

Peel and core apples. Fill centres with sugar, place nut of butter and clove on top. Stand in shallow ovenproof dish. Crush peanut brittle, heat with sugar, water, and lemon juice until boiling. Pour over apples, bake in moderate oven until apples are tender, basting with syrup while cooking. Allow to cool. Remove cloves, place two marshmallows on top of each, and allow to melt slightly. Serve hot with peanut sauce in which they cooked.

PORCUPINE APPLES WITH PINK RICE

Six small red apples, 2 tablespoons softened date pulp flavored with lemon juice, 1 egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1oz. blanched almonds, vanilla, 2 cups cooked sweetened rice colored with a few drops of pink coloring.

Wash and dry apples, leave unpeeled. Cut thick slice from each, remove core. Fill cavity with softened dates. Stand in dish of water, bake in moderate oven until tender. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Flavor with vanilla. Spoon over apples and stick with slivered blanched almonds. Return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and almonds lightly browned. Serve on bed of hot cooked rice tinted pink with food coloring.

PINE CREAM FLAN

One cooked biscuit pastry-case, 1 can pineapple slices, 6oz. cream or cottage cheese, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, whipped sweetened cream, a few cherries.

Drain pineapple, reserve a few slices for decoration. Chop remainder into small chunks. Rub cheese through strainer, add the sugar, and mix well. Add butter or substitute, beat until light. Blend in sifted flour and salt. Beat in eggs alternately with the milk. Add chopped pineapple, spoon carefully into cooked pastry-shell. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes until filling is set. When cold, decorate with whipped cream, reserved pineapple slices (cut in halves), and cherries.

APPLE CREAM BAKE

Six large cooking apples, 1 tablespoon water, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 strip lemon rind, 2 egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup sultanas, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk.

Place sliced and cored apples into saucepan with water, sugar, lemon rind, and cinnamon. Allow to cook until tender, then beat in egg-yolks. Stir in sultanas, place into well-greased ovenproof dish. Beat butter with sugar, add egg, and beat well. Stir in flour alternately with the milk, spread over top of cooled apple mixture. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until batter is cooked. Serve with whipped cream.

FRUIT-CRUSTED LEMON SNOW

Fruit Crust: Half cup chopped seeded raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, ¼ cup water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups crushed coconut or biscuit crumbs, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Filling: Grated rind and juice of 1 large lemon, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons arrowroot, ½ pint water, 1 egg.

Place raisins, dates, and spice into saucepan with the water, stir over low heat until mixture is soft and thick. Add butter or substitute, stir until melted. Lastly fold in biscuit crumbs and nuts; mix well. Press into tart-plate, allow to set. Prepare filling. Heat lemon rind, water, and sugar in saucepan, add arrowroot blended with lemon juice. Stir until mixture boils and thickens, remove from heat, and add egg-yolk. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, fill into fruit case. Serve with cream or custard.

BANANA CARAMEL

Six bananas, 2 tablespoons finely chopped preserved ginger (sugar removed or use ginger preserved in syrup), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Peel bananas, leave whole, and place in greased ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with finely chopped ginger and lemon juice. Melt butter and brown sugar, heat until sugar is dissolved and well mixed with butter. Add vanilla, pour over the bananas. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at once with cream or custard.

PEACH ALMONDINE FLAN

Pastry: Five ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1¾ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ¼ cup cornflour, glazing.

Filling: Three egg-yolks, 2oz. sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ¾ pint milk, almond essence, 3 egg-whites, 1 can peach halves, ½ cup toasted slivered almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with the sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix until thoroughly combined with the creamed butter. Roll out on lightly floured board to fit 8in. pie-plate or flan-tin. Carefully line plate and decorate edge and glaze. Bake in moderately hot oven until pastry is cooked and golden brown. Cool.

Filling: Beat egg-yolks with half the sugar until creamy, add lemon rind, sifted flour, and cornflour. Mix thoroughly but lightly. Bring milk to boil, pour over egg mixture. Return all to saucepan, stir over low heat until thickened. Flavor with essence. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar, beat well. Fold into cooled custard mixture, carefully spoon mixture into cooled pastry-case. Arrange drained peach halves on top of custard, sprinkle with toasted slivered almonds.

DATE AND ORANGE DUMPLINGS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, ¾ cup chopped dates, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Syrup: Three-quarter cup sugar, ¼ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon orange rind (grated), 1 cup water.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Rub in the butter or substitute, add milk, and mix to soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly. Roll into oblong shape ¼in. thick. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with dates and lemon rind. Roll up from long side, cut into slices 1in. thick, arrange in ovenproof dish. Place syrup ingredients into saucepan bring to boil. Pour over dumplings, bake in hot oven 30 minutes. Serve hot.

NOUGAT TART

Pastry: Eight tablespoons self-raising flour, 8 tablespoons cornflour, 8 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, a little extra milk, glazing.

Filling: Four ounces sugar, 2 egg-whites, 4oz. coconut or almond meal, 2 lemons, 4oz. cake or breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 2 teaspoons brown sugar mixed with 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Pastry: Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute with tips of fingers. Mix together the egg-yolk and milk, add dry ingredients to make firm dough. If necessary use a little extra milk. Place on to lightly floured board, knead slightly. Roll out to fit 8in. tart-plate, line the plate carefully. Decorate edge, glaze with little egg-white.

Filling: Beat egg-whites stiffly, add other dry ingredients. Beat in grated rind and juice of lemons and the apricot jam. Fill into prepared uncooked pastry-case, sprinkle on the mixed cinnamon and brown sugar. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce to moderate, bake further 20 to 25 minutes until quite set. When cold, serve with cream or custard.

READER'S CHINESE DISH WINS £5 PRIZE

ORIENTAL flavors of pork, vegetables, and soy sauce are accentuated by the addition of monosodium glutamate in this prizewinning recipe. Spoon measurements are level.

CHINESE PORK WITH VEGETABLES

One pound lean pork, 2 tablespoons white shortening or oil, 1½ cups chicken stock or 1 cube chicken bouillon mixed with 1½ cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups carrot (cut thinly), 2 cups green beans (sliced), 2 cups celery (cut diagonally), ½ cup chopped shallots, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, pinch monosodium glutamate, 4 cups cooked rice.

Trim fat from pork, then cut into very thin strips. Fry pork in melted shortening or oil and lightly brown. Cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add stock with shallots, beans, carrots, and celery. Flavor with salt and monosodium glutamate. Bring to the boil, cook 15 minutes. Blend cornflour with soy sauce and little cold water. Add to mixture in pan, stir until it boils and thickens. Cook 2 minutes. Turn on to hot dish, surround with freshly cooked rice. Serve with jug of soy sauce.

Note: Veal can be used in place of the pork.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Bloomfield, 69 Beddoe Ave., North Clayton, Vic.

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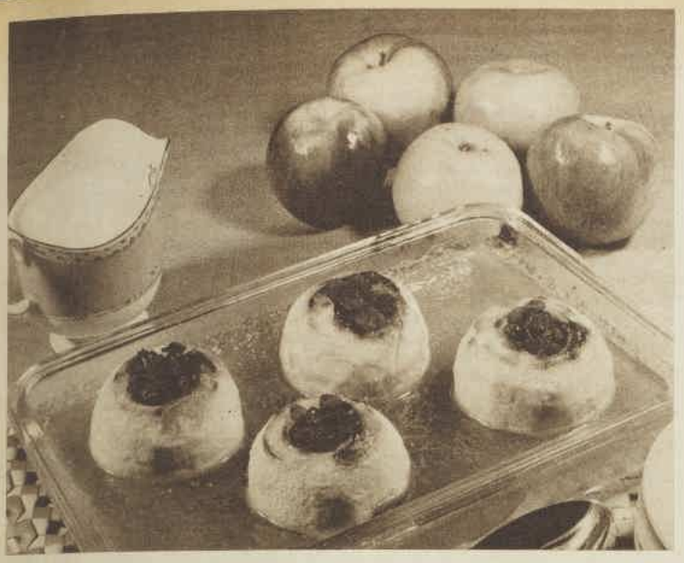


BAKED APPLES are a popular pudding for cooler weather, especially when cooked in a lemon-flavored syrup. See recipe below.

PUDDINGS FOR COOL WEATHER . . . concluded

COCONUT CRUNCH PIE

Eight ounces pastry (sweet), glazing, 3 eggs (separated), 1½ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons soft butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon almond essence, ½ teaspoon lemon essence, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Line tart-plate with the pastry. Frill edges, then glaze. Combine egg-yolks, sugar, and salt, mix well, then add the milk, butter, lemon and almond essence, and lastly fold in the coconut. Beat egg-whites, fold lightly into the yolk mixture. Pour into uncooked pastry-shell, bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and bake further 30 to 40 minutes until custard sets.

GRIDDLE CAKES WITH MAPLE SYRUP

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 1½ cups milk, little butter or substitute, maple syrup.

Sift self-raising flour and baking-powder into basin. Add sugar, mix well. Make well in centre of the flour, add beaten eggs, salt, and milk. Mix well. Prepare pan for cooking. Place small piece of butter or substitute in pan, allow to melt. Wipe out with kitchen paper, pour sufficient batter into base to cover thickly. Cook over medium heat until set and lightly browned underneath. Loosen edges, turn carefully to cook other side. Lift carefully on to plate, keep warm. Serve hot with butter and maple syrup.

Variations: Spread griddle cakes with any hot fruit pulp, lemon spread, or just before serving cover with mashed or sliced bananas.

STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING WITH FLUFFY CUSTARD

Pudding: Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, ½ cup sultanas, 8oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter or substitute with the sugar until light and fluffy. Add the well-beaten eggs. Blend cocoa with the milk and raspberry jam. Fold in the sifted flour, sultanas, and milk alternately. Place into well-greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper or aluminium foil, and steam approximately 1 hour. Serve with fluffy custard.

Fluffy Custard: Three-quarter pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons cornflour, extra 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon sherry or brandy.

Separate the eggs, blend yolks with the cornflour and sugar, then gradually stir in the milk. Place in top half of double saucepan, stir until the mixture thickens. Beat egg-whites, add the extra sugar. Fold carefully into custard with the sherry or brandy. Serve hot.

FRUITY ALMOND SQUARES

One cup chopped raisins, ¼ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, 5 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon rum or sherry, 1oz. chopped almonds.

Sauce: One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 can dessert cream, ¼ pint milk.

Cream butter or substitute with the sugar until well mixed. Add the well-beaten egg, then the rum or sherry, raisins, and almonds. Lastly fold in the sifted flour alternately with the milk. Bake in greased slab-tin 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot in squares with butterscotch sauce.

Butterscotch Sauce: Place the butter and sugar into a saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves and ingredients mix well together. Add the cream and milk and heat over boiling water. Serve over the squares.

BAKED SAGO APPLES

Half cup sago, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons golden syrup, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 4 cooking apples, 2 sultanas, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

Wash the sago in several quantities water, place into a saucepan with the 2 cups water. Bring to the boil and simmer until the sago is clear, adding extra water if necessary. Stir in the sugar, golden syrup, lemon juice and rind. Cook further 2 minutes. Transfer to a shallow ovenware dish.

Peel and core the apples, keeping them whole. Stand in the lemon sago. Fill the centre of each with sultanas and place a teaspoon butter on top of each. Bake in a moderate oven ½ to ¾ hour until the apples are tender. Serve with custard or cream.

OVERNIGHT EGGLESS FRUIT PUDDING

One and a quarter cups flour, ¾ cup boiling water, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Cream butter with sugar, add the fruit. Stir in the sifted flour. Dissolve the soda in boiling water, mix thoroughly with the other ingredients. Stand overnight. Place into greased individual moulds or in one large mould, cover and steam 1 to 1½ hours. Serve hot with stirred custard.

SAUCES FOR PUDDINGS

Marshmallow Sauce: Half cup sugar, ¾ cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, pinch cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon sherry or vanilla essence.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan, boil steadily for 10 minutes. Cool. When beginning to thicken, add flavoring, beat until white and fluffy. Serve immediately.

Creamy Sauce: Two egg-yolks, ½ cup sifted icing-sugar, pinch salt, vanilla, ¼ pint cream.

Beat egg-yolks until creamy, gradually add sugar and salt. Chill. Just before serving fold in whipped cream, add vanilla to taste.

Orange Sauce: Three-quarter cup orange juice, ½ cup water, ¼ cup ginger syrup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Blend cornflour with water and orange juice. Add other ingredients, stir until boiling. Allow to simmer 3 or 4 minutes to blend all flavors thoroughly.

Caramel Sauce: One tablespoon golden syrup, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon arrowroot (blended with little water), vanilla.

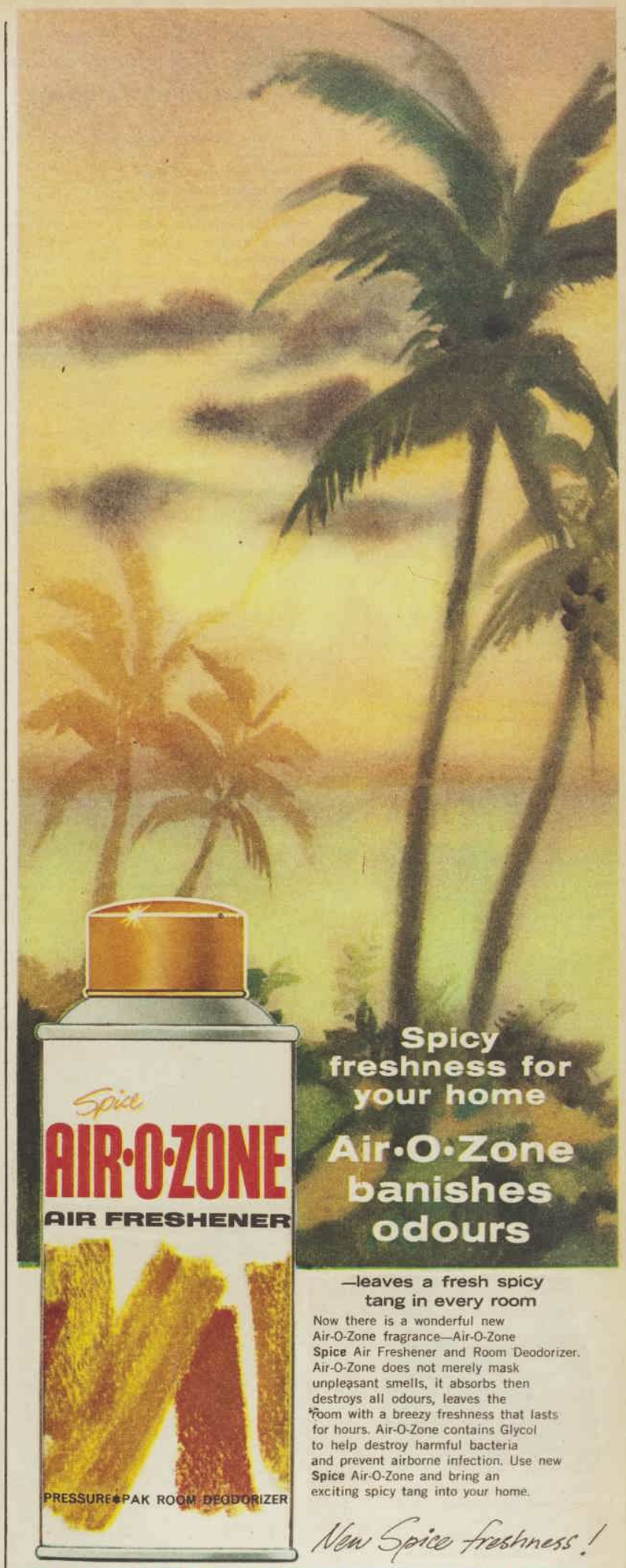
Heat syrup, sugar, water, and butter in saucepan until nearly boiling. Add blended arrowroot, stir over medium heat until mixture boils. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Flavor with vanilla.

Coffee Cream Sauce: One ounce butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 4 tablespoons hot water, 2 to 3 tablespoons milk or cream, 1 teaspoon coffee essence.

Melt butter, add sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup. Stir over medium heat until mixture is thick and a rich caramel color. Stir in coffee essence. Remove from heat, add hot water and then cream or milk gradually. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes but do not reboil.

Sweet Peanut Butter Sauce: Three-quarter cup honey, ½ cup water, ½ cup peanut butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, ¼ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon cornflour blended with a little extra water.

Heat honey with water and peanut butter until nearly boiling. Stir in blended cornflour, orange juice and rind. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer gently 2 to 3 minutes.



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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● *The straight-cut coat illustrated below was chosen in answer to a reader's query.*

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"You said in The Australian Women's Weekly that Chanel clothes could be worn for several seasons and still be in fashion. Could you suggest a design for such a coat and let me have a pattern for the style? My material is pale fawn wool."

The Chanel cardigan-type coat is a very good fashion because it is simple and classic and looks right anywhere. The coat I have chosen for you is illustrated below. The contrasting band trim is dark navy. I suggest navy because pale beige with navy-blue is a new Chanel color team.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"Is white too young for an evening frock for a woman in her thirties? The frock is for a ball."

I don't think there is anything more attractive than a white ball gown for any age group. White can look sophisticated or ingenue.

"Is it correct to wear a belt with a long-torso dress?"

Yes, it is. In the Dior spring collection more than half the fashions shown had dropped waistline accented with a self-material or leather belt. The belt rested on the hips.

"Would it be necessary to line a white lace evening bodice?"

The bodice would best be fully lined. The most suitable material would be net or silk organza.

"I am a young country girl recently come to live in Sydney and would like advice about gloves and shoes. Should I wear gloves to night parties? And what color gloves are best for day wear? So far it has only been necessary for me to wear white shoes. Are black satin shoes correct for day wear?"

Beige and string-colored gloves are appropriate with almost any daytime outfit, and as you're young I vote for wrist-length. With after-dark party clothes I suggest you wear this short length in white or a pastel color. Actually it is not strictly necessary for a young girl to wear gloves to a party — it does make things more formal — but if you like them, wear them. Acquire two pairs of daytime shoes — one pair of low-heeled casuals and one pair with a shaped medium heel. All tawny shades of brown are new daytime footwear colors; these shades blend well with any color. A pair of white satin or black satin shoes will be useful with party dresses; ditto a small matching satin bag. Satin shoes not to be worn till after 5 p.m.

"Would it be correct to have a suit made in a rather bright color?"

The colored suit has never been more important. Colors for winter are strong and clear. Orange and all nasturtium colors are popular, so are all shades of red and vibrant pinks. A new winter color team is off-white and dark chocolate-brown.

DS480.—Coat in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 4½yds. of ribbon or braid. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These home hints, sent in by readers, will save time, money, and effort for the housewife. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

INSTEAD of pinning and tacking unpressed pleats before you sew them, fasten into position with sticky-tape and sew through the tape. The machine needle serrates the tape, making it easy to rip off.—Miss Penelope Taylor, 22 Morgan St., Earlwood, N.S.W.

If you find it difficult to arrange large flowers such as hydrangeas and gladioli, use pieces of crumpled newspaper to hold them in place. Just stuff the paper between the stalks.—Mrs. J. W. Sunners, 6 Travers St., Sturt, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Cut a slot in a large sponge and use it as a pocket for small pieces of left-over soap. The sponge is delightful to use in the bath.—Mrs. G. R. Evans, 42 Birdwood Terrace, Grosvenor Park, S.A.

Sew together two cotton or linen tea-towels that have worn thin and get wet too quickly. You'll be surprised at the extra wear you'll get from them.—Mrs. R. Juraszko, 21 Depper St., St. Lucia, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Use large safety-pins to fasten baby's bootees to the clothesline. Pin through the toe and then on the line. The bootees will dry quicker and have no peg marks.—Mrs. Y. Evans, 15 Hutchinson St., Niddrie, Vic.

To wash men's working trousers: First soak them in boiling water with a dessertspoon or more of cloudy ammonia added. Let stand for half an hour and very little rubbing will be needed to get them spotlessly clean again.—Mrs. Keith Smith, R.M.B. 102, Wenonah, Delegate, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To whiten handkerchiefs add a little peroxide of hydrogen to the last rinsing water. It will remove fruit stains and make the fabric snowy-white.—Mrs. B. Boulter, 21 Beaufort St., Katanning, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Write your shopping list on a luggage label and tie it on the handle of your shopping basket. It is always on hand.—Mrs. Beale, 82 Thurla St., Swan Hill, Vic.

If you have a hint you would like to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay a prize of £1/1/- for each hint we publish.

When boiling milk for custards, coffee, etc., add a little sugar. This will prevent the milk catching and leaves the saucepan clean. I have found that sugar added also to boiling porridge and sago makes the saucepan much easier to clean.—Mrs. R. J. Brown, The Rectory, Mansfield, Vic.

★ ★ ★

If you prefer dark gingerbread, add one tablespoon of melted chocolate to the treacle or syrup and spices in the recipe. This also gives a delicious flavor.—Mrs. J. Chilvers, Sorell St. George Town, Tas.

★ ★ ★

When knitting long-sleeved sweaters for children or men, knit crochet cotton the same shade as the wool into the elbows for six or seven inches. With this reinforcement you'll find the elbows will wear twice as long.—Mrs. G. Wass, 26 Sinclair St., Rivervale, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Instead of using sugar to sweeten porridge, line a warmed bowl with approximately one dessertspoon of honey.—Mrs. A. A. Russell, 305 Nelson Rd., Mt. Nelson, Hobart.

★ ★ ★

Wherever possible, especially on children's everyday clothes, use buttons with four holes and sew each two holes with a separate thread. They'll stay on longer and won't be so easily lost.—Mrs. D. Scott, 48 Wardrop St., Mackay, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When making tomato jam, add three mashed bananas and three passionfruit to approximately 6lb. of tomatoes. The result is a very pleasing "fruit salad" flavor.—Mrs. J. Nee, Milton, South Coast, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

The easiest way to clean a food grater after use is with a toothbrush. Keep one on the sink for this purpose.—Mrs. Fay P. Stafford, Railway Terrace, Schofields, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

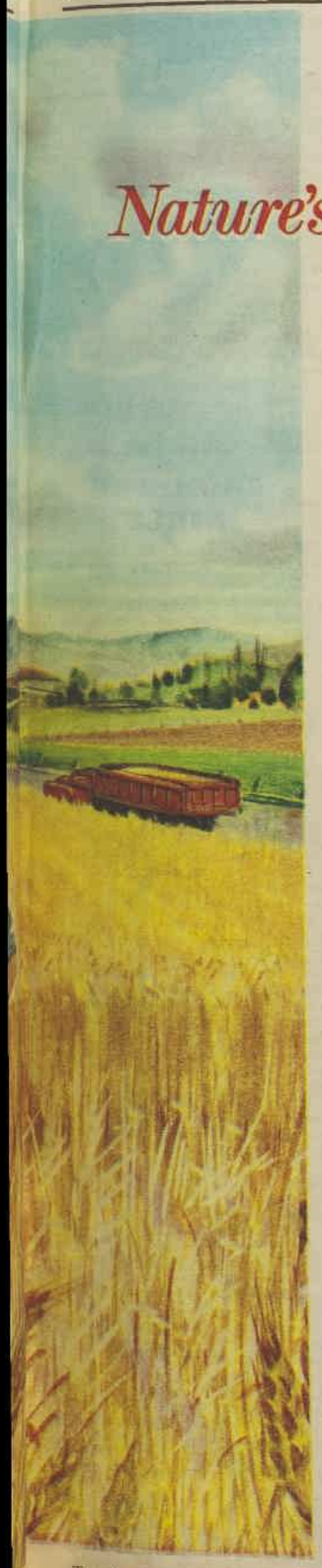
Add a small piece of fresh lemon rind to rhubarb or dried apricots when you put them on to cook. They will then require less sugar and the flavor of the fruit is improved.—Mrs. M. G. Brown, 34 Glasson St., Chinchilla, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Smoke and grime will wash off the bottom of pots and pans easily if they are soaped before being used over a barbecue fire.—Mrs. M. Hetherington, Flat 18, 14a Chapel St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

★ ★ ★

A paste made with cream of tartar moistened with peroxide will remove stains from baths. For obstinate stains, allow the paste to remain on for several hours then rinse off with warm water.—Mrs. M. E. Tobin, 4 Towns Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.



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Continuing . . . UNACCOUNTABLE AFFAIR

from page 33

"Saturday's nice for parties," Barbara said.

"Yes, but the library is open till nine."

"Then Sunday evening — a barbecue," Judith said. "Here on the patio." Kitty and Barbara had only backyards. "Harry loves an excuse to do steaks, and I'll wangle the budget."

"I'll do salad and rolls," Barbara offered. "And Roger can ask Mr. Simpkins."

"Dessert," Kitty promised. "Also, we'll help with the drinks, and I'll take care of Rose — including what she wears. But, golly, will you look what time it is! Call for you tomorrow."

One child by the hand and one in the stroller, she hurried off to fold her nappies. Barbara went to make meat loaf. Judith popped Ian and Sandra into the tub.

"A party? How sweet of you, Kitty. I'd love to come, but as a matter of fact—"

"Listen," Kitty said. "Just for once, will you? I don't mean smile and pretend. I mean, listen."

"Why, Kitty, I always do."

"You don't," Kitty said. "You're wishing right now that meddlesome matchmakers would leave you alone."

"Oh, no," said Rose. Oh, yes, she meant.

"But the point is, you're nearly thirty—"

"Not quite twenty-nine."

"The same thing, practically," Kitty said, lavish with birthdays that were not her own. "And unless you really want to be an old maid—"

Nobody wants this in her secret heart. Rose stared through parlor window-panes — small, old-fashioned, faintly lavender glass — toward a far-off blue horizon. She had been waiting vaguely for something, but didn't know what it was. She liked to say that she liked everything the way it was — but nothing stays the same.

"And, anyhow," said Kitty, "it's just a party."

Both of them knew it was something more. "O.K.," Rose said. "I'll come."

"Well, fine. Now let's have a look at your clothes closet," Kitty said.

The new girdle was too tight. The new dress navy-blue, because dark colors are slimming. A Peter Pan collar for youthfulness. Spike-heeled red pumps. Rose wouldn't cut her hair, but she had washed it after work on Saturday.

She tied it back with a red ribbon, then put on jeans and a sweater, comfortable if not becoming, and time enough for elegance later on; propriety would certainly be expected from a Mrs. Arnold Simpkins. But suppose he doesn't like me?

Her eyes crinkled. He would like her, if she wanted it that way. Women had powers men barely guessed at. But not, perhaps, for ever. No matter. She had reached the age of reason and intended to be practical from now on. Common-sense marriages often worked out best.

Rose went downstairs, let out the cat, took in the paper, made coffee and pancakes with honey syrup, and dawdled over breakfast, enjoying it with special poignancy, as for a blessing soon to be withdrawn. She couldn't imagine Mr. Simpkins being lazy, even on Sundays; he looked like a time-schedule man and possibly would want his coffee weak and his toast made from diet bread.

Rose hadn't met him yet, but she had seen him—really quite handsome; tall and fair, and with a pleasant smile. She didn't doubt that he would make a good husband and family man. Suddenly, deep in her mind, she saw three little girls with flaxen hair, sniffles, and high I.Q.s—and sighed and ate the last pancake.

Then she washed the dishes, because she never left her kitchen less than spotless. Mowed the lawn, weeded three flower borders, picked strawberries, and piled them in one of grandma's green-lined Chinese bowls.

It got to be past noon and she was hungry. Better have a good lunch, she decided, especially considering how Judith lost her nerve when buying steaks, Barbara's salad was apt to be gelatine and marshmallows, and Kitty would no doubt settle for store ice-cream. Lobsters? Why not? thought Rose.

She took a string bag from its hook in the back entry and went to Hansen's fishhouse on the old dock. Boiled lobsters from Cap'n Eric were a Twin Cove institution, and she thought: Why don't I fix a casserole for the party? "Hi, Cap'n Eric. Can you give me half a dozen?"

"Would if I could. Fact is, I didn't set many pots last night. Ain't quite so spry as I used to be, somehow."

Cap'n Eric moved back from the doorway. "Come on in—I've got three left."

"Three?" somebody said, "Hey, now."

Rose turned slowly. Her heart had stirred faintly, as a wave sometimes lifts and then subsides. A still-remembered voice, though long unheard. It couldn't really be—

"Three," he repeated, "and already sold? What am I going to do about five hungry people on the Araminta?"

The wave lifted again and curled and broke. She knew before she looked what she would see—red hair, green eyes, and high-boned, freckled cheeks. He used to have more freckles in high school—or possibly had been less tanned. Used to wear khaki pants and striped T-shirts, but not fancy leather sandals. Rose could remember sneakers and ski boots. She said, "Hello, Hank Winters."

There was a pause too brief to measure, yet long enough for a quick prick of pain. Had she changed so much he didn't recognise—

"Rose!" Hank Winters said. "Say, this is great. I wondered if I would see you—it's been a long while. Couldn't be sure you were still here."

"Oh, yes, I'm here," Rose said. "But I—we—didn't know you were back."

"Briefly. Got in last night."

"I saw the Araminta—she's quite grand." Plushy, Rose thought privately. White paint and polished brass—polished passengers, too. Suntans, sunglasses, clipped voices, easy laughter, expensive clothing.

On the Araminta, if they wanted lobsters for lunch and didn't get them the cook would be in trouble. She felt sad to find Hank working for holiday visitors; he had had bigger dreams.

"Three lobsters," she said, "are better than none. Couldn't you stretch them out somehow?"

"I thought you wanted them," Hank said.

"Not any more."

To page 57

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"The Lord is risen indeed."*** ***—Luke 24: 34.***

Christ had journeyed along the road with two sad disciples who did not recognise Him. Later, when they found out who He was, their cry rang out, "The Lord is risen indeed."

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"Nor me," he said, "any more. How are you, Rose?"

"Oh, fine." (As if he couldn't see.) "And you?"

"Topnotch. Or put it the Twin Cove way — I can't complain."

He smiled. She smiled. Her cheeks felt hot. She couldn't know that they looked cool and fresh and were the color of clove pinks. It was fun seeing Hank again. They had gone steady, senior year at high school. She could remember dates, dances, his rattly little car, a few kisses, a few wild promises.

Goodness, how long ago. How young they were. Graduation came and Hank went into the Army. Grandma needed Rose — that was the year her eyesight failed. There had been letters dwindling to post cards, then silence, for such is life. Hank's folk left town to live in Florida, and Rose forgot — or thought she had forgotten.

"S'pose you are married by now," Hank said.

"Not yet. And you?"

"Not yet."

Another pause, as if important news had been exchanged. "Please take the lobsters, Hank. Those people on the yacht—"

"They can open some cans," he said. "Or some bottles. I want to walk home with you."

Continuing . . .

UNACCOUNTABLE AFFAIR

from page 56

"But won't you lose your job?"

His frog-green eyes narrowed. He said after a moment, "Plenty of jobs," and reached for the string bag. "Pile 'em in, Cap'n Eric."

The path through the pasture was long, then short — never before so short. Here was the gap in the stone wall, the flagged path leading to the back door, and then, then — then what? Goodbye — thank you — it's been so nice. Suddenly Miss Rose Mason, practised walker and as surefooted as a goat, stumbled and twisted her ankle. "Golly!" she said. "That hurt."

"Better let me help you in," Hank said, and did so. He had strong, wiry fingers and a firm arm. And if she needed a bandage he knew first aid.

Rose said, "If I rest it a little while."

And then — well, it was lunchtime, wasn't it? And all that lobster, she said — perhaps with mayonnaise? Hank said he liked it hot. She had cream and eggs? Plenty of both in Rose's icebox. "Then tell me where the hammer is and rest your foot," Hank said.

The lobster in its creamy sauce was as pink and gold as a sunset. There were tiny hot biscuits, crisp outside and soft within, better than Rose could make, though she was proud of her light touch with bread and pastry. Garden lettuce dressed with vinegar and sugar. Strawberries from the green-lined bowl to dip in wine. Black, sweet coffee.

Rose said he really could cook, and Hank replied that some of the places he'd been it was the only way to get a decent meal.

"You ought to be chef," she said, "on an ocean liner instead of the Araminta."

"Well, the fact is —" He broke off. "Liners go back and forth like railroad trains, but yachts go everywhere."

"And you've been, too, I guess? Everywhere, I mean?"

"Not up to now. Plenty of places left and plenty of time."

Plenty of time, Rose thought. Of course there was. Why had she felt that it was drawing in? "Tell me," she said, "about some of the places you have seen."

Clocks steadily say tick-tock and tell each hour in its turn. They do not jump from two to six without notice — or, anyhow, aren't supposed to. Clouds in the west climbed higher and had turned from pearl to threatening grey and thunder rumbled. There was one strawberry left in the bowl. Hank said, "For you."

Rose said, "No, you."

THE doorbell rang, a loud, prolonged shrilling, as if this weren't the first time but more probably the last. Rose said, "Oh, hush," then went to answer it, for she had gentle manners. She didn't recognise Mr. Arnold Simpkins, hat in hand, receding fair hair ruffled by the wind, a hint of impatience in eyes and lips. "Hello?" she said. Her smile was radiant: how could he know it was because she was so happy she would have smiled at a mushroom?

He thought it was for his sake and, although pleased, he was not surprised, being fairly well aware of his status as Twin Cove Eligible Bachelor No. 1. "Miss Mason? My name is Simpkins."

"Oh, yes," said Rose.

He looked at her thoughtfully. "If you aren't quite ready—"

Ready for what? Rose wondered. Simpkins? she thought. Deep in her mind she knew the answer but wouldn't let knowledge come to the surface. She made a gesture as if brushing away a fly, and with it went all the calm, sensible plans of the past few days—a husband who might someday be president of the bank and senior warden at St. James, the unborn little girls and boys with flaxen hair and high I.Q.s, the solid status of a married woman.

None of it mattered set against another hour with Hank Winters before the Araminta sailed away. This stranger on her steps was an interruption to more important things.

"Thank you so much," said Rose, "but nothing today," and gently closed the door.

Lightning flashed as she turned and in the hall mirror she saw what Mr. Simpkins must have seen when he suggested that she wasn't quite ready—jeans, sweater, an untidy pony tail. Oh, gosh, Rose thought. Oh, gracious. And went hastily upstairs. It wouldn't take a minute. It took longer.

While she was gone Hank had put records on the player. "The rain in Spain" — it was also raining in Twin Cove, to an accompaniment of thunder and lightning. Rose had brushed her hair and pinned it up. She wore her new girdle and wasn't quite sure whether or not she could sit down. New blue dress and red pumps and Christmas perfume. She thought perhaps he'd say, "How nice you look."

But what he said was, "You forgot to limp."

"Oh, Hank! You knew all the time."

"Sort of hoped," he said.

There was a white-hot streak of lightning, a thunderbolt — the music stopped and all the lights went out.

Mr. Arnold Simpkins had arrived at the Andruses just as the storm was breaking. Everyone knows what barbecues are when the weather doesn't co-operate, and there was a frantic rush to get food and drink indoors. It's not surprising that some time had passed before Kitty said, "Where's Rose?"

Mr. Simpkins cleared his throat. "Er—um'm—I called for Miss Mason, but she wasn't ready. She seemed to be—"

To page 58

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Continuing . . . UNACCOUNTABLE AFFAIR

from page 57

He paused and speared an olive on a toothpick. "Amused" he certainly didn't intend to say. "Bewitched" would be more like it, but he mistrusted fancy words. And, swallowing his olive, he brought out, "Distraught."

"That doesn't sound like Rose," Kitty said. "I know she meant to come—she bought a new dress."

"She wasn't wearing it," Mr. Simpkins murmured.

Harry Andrus said, "Let's have another drink." Because with the power off they couldn't cook the steaks — which had turned out to be hamburgers—just then.

Time went by. The cocktail shaker was empty. Rose hadn't appeared and Roger Mason said, "Perhaps we'd better telephone."

Although the lights were off, the phone was working, but no one answered. Judith hung up when it had rung ten times. "I think we'd better go see — I can't stand this."

Two cars went up the hill: one turned toward town and Mr. Simpkins passes out of this story. No need to worry about him. He married a Miss Daphne Jones soon afterward, and they had three tow-headed daughters with a tendency toward head colds and straight As on all their report cards.

In Rose's parlor candles had been lit. They shone on the bridge of ivory elephants brought from Canton in long-gone days and on a Battersea shepherd and shepherdess, forever smiling at each other across a clock forever separating them — as if to say that time was dangerous. Rose sighed and Hank said, "What's that for?"

"Because you'll have to go."

"But I'll come back."

"You really mean—"

"Mm-m'm."

And so on. A conversation of intense interest to themselves, but bound to come out dull when recorded. Either you've been there and will understand or no use trying. It's a plain and absolute fact that they didn't notice when the lights came on. But a room abruptly filling up with people isn't so easily ignored.

"And you left him alive!"

"Why, Kitty — hello . . . and Roger . . . Harry . . . Judith. You remember Hank Winters — high school, you know? He's cook on the Araminta, and we just happened—"

"Hank Winters?" said Harry Andrus. "Did you say cook?"

Kitty said, "You forgot the party."

Barbara said, "My salad is certainly melting."

"And we left the kids alone," Judith Andrus said.

They sounded to Rose like a flock of sparrows cheeping. She thought of the Araminta soon to sail and precious minutes wasting. "So nice of you to come," she said, "and will you please go now?"

They went. What else to do? This was a different Rose, somehow, and Mr. Arnold Simpkins obviously a dead duck. "But, oh, dear," Kitty said, stretching her feet toward a slightly smoky fire. "She could have done better than a cook."

Harry Andrus passed her a hamburger on a buttered bun. "Could be Hank Winters cooks on that yacht, I wouldn't know. But I do know he owns it. He made a pile in Venezuela oil and he's branched out since. You want some ketchup?"

"I guess so — I don't care — I mean — you mean he owns the Araminta?"

"He sure does."

"And Rose has got him? Rose?" cried Barbara. "Sometimes I think that nothing's fair."

But Kitty, who was kind, said, "Good for her."

In the house on the hill Rose and Hank were saying goodnight. "I wish you didn't have to go."

"But I'll come back."

"I hope you haven't lost your job."

"I'm not worried." Though he had probably lost two darned good options. "Worth it," he said, and kissed her.

"You really mean——"

"I really do."

And so on and so forth. Rose always slept like a top, but on this night she felt more like one spinning dizzily round and round in a great whirl of happiness. To think I waited all those years. I knew he would come back. Not doubting that this was the simple truth — and maybe she was right. What we believe is so, hasn't someone said?

Next morning she had black coffee and toast for breakfast. No butter, jam, cream, or sugar. Kitty came in as she poured her second cup. "Can't stay a minute, but I wanted to be first with congratulations. You and your cook! 'Tycoon' would be more like it."

Rose picked a single word out of this spate. "And what a cook! Better than me—I mean than I. How am I going to lose twenty-five pounds without letting him notice that I'm on a diet?"

This may be called The End or The Beginning.

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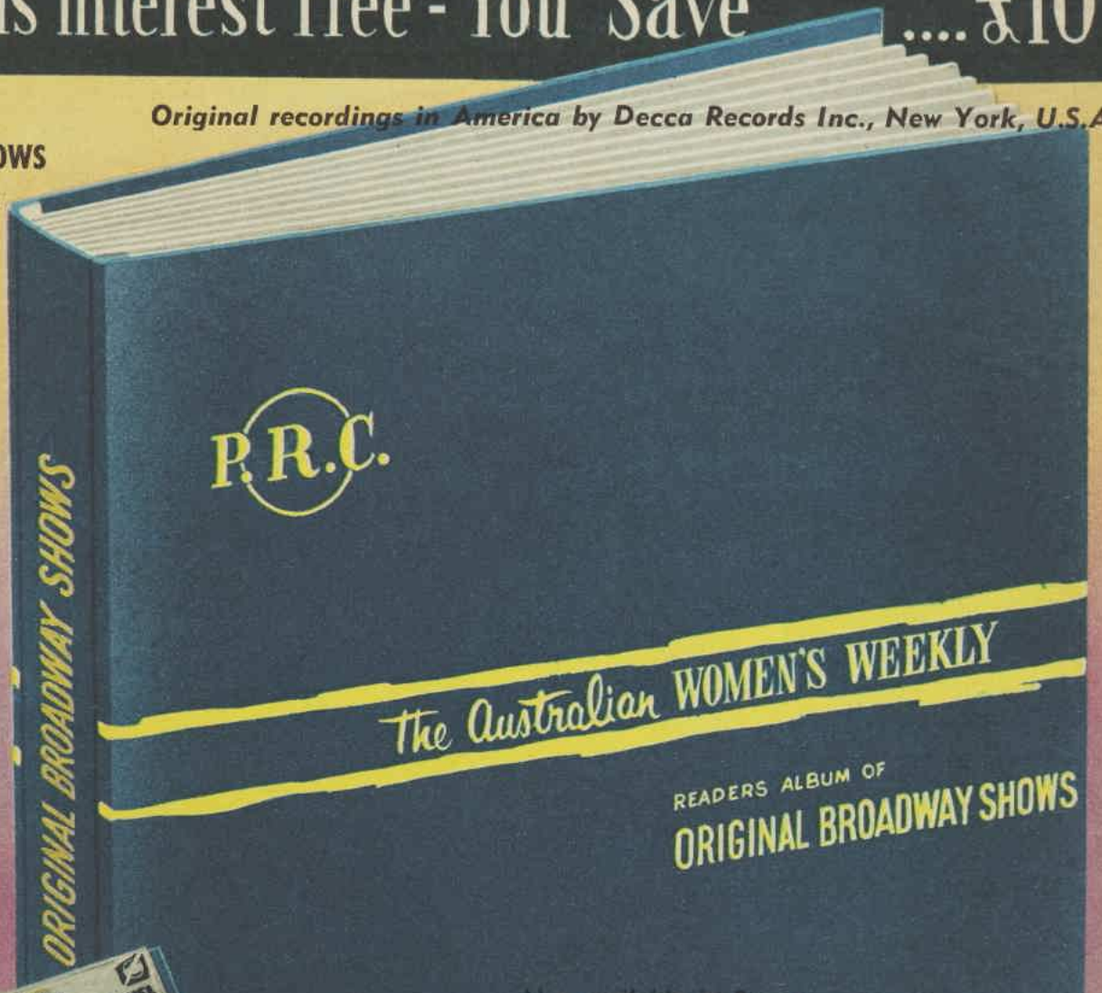

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 29

He remembered his own first sight of Sydney as the Lancaster had burst out of a cloud-bank into a blaze of sunlight; the harbor lying like gold-flecked blue cloth among the roof-splotched hills of the city; and the bridge, massive and almost ugly, that had such a clean, washed look after the buildings and bridges of London.

Why had he come back to England? It had been the devil's own job getting a passage for Belle, and everyone had advised against it. He could quite easily have stretched his tour out there to another year, and by then the war would have been over. He had come back because he had wanted to show England to Belle, even if it was at its worst.

Every day he had been away from it he had missed it more; he had become sentimentally nostalgic for it, even carrying a tattered copy of Rupert Brooke with him wherever he had gone. He, the born explorer, as he had thought, had only proved to be an Englishman whose roots were deep in home.

Then John came running down from the far end of the platform, his thin legs shimmering in the smoke-laden sunlight, his school cap in his hand and his socks down round his ankles. Thank heaven both my sons are boys, and not sissies, thought Adam; then said, "Pull your socks up and put your cap on."

John was twelve, still indeterminate in features, build, and outlook. He was the mystery that is all young boys, and yet at any moment you felt a page would be turned and he would be revealed as the man he would some day be. He had something of both his father and mother in him, yet there was also in him the stranger that was himself. It came out of him occasionally, in sudden quirks of mood, but not today. Today excitement made him transparent, any young boy about to welcome doting grandparents for the first time. "Here comes the train!"

"How do we all look?" Belle said, casting a sick glance at the smear on her coat.

"We'll pass," Matt said. "After all, this isn't a Royal visit."

"Watch yourself," said Belle. "They're my mum and dad. You three had better create a good impression or I'll clip you all under the ear. And that goes for you, too, darling heart."

"Every inch a lady," said Adam. "Your parents will notice the improvement in you."

The arrival of the Harveys was as confused and emotional as Adam had feared it would be. He was not afraid of nor did he dislike emotion; but he preferred it in private and not on a railway platform. Lips met cheeks to a taste of tears, and fingers fumbled with each other in a wrestle of handshakes.

● Some enterprising statistician has calculated that in the average American home every year someone has to: wash one acre of dirty dishes, launder three miles of clothes, scrub five miles of floor, wash one mile of glass, and shave 36,000 square inches of masculine face.

"Oh, the children look just like their photos!" Aileen Harvey was not as tall as her daughter, but there was a resemblance: it was she who had contributed most to Belle's good looks. She lacked the dignity that occasionally showed in Belle, but she had been brought up and lived in an environment where dignity was considered a form of snobbishness.

"Every one of you!" Aileen exclaimed. "I'd have known you anywhere. Even you, Adam, in your bowler hat!"

"Don't exaggerate," Matthew Harvey said to his wife. "You wouldn't know your own daughter on the other side of the road."

"Are you short-sighted, too, Grandma?" Sarah said. "Mummy is."

"Blind as a bat, Dad calls her." John already had one sock down round his ankle again; he stood grinning in the vice of his grandfather's arm.

"You should wear glasses, Belle," Aileen said, opening her eyes, trying to look as long-sighted as possible.

"So should you," said Belle, and kissed her mother's cheek again. She felt constrained by her mother's presence, unable to decide exactly how to set their relationship. She had corresponded almost every week with her mother and father over the past seventeen years, but that, she found now, hadn't helped much at all. She had been a girl of twenty when she had last seen her mother, newly married and newly pregnant. Now she was the thirty-seven-year-old mother of three children, and she had been too long out of practice to play anyone's daughter, even her own mother's.

"We'd better get our luggage," Matthew Harvey said, and winked at Adam. "My two pieces and her twenty-two pieces."

Adam smiled, pretending to enjoy what he thought was a joke, but when he and Matthew walked to the end of the train there were twenty-four pieces of Harvey luggage.

"Are you emigrating to this side?" Adam said, and was glad to see Matthew laugh at the small joke. Senses of humor were peculiar tastes, and he knew from experience with Belle that the English and Australian senses of humor could be embarrassingly at odds. Adam thought there was a touch of cruelty in Australian humor, but he would never have said so to Belle. He wondered what his father-in-law's sense of humor would turn out to be like.

"This is her first trip abroad. She—what do I call her in front of you and Belle? Do you want to call her Mum or Aileen or what?"

"Isn't it up to her?"

"I don't think she cares two hoots. If anything, I think she'd prefer Aileen. She likes to think she's still young. So do I!" said Matthew, and turned away to hail a porter.

"Then in that case we'll call her Aileen. Or I shall. I've never been used to calling anyone Mother. Not since I was ten years old." Matthew looked at him. "My mother died then."

"Oh. Well, Aileen it is, then. Oh, yes—" Matthew turned back to the porter as he came up with his trolley. Matthew moved briskly; his gestures were definite, almost a little arrogant. He was dressed in a brown silk suit, and the brim of his brown trilby hat was turned down all round; from the back, his grey hair hidden by his hat, he could have been a young man.

Adam tried to guess his age: sixty, sixty-two? Whatever he was, he didn't look it. He's at least twenty years older than I am, Adam thought, and I don't think I'd be flattered at the comparison between us. He drew in his waistline and stood a little taller, and tried to look like Matthew's son-in-law and not a contemporary friend.

"We'll take this and this. Oh, and that there. The rest is being taken care of by the baggage company. There should be a car waiting for us down at the end of the platform."

"And we'd better get a taxi, too," Adam said.

"We don't need a taxi," Matthew said. "There should be a hire car. I cabled ahead for it."

Adam knew it hadn't been intentional, but somehow he felt he had been rebuffed. He was sensitive to shades of personality, and he knew now that he was going to have to tread more warily with his father-in-law than he had expected. Matthew Harvey was no longer the modest suburban solicitor he had met in Sydney during the war.

THE car stood at the end of the platform, a huge gleaming black sedan that made Adam's old model look shabbier and smaller than it actually was. "Everybody in," Aileen cried, and swept Belle and the children into the big car. "You men follow on behind."

"We usually do," said Matthew, and winked again at Adam as the big car drove off.

"You should have written me," Adam said, feeling he had somehow fallen down on the job. "I could have arranged the car for you."

"Didn't give it a thought, to tell you the truth, Adam. I'm just used to doing things myself. Stems from the old days, I suppose, when I had to do things myself."

He got into the old car beside Adam, took off his hat and slumped back in the seat. Relaxed, with his hat off, he looked his age. The crew-cut and the thickness of his hair couldn't hide the fleck of white that showed in the iron-grey; and the jovial wink couldn't disguise the beginning of rheum in the eyes. He was not a handsome man, but his face had strength and character. His voice had a faint crackle to it, like an echo of the whip-snap of authority, and it was not as flat as Adam had remembered it. Matthew Harvey had come up in the world, and so had his vowel sounds. "Well, we finally made it. England, I mean."

"We were beginning to wonder if you ever would." Adam was deftly threading through the traffic. He was a good driver and he liked driving. Sometimes, dreaming alone in bed or driving along in the old car, he remembered the thrill of piloting the Spitfires, of putting them into steep turns with the comforting yet exhilarating knowledge that he could feel when the ultimate safety limits of strain had been reached, of putting them down for perfect three-point landings, of just flying them with the control and skill and reflexes that had made him the best pilot in the group. It was a long descent from the Spitfires to this battered old car.

"Belle used to worry if you'd leave it till you were too old to enjoy the trip."

"I've been too busy making money," Matthew said without pride, looking out at London, the city that managed to hide its money as if ashamed of it. "Then there was that time when Aileen was sick for so long."

"That worried Belle. She almost flew home to Sydney."

"Why didn't she? It might have helped Aileen recover sooner."

Adam again felt the slight abrasion of Matthew's personality: his father-in-law had made it sound as if the Nashes had held back Aileen's recovery. "We couldn't afford it," he said.

"I'd have attended to that. You should have mentioned it."

Adam took his eyes off the road for a moment. "What would you have thought of me if I had?"

Matthew nodded. "You're right. I'm the same way myself, independent as hell. Only sometimes it makes life tougher for other people."

"I'm sorry. If I'd known Aileen was as sick as all that—"

"I wasn't thinking about Aileen. I was thinking about Belle."

Then he turned away, saying something about one of the buildings they were passing. Adam drove on through the city traffic, driving automatically, wondering when his independence had begun to make life tough for Belle. Wondering when she had written to her parents to complain.

. . . . . .

To page 63

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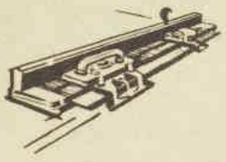

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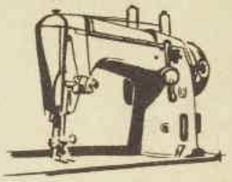

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 60

"Well, what do you think?"

Adam and Belle were sitting in canvas chairs on the lawn at the back of their house. The canvas of the chairs was faded and worn thin; Adam doubted if they would last the summer. He shifted gingerly in his chair and put his empty coffee cup down on the base of the griffin beside him. He and Matt had found the griffin one Saturday morning in the Portobello Road, standing aloof and sneering in a stall among a stack of lesser ornamental figures. It sat now in the middle of the lawn, glaring through the privet hedge at the mouldy pixie that squatted in the Sheffields' garden next door.

"What do I think what?"

"About Mum and Dad."

"I don't know. If you don't mind my being sordid about your parents, they've got more money than I expected."

"Why do you always have to talk as if you're at a bank conference? I know you do it as a joke, but sometimes you sound awfully stuffy."

"Sorry, mate."

"That's better," Belle said. "No, I know what you mean. Mum has been saying in her letters for ten years that Dad has been doing well. But—well it strikes me now that they're rich."

The Harveys had been booked in at Brown's Hotel, in Dover Street. That fact had surprised Adam a little; somehow he had expected them to be at the Cumberland. Brown's was a relatively expensive hotel frequented by conservative Americans, especially Bostonians; the Cumberland was a medium-priced hotel popular with Australians, especially those who liked to move in groups and were anything but Bostonian in outlook.

When he learned that the Harveys had booked a suite, his surprise had been even greater. He knew from experience in business that Australians were not noted as big hotel spenders: he had heard one hotel manager comment that "all they want is a roof over their head and a minimum of service, which is all they are used to in Australia."

When they had first entered the suite, Adam had observed Matthew Harvey closely, looking for the tell-tale signs that this was a departure in ostentation, the uneasy expansiveness or, conversely, the sharp glances to make sure he was getting value for money. But Matthew had hardly looked at the suite, and from that moment Adam had begun to revise his opinion of Matthew Harvey. The older man was used to money and the spending of it.

Adam stroked the beak of the griffin. "That means you're a rich man's daughter."

"Well, watch yourself. I'll have nothing to do with you if you're chasing me just for my money."

Then Matt came out, his dark wavy hair slicked down with his father's hair-oil and his grey flannel slacks still damp from the pressing he had just given them. He was wearing Adam's sports jacket and Adam's best tie, and Belle saw for the first time that some day soon she was going to have a remarkably handsome son.

"That's a nice tie and jacket," Adam said. "I didn't realise I had such good taste."

"You weren't going out tonight, were you, Dad?"

"I couldn't, even if I wanted to. You are wearing my entire informal wardrobe. Who is it tonight?"

"You haven't met her. Girl named Susan Burton. Dad—Dad, you wouldn't have a spare pound, would you?"

Adam gave a hollow laugh. "I haven't had a spare pound since I met your mother."

"Neither have I," said Belle, and turned her head away to look up at Matt. "Didn't I see Grandpa giving you some money as we left them this afternoon?"

"He tried to give it to me. I wouldn't take it."

"Sarah and John took it. A pound each. It's too much for either of them, but I couldn't refuse Grandpa. It seemed to give him as much pleasure as it did them."

"He tried to give me a fiver."

"And you said no?" Adam said.

"Wouldn't you have wanted me to?" Matt looked down at his father, the late sun slanting across his face, bringing out the bonework, making him look old enough to talk man to man to his father.

"You did exactly what I wanted you to," said Adam, and drew out his wallet and extracted a pound note. "Have a good time with Susan whoever-she-is."

"Thanks, Dad." Matt took the money and turned and went quickly into the house.

"You couldn't afford that pound," Belle said quietly.

"I'm a doting father. Or I was just a moment ago." Adam looked ruefully into his wallet, then slapped it shut and returned it to his pocket.

Belle stood up, picked up the coffee cups and turned toward the house. "Why wouldn't you have wanted Matt to take that five pounds from Dad?"

"Darling, I haven't much to pass on to our kids—except a respect for one's own independence. I hope Matt will never take money from anyone, not if it means giving up his independence."

"Taking five pounds from his grandfather, is that giving up his independence?"

"Not in itself. But it would be the beginning. He'd get into the habit of taking."

"Oh, damn it, you're making it sound like some conspiracy or other!"

"No, darling, I don't think your father is up to some conspiracy. But I have the feeling that their money, if we let it, could somehow make a difference to us. And I don't want it to start making a difference to our children. At least, not till I'm sure what difference it will make to us, you and me."

Belle looked down at him for a moment, then abruptly she bent and kissed his cheek. "It won't make any difference in the world to us, you and me. Independent and stony-broke, I'd still love you."

"And I'd love you, too. Even if you weren't a wealthy man's daughter."

"You need a haircut," she said laughing.

"I don't know that I can afford it this week."

"I'll stand for you being independent, but not seedy. Get it cut tomorrow."

She turned and went into the house and he looked after her, marvelling at his luck. It struck him then for the first time that she was the one person in his life to whom he had surrendered his independence. He wondered if she knew it.

John came out of the house, socks down round his ankles, his hair an unruly mop. "You need a haircut," Adam said.

"Give me the money and I'll go tomorrow."

"Grandpa gave you a pound this afternoon."

"Not for getting my hair cut." He brushed his hair back from his forehead.

"Here, here's five shillings. Get it cut in the morning. And bring back the change."

"Four shillings for a haircut and sixpence tip. It hardly seems worthwhile bringing back the change."

"If the barber is worth sixpence, so am I. Bring it back. Anyhow, when did you start tipping? I was fifteen before I was that man-of-the-worldish."

"We grow up younger now, Dad." John grinned and leaned on the griffin. "Dad, have you ever thought of going to Australia?"

ADAM looked up quickly, then tried to relax. I'm getting touchy, he thought. "What put that into your head?"

"I was looking at the advertisements on TV. Then today I was listening to Grandpa and Grandma. It must be smashing out there in the surf."

"It's better than West Wittering." They had once gone to West Wittering for their holidays. It had rained every day and there had appeared to be a continuous low tide that summer: each time they had gone swimming it had seemed they had had to walk half-way to France to reach the water. Belle had spent the entire fortnight reminiscing about the white sand and convenient breakers of Coogee, and Adam, perversely, had found himself defending the grey mud and the distant waters of West Wittering.

"But I don't think it is sufficient reason for emigrating. Even Australians don't spend all their time on the beach. At least not all of them," he added, remembering Belle's stories of her life before she had met him: as she had told it, Coogee beach had sounded like home, office, and church to her.

"Would you want to leave England?"

"I don't know, Dad. I hadn't thought much about it." He looked about the garden and back at his father, sensing that somehow he had said the wrong thing. He changed the subject: "Do Matt and I have to do the lawn tomorrow?"

"Unless you want to spend your pound employing someone else."

"You're awfully tough, Dad." There it was, the old prep. school adjective. Awfully, frightfully, terribly. Belle had derided him for it, and it had taken him a long time to rid himself of it. I've been paying thirty pounds a term for that, he thought. Awfully expensive adjectives. And the worst of it was that Belle herself had lately begun to use them. It was terribly funny in a way: she was becoming English without realising it.

"That comes of working for the Bank of England. Do you really think I'm tough, John?"

The boy grinned, then shook his head. "You're all right. You're not stuffy, like some boys' fathers." He grinned and turned back to the house.

I'm getting old, Adam thought. He had once read a book called "Life Begins At Forty." He had picked it up in the Salvation Army tent on the fighter station outside Sollum. He had been twenty then and the book had read like an old man's joke. He had been twenty, a flying-officer, living a life that had never been so full and hectic since; and it had been impossible to imagine being forty, or even that he would ever reach that advanced age.

But now he was forty, and decay had begun: decay of the body, decay of the spirit. It took longer at night now to drop off to sleep, and the nightmares now began while he was still wide awake. The nightmares of being left alone and growing old: because for some reason Belle and the children were never there in the nightmares.

. . . . . .

"Why don't you get a crew-cut like Dad has?" Belle lay in bed, the morning sun coming in through the windows and lying like a golden net across her shoulders and head.

"The Bank of England doesn't favor crew-cuts. The youthful look is not encouraged in this country. It doesn't give confidence to the customers. They like long-haired oldsters to be in charge of their money."

Adam had come out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped round his middle, and into the bedroom. He enjoyed his shower each morning and never regretted the money it had cost them. When they had bought this house, the bathroom had been a mess. They had renovated it and, carried away by the headiness of owning their

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first home, had gone to the ultimate extravagance: put in a shower.

"We Colonials may be uncivilised," Belle had said, "but when it comes to bathrooms we can teach Mother England a thing or two."

He stood in front of the mirror and combed his hair. It was dark, almost black, but there were already streaks of grey along the temples. If I get a crew-cut, he thought, perhaps those streaks wouldn't show. But then they did give him an air of distinction. You couldn't have it both ways: you were either youthful-looking or distinguished.

He was not handsome, but his face was strongly boned and firmly fleshed: you look a man, Belle often told him, and that was all he wanted to look. His mouth was wide and broke easily into a smile; his teeth were good, but one of the front ones had been slightly chipped, a relic of his Rugger days. His eyes were his best feature: they were deep blue and hinted of kindness and humor. He was tall, six feet one, and still slim.

"It's sticking up at the back," Belle said.

"I'll try a bit more hair oil." He stuck a finger in the pot of hair cream. "A little bit is evidently not enough for recalcitrant hair."

"Recalcitrant. That's a word I've never heard in a commercial. Why the devil do you use such big words so early in the morning?"

He sat down on the bed beside her. "I love you," he said.

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She kissed him, pulling him to her as she lay back on the pillow. "Don't go to work today."

He stood up as, laughing, she grabbed him. They could still enjoy each other: sex had not become a habit or a ritual with them. "Come on, get up. You haven't that much time to waste if you're going up to meet your mother."

"She wants to go to Harrods." Belle got out of bed, threw her gown round her and went along the landing to the bathroom. "It's years since I bought anything in Harrods."

"Touche," said Adam to himself, and wondered if Belle had consciously started on a needling campaign or was just throwing away words as she so often did.

He dressed and went downstairs. He could hear Sarah in the kitchen, starting to prepare breakfast: you appreciated the usefulness of children when they became old enough to help around the house. Right from the start of their marriage he and Belle had wanted children; they would have had five or six if they could have afforded them. He listened to Sarah singing in the kitchen, and Matt and John arguing somewhere out the back of the house, and was glad he had been able to afford at least them.

He picked up the morning post from the table in the hall: two bills, a circular from the cricket club, a quote to rethatch the roof. What dull mail a man got in his middle age. Why couldn't something unexpected and exciting arrive?

He went into the living-room to put the bills in the desk in the corner: he paid all his bills on the last of the month, D for Debt-Day as he called it. The room was large and low-ceilinged; a really tall man would have had to walk with a stoop for fear of bashing his head against the dark heavy beams. Belle, whose natural taste ran to light modern furniture, had seen at once that this room needed period furniture.

For a long time it had been very sparsely furnished, while they had searched around for second-hand antiques that they could afford. They had been helped by Derek Crippen, Adam's closest friend, who knew what to buy and what to leave alone: and gradually the room had been filled, had taken on character and become their favorite room. The one anachronism was the television set in one corner.

Along one wall stood a heavy Victorian bookcase, out of period with the room, yet somehow not clashing with it. Beside the bookcase was the desk, small and with a red leather top; on it stood a globe marked with wavering lines in red ink, journeys that Adam had dreamed of making. He put the bills in the desk, spun the globe as he always did when he was near it, walked out of the room, out of the front door, and down to the front gate of the drive.

The house stood on the outskirts of the village, and above it, in an acre of land that backed on to a wood.

They had bought it ten years ago, when they had had less money, but when houses had been cheaper; today, even on his higher salary, they would only have been able to look longingly at such a place if they had still been house-hunting.

It was a decided asset; nonetheless, it was an asset he found it difficult to hold. His salary had gone up, but so had rates and taxes and services in a much steeper climb; and being an old house, a converted 17th-century farmhouse, it seemed it was continually in need of services.

The latest was the need to rethatch the eastern end of the roof; the martins and swifts had got in under the wire-netting there. He had become a bird-watcher, but not one with any love of birds. How could you love something that was slowly tearing the roof from over your head?

And then Sarah called him and he went in for breakfast.

"Where are you having lunch?" Adam asked as he sat down.

"The Caprice," Belle said. "Mum hopes to see some celebrities."

"So do I," said Sarah.

"I don't know why Matt and I can't come," John said.

"It's a hags' do," Matt said. "Who wants to listen to women talk?"

"Didn't you listen to Susan Burton last night?" Sarah said.

Matt blushed and grinned. "Anyway, we couldn't come to lunch with you. We have to do the lawns."

"Don't forget to trim the edges," Adam said, and stood up from the table. They had never been able to afford a gardener, and in the early days of owning the house he and Belle had seemed to spend most of their time tending the garden and mowing the lawns. Next term, when John would go away to join Matt at boarding-school, Adam could see himself working full time in the garden again.

He put on his bowler, picked up his umbrella and the "Financial Times," and became an Assistant Principal in the Foreign Payments Department of the Bank of England. "You look so distinguished, Daddy," Sarah said, and Adam decided not to get his hair cut crew-style.

"And I'm sure you and your mother will be the two best-looking women in Caprice today," he said, and kissed them both. "Even allowing for celebrities."

He said goodbye to the boys, reminding John to bring home the sixpence change from the barber's, and went out as Derek Crippen's old car came down the lane.

"Lovely morning," said Derek Crippen, as usual without a care in the world, and opened the door. "This sort of day makes me glad I'm English and in England. What I call a 'Daily Express' day."

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 64

Adam met Victor Buller as the latter came up out of the Bank Underground station into Cheapside.

"Lovely morning," Buller said.

"Yes," said Adam. "What I call a 'Daily Express' morning."

"What? How's that?"

But then the traffic light turned green and they were hustled across the road by the crowd behind them. By the time they had reached the other side of the road Buller had forgotten the weather and the "Daily Express." Adam was glad; it was bad enough borrowing other people's jokes, without having to explain them.

"There's a meeting at ten-thirty," Buller said. "Eric wants us both to be there."

"What's this one about?"

"Another foreign investment thing. Your friend Sir Hugo will be there."

"He's no friend of mine. He's a friend of my stepmother."

"If he is that close, he could be useful. Your in-laws arrive all right?"

Buller had once heard someone described as "solid as the Bank of England"; and ever since he had tried to have the description applied to himself.

"My in-laws live just round the corner from us. My wife's father is one of the local clergymen."

"If he's that close, he could be useful."

"What? Oh yes." Buller laughed, solidly, ponderously. "Oh, yes. Rather good, that."

They went into the Bank, through the temple-like interior that was the main hall, and down the corridor to the room they shared. Adam hung up his hat and umbrella and turned to find Miss Fortipan laying some letters on his desk.

"Lovely morning, Mr. Nash."

"Yes, Miss Fortipan. A lovely morning indeed. A 'Daily Express' morning." But Miss Fortipan looked blank, and out of the corner of his eye Adam saw Buller raise his head. He hurried on: "How's your budgerigar?"

She lived alone in a furnished room off Gloucester Road, thirty-five years old and with only a budgerigar in the whole wide world to love: a plain dumpy little woman who had all the love in the world to give, and on whom the world turned its back.

Her small beautiful hands, made for caressing, smoothed down the pile of letters. "He's dead, Mr. Nash. Old age, I think it must have been."

It gets us all, he thought, even budgerigars. He couldn't think of anything to say that wasn't trite or facetious. Words were always inadequate when it came to expressing sympathy, and now he could think of nothing to say to a woman who had lost her budgerigar, her only relative. She went back to the typists' pool and through the glass partition he saw her sit down at her typewriter and after a moment surreptitiously wipe her eyes. Oh, heaven, he thought, why should a woman be so lonely she should weep at the death of a bird? A lovely morning, indeed.

Then Eric Paxit came in. "I suppose Victor has told you the news?"

Adam looked across at Buller, and the latter looked suddenly flustered, no more solid than a roll of counterfeit banknotes. "I was going to mention it. I was just waiting till Fortipan had gone, till we had some privacy."

We had plenty of privacy coming up the street, Adam thought. "What is the news, Eric?"

"I'm leaving the bank. I'm joining Rupert's."

Adam tried to control the excitement that flushed through him. Across the room he could feel the excitement of Buller. He thought, what did you expect me to do — put a foot wrong before I could learn that I was in the running for promotion? He looked away from Buller and smiled at Paxit. "Congratulations, Eric. If that was what you wanted."

"It came right out of the blue. Sir Hugo only brought it up a week ago. The offer was too good to resist."

Paxit was a quiet, gentle man: quietly dapper in his dress, gentle in his voice, and a tyrant towards anyone who made mistakes: he had made more than one typist cry with his quiet, gentle sarcasm. But he was a near-genius at his work and he had risen to be a deputy principal on his merits.

"When do you leave us?" Adam asked, and out of the corner of his eye saw Buller leaning forward intently.

"I've given the bank a month's notice. It was the only fair thing to do."

"The bank will have trouble replacing you," said Buller, and he and Adam looked at each other across the room. Neither of them believed what Buller had said: there were two good replacements right here in this office.

"We'll be sorry to see you go," Adam said, trying not to sound hypocritical, already spending the extra four hundred a year salary. There would be no more penny-pinching to pay the school fees, there would be a new coat to replace Belle's soiled one, perhaps even a new car.

Then he remembered the overdraft and his excitement subsided. The elimination of that would be the first consideration; Pruett, the bank manager in Chalfont St. Aidan, had become rather impatient lately. Still, he thought, ever the optimist, in a year's time we could start to enjoy the extra four hundred.

"One doesn't know what it will be like working for Sir Hugo," Paxit said, and Adam caught the momentary doubt in the other man's voice: had he made his first mistake? "But one has to take the opportunities offered one. Well, shall we go into the meeting?"

The meeting was held in a room off the Governor's room. Adam always enjoyed coming up here to the first floor of the Bank. There was dignity downstairs, but there was also functionalism; there was no chance for a graceful atmosphere where the public hurried through the frantic business of finance. But up here money was something in the abstract; it was discussed, but it was never in evidence.

Adam walked to the tall windows that looked out on to the inner courtyard. There was no sign of modern London: the twentieth century had been shut out. He looked up and saw a jet against the sky, and it was an anachronism, an intruder. Then he turned as someone spoke from behind him.

"Hallo, Nash. Have you seen Gaby lately?"

"Hallo, Sir Hugo. No, not for nearly a month."

"She's been down at Menton. Can't understand why anyone should go to the Riviera in this weather. We don't have so many good weeks in England that one should desert them when they do come along. Are you going abroad this year?"

One half doesn't know how the other half spends its holidays. Abroad, ha ha. I couldn't go to Southend this year. Or West Wittering. "No, not this year. My wife's parents are over from Australia." Adam was glad of the excuse and ashamed at the same time. Why can't I be frank and say I haven't the money?

"Well, looks as if they're ready to start. Nice to see you again, Nash."

There were ten men at the meeting, four from the Bank and six others including Sir Hugo. Adam, sitting at the bottom of the table with Buller, looked at the short baldheaded man and wondered what he and Adam's stepmother found to talk about when they were together. Gaby Nash loved and needed the company of men; Adam had never known her to have one close woman friend.

The banker was wealthy, perhaps even rich, but Gaby had no dearth of wealthy admirers; and, come to think of it, Gaby had never been one to talk about money or the lack of it. Adam watched the man making sharp, flat gestures with his manicured plump hands, putting a dogmatic opinion in his rather plummy voice, occasionally stroking his neat grey moustache with the

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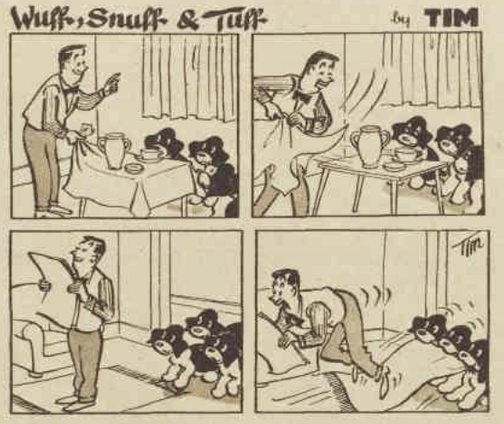
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



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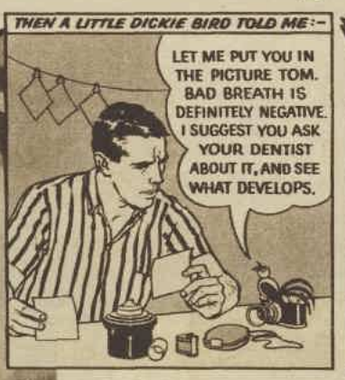

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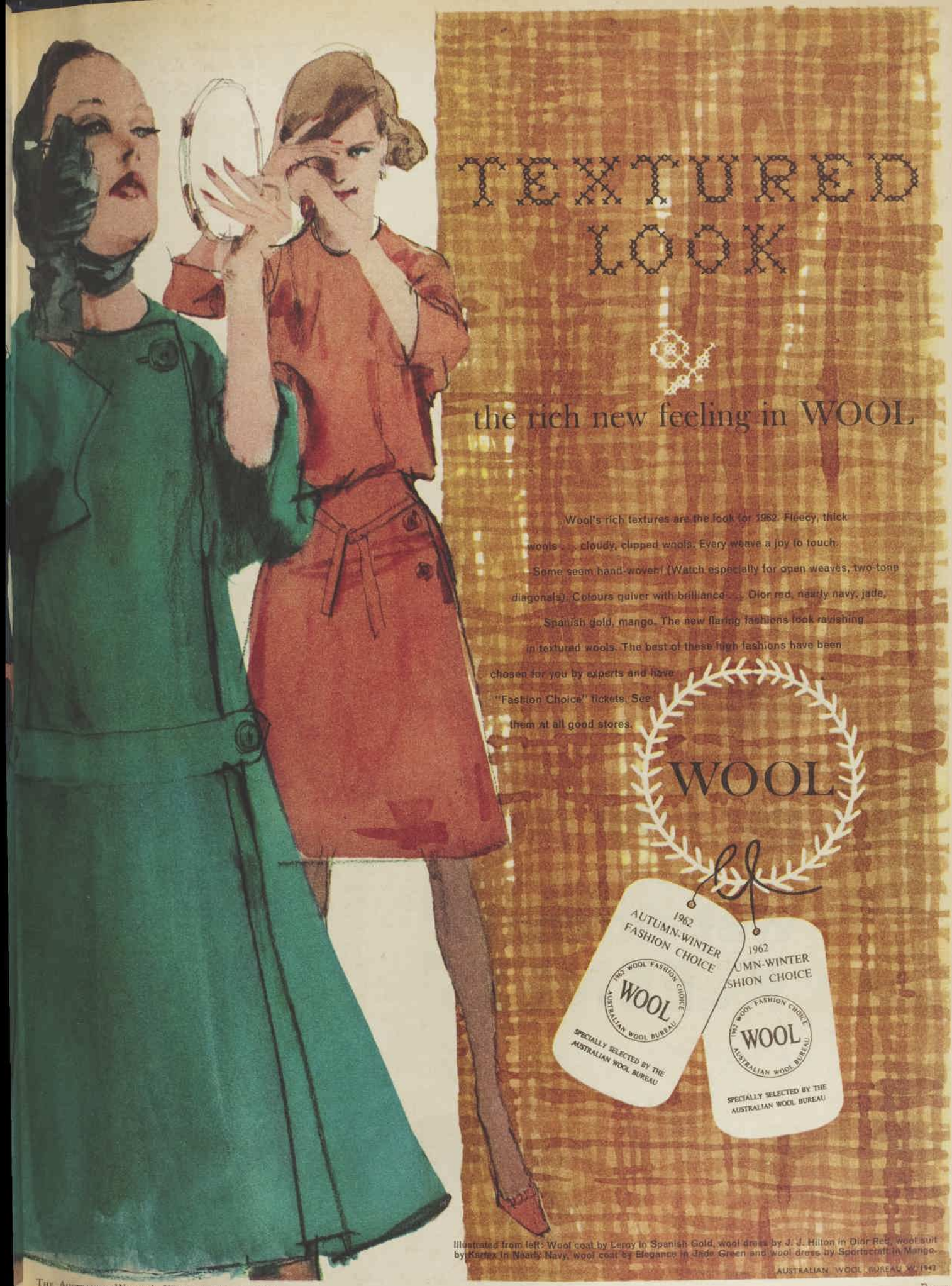

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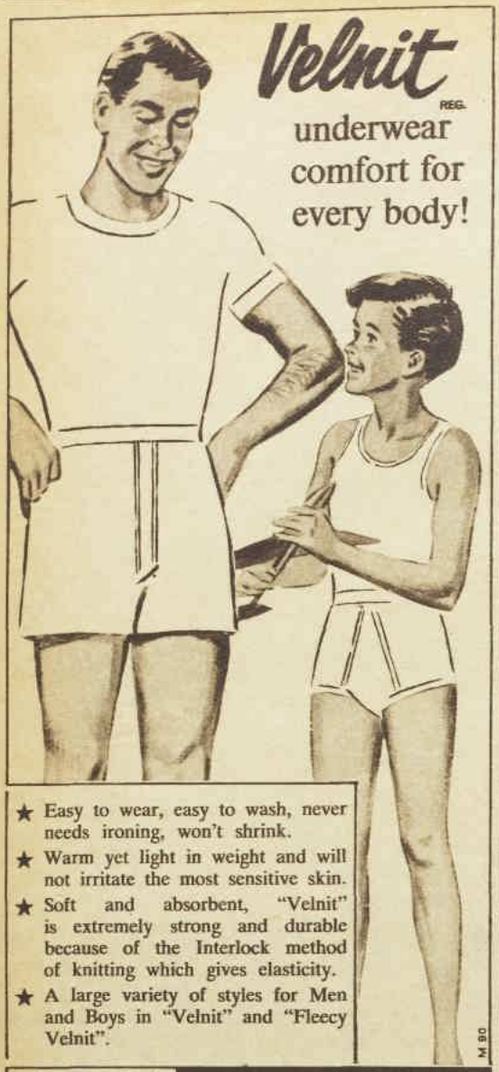

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★ A large variety of styles for Men and Boys in "Velnit" and "Fleecy Velnit".

M 80

Always look for the name MORLEY

Continuing . . .

THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 65

knuckle of his forefinger, and he wondered again at Gaby's choice.

Sir Hugo was a dandy, would know how to treat a woman well, and was wealthy. All those things would appeal to certain women, but Adam had always admired Gaby for her taste and judgment. And Adam was convinced that, for all his reputation as a city banker, Sir Hugo could not be trusted.

"What do you think, Nash? Buller?" asked Paxit.

Adam had not been listening to the discussion and had no idea what the question was about. But even if he had been listening he doubted if he could have beaten Buller off the mark. "Oh, I'm decidedly in favor. After all, the Deutschmark hasn't fluctuated a point in the past month—"

ADAM sat up, trying to pick up the threads of the discussion. If he wanted the job of Deputy Principal he would have to give up wondering about his stepmother's boyfriend. Sir Hugo had, indirectly, created the opportunity for him, but that was about as far as he would go. In fact, if he had known of Adam's recommendation on International Finance's application two months ago he would no doubt have done his best to see that Adam did not get the job of Deputy Principal. Sir Hugo was an outsider, a private banker, but he was an adviser to the bank and he had his influence.

"I support Buller," Adam said when Buller at last paused and with the heavy graciousness of a senior prefect nodded to Adam that he could now speak. "Furthermore—"

And the race, the fight, was on. To hell with the best man winning. I want to be Deputy Principal, not for the title on my desk but for the cheque in the monthly envelope.

. . . . . .

Derek Crippen was waiting for him in the car park behind St. Paul's. "I almost ditched you, chum. I hate this crowded peak-hour traffic."

"Why didn't you ring me, then? I could have gone home by train."

"Never break a promise, dear boy. Old Faithful, that's me. You're a ribald type to be working at the Bank of England. Do you fellows sit there in your counting house telling dirty stories? But you were a glum chum this morning, chum. What's caused the new face? Have they raised or lowered the bank rate, or whatever it is you jokers get excited about?"

He drove out of the car-park, swearing at pedestrians and motorists alike as they got in front of him, a giant of a man who had never quite grown up.

"I'm in line for promotion. A senior post." Adam took off his bowler as the car picked up speed, letting the wind blow against his face and ruffle his hair. He hadn't had time to get his hair cut, crew-style or otherwise. He would have to spend the weekend looking distinguished.

"Congratulations, chum. Hope you land it."

Adam looked sideways at the rugged face with its hooked nose, thick brows, and jutting chin: he looked like a bad-tempered old eagle till you saw his eyes, bright and blue and laughing. "You're a lucky devil, you know, Derek."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting April 25

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ You could have luck in a business transaction or the purchase of a home. It could be success in a job or an exchange of services with no money consideration.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ Maybe you have fallen head over heels in love with a stranger. The beginning of a love affair is always thrilling, but there may be stress ahead before the happy ending.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, black. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Don't meet difficulties head on. Keep promises vague; don't be pinned down. Just now you need to keep free of entanglement so you can concentrate on your own plans.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, brn. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Share your schemes with others. If you belong to an organisation you will probably take an active part in proceedings. Some of you mix business and pleasure with great success.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

★ Whether you meet people through your occupation or your leisure interests, you'll benefit. Some of you, as the result of a surprise proposition, swing open the gate to a new world.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ If curious about any subject, now is the time to investigate it. Join classes with a special purpose in mind. With intense activity the hours fly past. Your achievements could surprise you.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, navy, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Count on yourself to put through modest schemes and you'll meet with success and happiness. This is not a good time to ask favors; a rebuff could be hard to take.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, silver, rose. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Should your beloved be moody and hard to please, use your intuition to discover the cause, then give sympathy, moral support if needed. Avoid jealousy, criticism, or sharp retorts.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.

★ Most of you have plenty of energy to work off after essential tasks have been completed. Physical fitness is important to your sign; watch diet, get plenty of exercise and sleep.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ Whether you are 16 or 68, romance gilds your week. You meet a new thrill or see an old flame again. Little adventures, glamorous occasions act as a tonic.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ You may turn your back on a person or activity because you have outgrown that particular phase. If your romance has gone on the rocks, there is a new one in the offing.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ You may be told where there is a vacancy and you make a successful application for the job. The grapevine telegraph could have news that will influence you. Keep a secret.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

"You're not fed-up or something, are you?" Derek was not all bluff bonhomie. He knew that other men had souls and minds that worked differently from his own. It was one of the qualities that had made him such a good commander in the R.A.F., where Adam had first met him.

"Does a man have to be fed-up to say another man is fortunate?"

"No. But that's the way it usually is." He brought the car to a halt at some traffic lights. "Dear boy, I am lucky. Don't think I don't know that. I've got my business, which makes me all the money I need."

Lucky you, Adam thought. Derek had an antiques business in Knightsbridge. He ran it himself during the winter, the quiet season, and in the summer it was run for him by a young man named Wray. "And I'm left enough time to do what I enjoy most, play cricket."

"Don't you sometimes think of marriage?"

"Not since I was twenty-two years old, dear boy. I've got a perfect existence as it is now."

They drove up The Mall and Adam lay back in the car, relaxed and soothed by the cool wind rushing by them. The sunset ahead of them was brilliant, Buckingham Palace was a volcano erupting a cauldron of red clouds. The Royal Standard fluttered from the flagpole. My city, Adam thought: mine and Dickens' and Wren's and the Queen's. I'm lucky, too, he thought, living in London in this day, as English as the Queen, part of the heart of England. A "Daily Express" man on a "Daily Express" day.

Then they were going along Cromwell Road, past the trees breaking like green waves against the cliffs of the Victorian terraces, and a little while later they were speeding down the Great West Road into the fire of the sunset, the wind in their faces and the car humming with a deep note that was somehow the sound of the happiness of both men.

For I am happy, Adam told himself. Happy and lucky, despite the approach of age and the lack of money. For the best man is going to win, Buller, and I am the best man. Make no mistake about that.

He would let John keep the sixpence change from the barber's.

AILEEN HARVEY tried to make the question casual as well as quiet, hoping that Sarah would not turn round from her fixed scrutiny of Peter Ustinov. "Are you happy, Belle?"

"Of course." Belle, too, was aware of Sarah. The girl was staring almost rudely at the famous actor as he ate, but Belle was not going to remonstrate with her, not right now. Anything to keep Sarah occupied, if Mum was going to ask awkward questions. "Whatever makes you think I'm not?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all." Serves me right, Aileen thought, for trying to pry into other people's business. I have two sons back home and I can never talk to them; I've come twelve thousand miles and now I can't talk to my only daughter. "Do you like living in England?"

Do I? Belle wondered. It was years since she had been homesick for Sydney, but listening to her mother talk of old places and old faces had brought on—nostalgia for Australia, discontent with England? She wasn't sure. "It's a little difficult sometimes. But, yes, I like it."

"Difficult? How?" Aileen toyed with the crepes suzette wondering if she would ever have the courage in a restaurant like this to ask for rice custard.

"Well." She knew this was going to be difficult to explain to her mother: "Well, in this country, if you belong to a certain class, there are certain standards you are expected to live up to."

"You haven't become class-conscious, have you, Belle?" Her mother sounded shocked. Aileen Harvey, still the Coogee housewife, had not yet grown accustomed to the thought that she possessed the one thing that divided the classes in Australia: money. It was a vulgar division, but it was a simple one; and, Belle thought, it was a good deal less hypocritical than some of the things that divided the classes in England. Such as accent.

"I hope not, Mum."

"She's not, Grandma." Sarah let Peter Ustinov get on with his lunch; after all, he ate just like everyone else and there was no glamor in eating. "She's the least class-conscious person in the village. She talks to anyone."

"Are you class-conscious, Sarah?" Aileen said, her eyes twinkling.

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Sarah had her mother's honesty. "I think I am, Grandma. I try not to be, because Mummy is always harping on it—"

"And what about Matt and John?" The twinkle had gone out of Aileen's eyes. She was not angry or even shocked; she was more nonplussed, unsure of herself.

"Oh, Matt's only conscious of girls. And John, he's just conscious of himself."

"There," said Belle. "I hope my two brothers haven't got me summed up as neatly as that."

"Your two brothers have almost forgotten you," said Aileen. "They're too busy making money."

"Who isn't?" Belle said, wishing her mother would stick to trivialities in front of Sarah. She, honest with herself, admitted she had almost forgotten her brothers, but she would not have admitted it to her mother. She looked at Aileen and realised with a shock that the latter was unhappy. But why?

"I wish you could come home," Aileen said, then hurried on as Belle looked up quickly. "I mean, even just for a visit."

"We couldn't, Mum," said Belle flatly, knowing she must sound unkind, but preferring it that way rather than allow both their hopes to rise. "We couldn't afford it. Least of all, just for a visit."

To page 70

"Who took my pineapple chill ade with the melted marshmallow in it?"

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2 oz. shortening (2 tablespoons).

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2 cups day-old breadcrumbs.
1 tablespoon chopped parsley.
½ cup each diced carrot and celery, cooked.

METHOD: Parboil marrow in boiling water for 15 minutes. Cut off one end and remove seeds. Spoon filling into marrow. Replace the end and secure in place with skewers. Melt shortening in a baking dish, and when hot put in the marrow. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F. Gas, 425°F. Electric) for 45 minutes, or until tender. Serve with vegetables in season. 6 servings.

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

"Dad would pay."

"Oh, Mummy, let's!" Sarah leaned forward. "We could go out there in the Christmas hols. And it would be summer out there, absolutely divine! You are always saying how you would love a decent swim again—" She looked at her grandmother. "Mummy's always telling us about Coogee beach, what fun she used to have as a girl there—"

"She was a bit of a tomboy, you know," said Aileen, leaning towards her granddaughter, recognising an ally. Belle had been more than a tomboy, she remembered: there had been times when she had worried about Belle, wondering if she had raised a girl who was a bit too wild for her own good. "Did she ever tell you that, too?"

"No, she didn't tell us that. But she did tell us she won some beach-girl contest or something. Miss Coogee Beach of 19-something-or-other. Ages ago, back before the war, the war she met Daddy in. I told the nuns at the convent—"

"So that's why they look at me the way they do," said Belle, and smiled despite the way she felt. "No, Mum, we couldn't come. We'd like to, but it's out of the question."

"I told you, Dad would pay."

"You don't know your son-in-law very well."

"No, that's the truth. I kept looking at him yesterday and getting little surprises all the time. He looks so English, but somehow he's not as English as I expected."

"He's been married to an Australian for seventeen years, don't forget."

"Would that make much difference to him? Yes, I suppose it would. Even you seem a little English. I mean, you seem to think English sometimes. Does she seem English to you, Sarah?"

"I don't know," Sarah said. "I just think of both of them as Mummy and Daddy."

"Don't think of us as anything else," Belle said, then looked again at her mother. "I never think of Adam as English. He's just Adam to me. I don't think he's a typical Englishman, but then I shouldn't want to be married to a typical Englishman. Or a typical Australian or a typical Bolivian. If he has taken on a little bit of Australia from me, then I'm glad. Just as I hope I've taken on a bit of England from him. It means we're that much closer." Then she blushed. She had never talked this way before to anyone but Adam. "Go on, eat your crepes suzette before they're cold."

"Well," Aileen recognised her daughter's embarrassment. "I suppose I'd better try to get to know Adam better."

"By the time you leave for home you'll have learned one thing about him—he's a very independent man. Especially when it comes to paying for his own holidays."

"Well, that's nice to hear. But perhaps we can work something out." Aileen went back to her crepes suzette, abruptly closing the subject, as if she were suddenly afraid of saying too much. Belle looked at her, but Aileen just said blandly, "Do you come to the Caprice often?"

"This is the first time we've ever been here." Belle laughed with a mixture of relief and amusement. They had got off the dangerous ground of the trip home, but it amused her that her mother should think they were regular patrons of this exclusive restaurant. "Bog in, Sarah. We may never be able to come again."

"This is when I think of Mummy as being Australian," Sarah said, smiling innocently at her grandmother. "Don't be vulgar, Mummy."

"She always was, Sarah," said Aileen, and looked across the table at her own daughter, seeing for the first time since she had landed here, for the first time in seventeen years, the girl she remembered, the daughter who had broken her heart when she had left her to go and live on this, the other side of the world. "Even as a little girl. She gets it from Grandpa."

THEN, a little later, the waiter brought the bill. "I still can't get used to paying this much for a meal," Aileen said shaking her head, peeling some notes from the thick roll she held in her hand. "Four pounds eighteen. I can remember when Dad and I were first married we used to get a lovely meal for one and nine—"

"The good old days," said Belle. "Times have changed, Mum."

"That's what I'm always telling you, Mummy," said Sarah.

And the three generations laughed, only the youngest laughing without regret.

. . . . .

The three of them were walking across the lobby of Brown's when the man spoke from behind them: "Even if your mother wasn't with you, Belle, I'd have recognised you."

Belle turned round and felt suddenly sick. "Jack! Jack Brewster! What on earth—" Then she looked quickly at her mother. "You never told me he was here."

"I didn't know. I knew Jack was coming to England, but I didn't know when." Aileen looked as surprised as Belle at Brewster's appearance on the scene. Belle looked at her mother for a moment, then was ashamed of her suspicion: Aileen was too naively honest for such intriguing as to bring her daughter and her daughter's ex-fiance together.

"Oh, this is my daughter Sarah," Belle said. "Darling, this is Mr. Brewster. I used—to know him when I lived in Coogee."

Brewster glanced at her when she paused, but said nothing. He grinned and shook Sarah's hand, but he was not used to meeting children, and the girl was aware of his perfunctory attitude towards her.

"I got in this morning," Brewster said. "I always stay here when I'm in London."

"You've been here before?"

Brewster smiled, almost a little maliciously, as if to say: Why, are you hurt I didn't call you up? "Six or seven times. Yes, this is the seventh trip I've made. We have some clients here."

"What are you in now?" Belle asked.

"Still real estate. I took the business over when Dad died. It's a little bigger now, of course." His false modesty was worse than honest pride: it sat on him like a borrowed cloak that was too small for him.

"Oh, don't be so modest," said Aileen, taken in: she believed the best of everyone. "He's one of the biggest estate agents in Sydney now. In the whole State."

"Well, not exactly estate agents," Brewster said, his modesty unable to stand up to

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too much depreciation, especially at someone else's hands. "I'm a real-estate developer now, Belle.

"Well, I am glad to hear you're doing so well, Jack. Are you—" again the pause: conscience lay in her breast like indigestion—"married?"

He shook his head and again his smile seemed malicious. "Never had time for it. But I'm never lonely. There are plenty of women in the world."

"Don't discourage my daughter," said Belle, obliquely rebuking him for talking this way in front of Sarah.

Brewster saw his mistake. "Don't take any notice of an old bachelor, Sarah. There are plenty of women, like I said. But only one like your mother."

"That's what Daddy says," said Sarah, and Brewster looked at her sharply, wondering if he had under-estimated the wit and intelligence of teenage kids.

Good on you, Sarah, Belle thought, the weight of conscience in her breast suddenly lighter.

"Do you live in London?" Brewster asked.

"No," said Belle, grateful that Chalfont St. Aidan was at the ends of the earth to Brewster. He had always been a city man, she remembered: ten miles from the heart of Sydney had been the Outback to him. Chalfont St. Aidan, twenty-five miles from London, in the wilds of Buckinghamshire, would be too far for Brewster.

"Well, it's been nice seeing you again, Belle." Brewster recognised the brush-off when it was handed to him. There were plenty of women in the world, but he had had his share of knock-backs. Including a daddy of a one from Belle herself, seventeen years ago. "Good-bye, Sarah. See you here at the hotel or back in Sydney, Mrs. Harvey."

He went across the lobby to the desk, walking as straight-backed as he could, his shoulders squared, putting each foot down on the ball, trying to be the young man she had jilted. But he was surprised that, after so long, he could still be sincere in what he had said to young Sarah: there was only one woman in the world like Belle.

. . . . .

Going back in the train to Gerrard's Cross, where they would catch a bus to Chalfont St. Aidan, Sarah said, "Was Mr. Brewster one of your old boy-friends?"

Belle looked across at the old woman opposite, but she appeared to be dozing. "Drop your voice. Yes."

"Were you engaged to him or anything?"

"Yes."

"Did Daddy break up the engagement?"

"Yes."

"Don't you want to talk about it?"

"No." Then she felt that if she left it as it was, Sarah might get the wrong idea. It was only lately that she had become aware of the fact that Sarah was growing up, that it wouldn't be long before there would be another woman in the house.

"I was engaged to Mr. Brewster for six months. I'd known him for years, and I think everybody, including him and I, we all took it for granted that some day we'd get married. Then Daddy turned up."

"The war hero. This is terribly romantic, Mummy. Go on."

"I didn't see him as a war hero. He was just Daddy, that was all. I just fell in love with him."

"And poor Mr. Brewster was left on the shelf?"

"Yes," said Belle, and felt the stab of conscience again. "Are you sorry for him?"

"Not really. If you'd married him, I shouldn't have the father I've got. I prefer Daddy."

SO do I, thought Belle; and loved her daughter for her support. Perhaps she had not left all of childhood behind her, after all.

That night lying in bed beside Adam, Belle said, "Mum asked me today if we'd like to go back to Sydney for a visit."

She was lying in his arms, the warmth of themselves, the bed and the summer night combining to bring on a langour that would forestall any urge to argue. They had long ago discovered the convenience and comfort of the position in which they lay; the only time they varied it was when they went to bed with a coolness between them after an argument. They had never slept in anything but a double bed; even when they went on holiday they made sure that the hotel room or the rented cottage had a double bed. The capital city of the country of marriage, Adam called it, the seat of matrimonial democracy. Belle herself, less given to poetic fancy, called it the place she liked best.

"Would you like to go back?" Adam asked.

"You know we can't afford it," she said, avoiding the question.

"We might be able to in six or seven years' time if we stint and save." Why not dream about it? he thought. Let us lie here and dream of a new car, holidays abroad, a trip to Australia, all on another four hundred a year. "Paxit is resigning. Buller and I are up for his job." She moved suddenly, jerking her leg, and he grunted. "Careful."

She giggled, kissing him at the same time.

"That's wonderful. No, really. I was beginning to think you'd never get promotion."

"You mean you'd lost faith in me?"

She kissed him again, this time with more passion. "I've never lost faith in you, darling. I gave some advice to our daughter today. I said when it comes time for her to choose a man, to pick a man as good as her dad."

"Exactly the advice I'd have given her."

"I love you."

And a few moments later there was no one in the world for her, no daughter, no son, no mother nor father, no jilted Jack Brewster, no one but Adam. Everything was forgotten but love.

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Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

And it had been like that for seventeen years.

The war was running out that year, and now people had begun to make bets about when it would end. The roll of drums was growing fainter and already in the distance some people were beginning to hear the bell music of cash-registers. At last the time had arrived when you could believe in the future again.

Jack Brewster had prosposed by letter to Belle six months ago, and now he was due down on leave from New Britain. It was a Saturday morning in the spring, and Belle wasn't working. She went down to the beach and there she bumped into Adam. Literally; on the third wave. They both struggled up, she apologising and he laughing and winded, and stood neck deep in the water, rising and falling with the surf, and, as Adam said later, fell in love.

"Is this what Australians call getting a knock-down to someone?" Adam, serving with Australians in England, had often heard them use the term as slang for an introduction.

They went up on to the beach and, while they dried themselves, introduced themselves. He was English in the R.A.F. and out here in Australia on a short tour of liaison duty. She was Australian, a civilian, and worked in her father's legal office.

"You don't work Saturdays?" he said.

"No."

"Five days in an office is all that civilian flesh and blood can stand?"

"I haven't seen you winning the war this morning."

That was the way romances began in those days: bantering, almost insulting each other: their very youth and the place of their contact with each other, here tonight, gone in the morning, did not encourage the courteous approach.

"Oh, this is a great start to our love affair," he said, drying the fighter pilot's moustache he wore then.

"I wish I'd hit you harder out there on that wave," said Belle, gathering up her things, preparing to move off.

HE pushed the hair out of his eyes and grinned beneath the mournful mantle of his moustache. "I'm awfully sorry. Really I've had this trouble ever since I landed out here. I keep putting my foot in it—"

"Don't you like Australians?"

He ran a comb through his hair and moustache, and all at once he didn't look too bad. He grinned again and suddenly he even looked attractive. "I got on very well with Aussies I knew in England and in the desert. But out here—"

"What's the matter with us Aussies out here?" She was fiercely patriotic, to everyone she met: Americans, Dutchmen, even Australians.

This was the first Englishman she had met, and she was not going to let him get away with any snide remarks about Aussies.

"Nothing really, I suppose. You're a people that has all the contradictions of any nation. You look as self-sufficient and as self-confident as anyone can, perhaps a little more so than even the Americans. Or, anyhow, that's how you look in your home territory."

She had never had a conversation like this with any of the boys from the surf club, least of all Jack Brewster. Jack talked beer, football, and pictures. "Yes? Go on."

"You're vulnerable to criticism," Adam said.

"Who isn't?"

"Not us English," said Adam, grinning again.

"That's because you're all so conceited. Or at least you are."

"I'm not, really. No, look—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. Really."

She relented and smiled, and he thought, she's beautiful. "I'm going over the road for a malted milk. Would you like one?"

He hadn't drunk milk since he was a child. "I'd love it. My favorite drink."

He picked up his towel and followed her along the beach. She seemed to say hallo to everyone they passed, and he said, "Are you a Surf Queen or something?"

"I was the year war broke out. I practically grew up on this beach," she said and looked along the stretch of sand as if it were some ancestral strand.

They sat in a booth of the milkbar and sipped their malted milks. "Have you got a boy-friend?"

"I'm engaged." She noticed him looking at her bare finger. "He's due down next week. We're going to buy the ring then."

"Lucky chap."

"Thank you." Now that they had stopped being English and Australian, stopped insulting each other, she had begun to look at him as any girl looks at any man. He's not bad, she thought, if only he'd get his hair cut and shave off that damn silly moustache.

He looked at her for a moment, wondering what she would be like if he could know her better.

"In this country, do engaged girls go out with other men?"

She had been aware of his stare and knew what he had been thinking. "Not if the other men expect too much."

"I expect nothing. Just your company. Is it a go?"

"It's a go," she said, and didn't know then what a go it would turn out to be.

They went to Randwick races that afternoon. When they had left the milk-bar she had gone home and he had gone back to the flat in Kings Cross he was sharing with another R.A.F. officer. Then, they had met again outside the racecourse. At once she had been sorry about her earlier jibe about his not winning the war on a Saturday morning. He wore the rings of a wing-commander on his sleeves, the wings of a pilot on his breast, and beneath them the ribbons of decorations.

"That's the D.F.C., I know that one. What's the little clip thing on it mean?"

from page 70

"A bar to it."

"You mean you've got two D.F.C.s? And what's this red-and-blue one? Is that a campaign ribbon or something?"

"No, it's the D.S.O."

"D.S.O. and D.F.C. and Bar." She blushed, something of which he had thought she might not be capable, yet which he was glad to see. "I'm sorry," she said, "you have been winning the war, haven't you?"

He looked blank for a moment, having forgotten the remark of the morning, then he grinned. "Don't take any notice of these. They were general issue."

By the end of the afternoon, with eight pounds winnings in her handbag and his arm in hers, she knew a romance was under way. It was love at first sight, but still out of focus.

He took her to dinner, in a candle-lit restaurant where the pianist, a maker of bullets on the day shift, played sentimental lovesongs.

"What did you do before the war?" Belle asked.

"I was a clerk in the Bank of England," he told her. "With prospects."

"The prospects won't add up to much after these, will they?" She indicated the rings on his sleeves.

To page 74

What's your choice? Cheese? Savoury spread? Jam? They're all mighty delicious on Brockhoff Salada Crackers, the crisp American cracker that's sprinkled with just enough salt to bring out the full rich flavour. Vitamin-enriched and low in calories, Salada Crackers are popular anytime. Keep some handy for all occasions . . . Brockhoff Salada Crackers . . . always in good taste.

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AT LAST A TOOTHPASTE GUARANTEES WHITER-LOOKING TEETH

New Pepsodent with stain-removing Lindent 'A' gives you whiter-looking teeth in 12 days!

Read how you can benefit from the dental discovery that's bringing whiter-looking teeth to thousands:

What makes teeth dull?

Everyone can't start out with sparkling white teeth. Natural teeth vary in shades of whiteness. Yet, in 8 cases out of 10, the natural whiteness is clouded. That's because film builds up on teeth daily. Dentists call it mucin plaque. It settles on everyone's teeth like dust settling on a building.

Stains from food, smoking

Unless the film of mucin plaque is shifted thoroughly from teeth, it gets stained. Smoking stains it, so do some foods and drinks (beetroot, meats, tea and coffee). The trouble is that this stained film builds up so gradually you get to thinking you're seeing the natural colour of your teeth. New Pepsodent with the dental discovery Lindent 'A' is the only toothpaste that gets rid of film. People who've tried New Pepsodent are often amazed to discover just how white their teeth really are!

Proof your teeth can be whiter

If you've ever had your teeth cleaned by a dentist, you know your teeth can look so much whiter. Dentists use a special paste which cleans off all the stained film that builds up over months. For a week or two after, people notice how much whiter your teeth look, and remark upon it — just as they will when you start using New Pepsodent with Lindent 'A'. This amazing toothpaste polishes away film to get teeth white and, most important, when used regularly keep them white.

BEFORE AFTER

How Lindent 'A' works

Lindent 'A', a remarkable enamel polish, was developed quite recently by scientists working to improve toothpaste. This gentle, but amazingly effective polish works two ways. First, it dissolves the stained film of mucin plaque, removing the major cause of tooth dullness. Second, it polishes the enamel to give teeth a shine and sparkle. *And it's true that when teeth shine they reflect the light better and give the appearance of even greater whiteness.*

Only New Pepsodent has Lindent 'A'

New Pepsodent is the only toothpaste formulated with this remarkable dental polish. Only Pepsodent will give the cleaning and whitening results which will delight you. You'll see an improvement from the first time you use Pepsodent. The toothpaste itself is different. It has an immediate and lasting foaming action — you can feel it's doing some good!

You'll have whiter teeth in 12 days

After a few days of regular brushing with New Pepsodent you'll notice your teeth looking whiter. In twelve days you'll be amazed with the sparkling whiteness of your teeth — polished to a shining whiteness you wouldn't have believed. There's a bonus in New Pepsodent, too — it has a new, fresh, minty flavour which makes your whole mouth feel cleaner, gives you a wonderful "face-the-world" feeling every day.

IMPORTANT *No toothpaste can ever guarantee that your teeth will stay free of decay, so it's wise to see your dentist twice a year. But New Pepsodent with polishing discovery Lindent 'A' is guaranteed to give you whiter teeth if used regularly.*

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F7573.—Smart frock has contrast trim, low flare in skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves, 3yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 4½yds. 36in. material. Both styles require 3yds. grosgrain ribbon. Price 4/-.

F7040.—Sheath frock and matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 54in. material, ¾yd. 54in. contrast, ⅜yd. 36 or 54in. astrakhan, 1⅞yds. 36in. lining. Price 5/6.

F7574. — Pinafore dress has straight skirt, drawstring waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1⅝yds. 54in. material or 3¼yds. 36in material. Price 4/-.

F7572. — Attractive dress has trapeze-line skirt, fitted bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F7295.—Little boy's suit, sizes 2 to 10 years. Shirt requires 1½yds. to 1¾yds. 36in. material. Shorts take ½yd. 54in. material or ¾ to ⅞yd. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F7244. — Button-through frock with long sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 54in. material or 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 642.—CHILD'S LONG'UNS
In corduroy velveteen, available cut out ready to sew. Colors are red, royal-blue, kelly-green, and caramel. Sizes, one and two years, 15/6; three and four years, 16/6. Postage 2/- extra.

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Pretty luncheon set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on cream and white Irish linen. Embroidery motif is a water-lily design. Centre mat, 3/9; place-mats, 3/6 each; serviettes, 2/- each. Postage for each, 6d. extra.

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Easy-to-make gown is available cut out ready to sew in maroon wool flannel with tartan collar and cuffs. Sizes four and six years, 31/6; eight and ten years, 33/6. Postage 4/- extra.

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 71

"Aren't you a little afraid of the end of the war?"

"That's a stupid question," he said, then instantly controlled himself. He put his hand on hers. "I'm awfully sorry. Please forgive me."

"No, it was a stupid question." There was nothing possessive in his touch, yet she could feel him taking possession of her. This is stupid, she thought. Remember Jack, the man who asked you to marry him, who is due back on Wednesday to buy you the ring. "Have you a girl to go back to?"

He shook his head. "I'm told I shouldn't worry. Statisticians have worked out that when the war ends there will be one-and-a-half women to every man in England. I'll be assured of at least a fraction of a girl."

"Would you be satisfied with a fraction of a girl?"

"No," he said. "I wouldn't be satisfied with even a whole girl, not if she was handed to me by the statisticians. When it comes to girls, I'm a very particular man."

She withdrew her hand from Adam's.

"Are you a jealous woman?"

Later on she was to discover that she was; but now she said, "No. I don't think so."

"Then you aren't properly in love."

"How would you know?" Belle said, bristling, because perhaps he was right.

"I don't," he admitted, suddenly grinning. "What I don't know about the workings of a woman's heart would fill a dozen women's magazines."

"Well, never try to guess," she said, giving him a warning for the future she did not then foresee.

He took her home to the house opposite the park on the cliffs. The pine trees creaked and whispered like old women in the night breeze. Down below the cliffs the sea broke with a lazy hollow slap, like a giant animal in a sleepy good temper; and a youth went by whistling quietly, seventeen and in love and still a year away from war. Adam and Belle stood in the shadow of her doorway, secret from the world.

He kissed her goodnight, and she said, "If ever you want to do that again, you'll have to shave it off. Your moustache."

"It's my pride and joy. My principal decoration. Much more valuable than these things." He flicked a finger at the ribbons on his chest.

"Have you ever asked a girl what she thought about it?"

"No, I don't believe I have."

"You're right. You don't know anything about women."

"I know women. I just don't know their hearts," he said, suddenly serious. "And it's time I started learning. May I see you tomorrow?"

"I can't teach you much," she said, afraid of her own treachery again. Come home, Jack Brewster, come home.

"We'll see." He kissed her again, on the cheek this time, the moustache tickled her ear. "You might even teach me how to be jealous."

Next day, when he called for her, she didn't recognise him at first. He had shaved off his moustache.

On the Wednesday evening she met Jack Brewster in the lounge of the Australia Hotel. He had wanted to call for her at home, but she had put him off and, a little puzzled, he had agreed to meet her in town. Afraid of his reaction, knowing his temper, she had chosen the most public place she could think of to tell him she was not going to marry him.

It was twelve months since she had seen him, and in his uniform he looked even bigger than she had remembered him. Belle felt hysterically sick when she saw that he wore a huge moustache.

"Don't you like my mo? I'll shave it off, if you like." She shook her head, not trusting herself to speak just yet. "What's the matter, hon.? You off color or something?"

THEY found a table in the crowded lounge. The room was evenly divided between servicemen and civilians, the soldiers all trying to look like war-battered heroes every time they looked at a civilian, and the civilians all trying to look as if they were engaged upon important war work. It was a hotel lounge in any city in the world in wartime. A room for mateship, for trysting, for escaping, for forgetting, for breaking engagements.

"I am not going to marry you, Jack," she said, raising her glass in answer to his toast.

"Geez, this grog's good—" He blinked, and took the glass of beer away from his mouth. He looked as if he had suddenly aged. "That's not much of a joke, hon."

"I know that, Jack. I didn't mean it as a joke. Perhaps it would be better if it was a joke, even if it's not a good one."

"What are you trying to pull, Belle? You haven't fallen for someone else, have you?"

"No," she said. Then lied to him because it seemed kinder: she would let him keep as much of his pride as possible: "I haven't fallen for anyone."

"But why, Belle? Why?" He drank from his glass, grimacing, as if the beer were gall. "I thought it was all settled. I mean, we know each other—"

"We don't, Jack. Not really. And that's what I'm afraid of. That we get married, not really knowing each other, and it would turn out a fiasco. We'd just finish up hating each other."

"I'm likely to finish up hating you anyway," he said, and she had never noticed the streak of malice in him before.

"You're entitled to do that, Jack. I won't blame you." She was trying to sound reasonable, but all at once now she was glad she had broken the engagement. And it had nothing to do with Adam. She knew quite definitely now that to have married Jack would have been disastrous for both of them. But conscience nagged at her because it was Adam, another man, who had brought about this realisation. She stood up. "I'm sorry, Jack. Truly."

"You haven't finished your drink," he said irrelevantly, trying to think of something else to say.

"Goodbye, Jack. Some day I hope you'll see it was for the best."

"Well, at least I'm not stuck with the ring. I can use the money and have a damn good leave."

He's entitled to his malice. I've given him nothing else to remember me by. "Goodbye, Jack. Take care of yourself."

I'm awful, Belle thought. But I'm doing the only right and possible thing.

She went downstairs to the lobby, rang up Adam and told him what she had done.

"Did I do the right thing? Adam?"

"The only possible thing. I'll come and pick you up."

"No. If he saw us together, I think he might try to kill you. Can I come to your flat?"

There seemed a long pause before he answered. "Are you sure you want to come up here?"

"Yes, Adam. I'm sure."

To be continued

The novel "The Country of Marriage" is published by William Collins.

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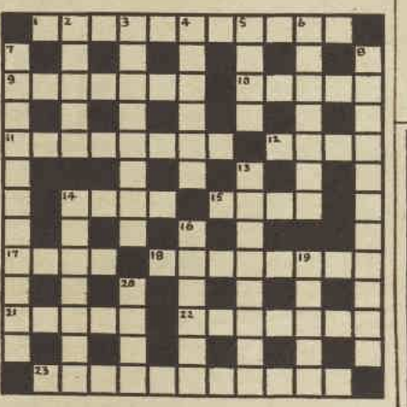
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE mystery of the art thefts deepens. While Mandrake is at the museum with officials, a priceless painting disappears practically under their noses! NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Nothing to do with the Siamese twins. They are only arguing (6, 5).
9. Nymphs of fresh water (7).
10. Fling in the undergrowth rowan tree (5).
11. Can be the spiritual part of a human being or just his stomach (5, 3).
12. Robert is never without this garment (4).
14. Fruit worth £100,000 (4).
15. Cards for champions (4).
17. 4840 sq. yards in a race (4).
18. Official records with the main part in the centre (8).
21. Discharges and could smite (5).
22. Stop which can produce a vibrating tone and a lot more (7).
23. Bone followed by dogs, but they have not due medical qualifications (4-7).

DOWN

2. In this vegetable I am on in front and behind (5).
3. In our sod you can smell cooked meat (8).
4. Ornamental hanging at the back of an altar (6).
5. Local position in valueless items (4).
6. Extirpates, but not ours (7).
7. Steals a march on a Pict in a set (11).
8. Juliet's parting (5, 6).
13. Unexpected event (8).
14. Colonnade in a davenport I constructed (7).
16. Pound, but not twenty shillings, not even 16 ounces (6).
19. Anything that scores a couple (5).
20. Must be surrounded by water (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

A tasty taste for barbeques

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tblsp. Keen's Mustard • 1 cup salad oil • 2 tblsps. sugar • 1 tblsp. grated onion • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tblsp. chopped green pepper (optional) • ½ can condensed Tomato Soup • ½ tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt.

Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until thick and blended. A mouth-watering addition to any meal—indoors or out.

A zesty lift for salads

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tblsp. Keen's Mustard • 1½ cups milk • 3 tblsps. sugar • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 4 tblsps. flour • 2 eggs • ½ tsp. salt • 2 tblsps. butter • few grains of cayenne.

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.

Give every meal man appeal with KEEN'S MUSTARD

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WB010-4

PRICE CORRECTION

Ronson Hood'n Comb Hair Dryer

(See colour advertisement page 50)

Owing to the imposition of Sales Tax, the price of this luxurious American home hairdressing kit is now

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